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**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE**

**VOL. XCII**



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**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.**

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1905.

## THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

### CHAPTER XXI.

It is doubtful whether at this time Mr. Fletcher still entertained the conviction as to the result of his love-making which he had expressed to Eve on the occasion of his first proposal. There had been much in the interval to create doubt even in a mind of unusual determination, and it is not conceivable that a man of Mr. Fletcher's character should allow himself to dwell for any length of time in a fool's paradise.

To begin with, the frankness and pleasure with which the young girl had been wont to meet and welcome his visits were things of the past, and it was rather as a guest than a master that he was now received by the fair mistress of Wairangi. Religion had always formed the staple of conversation between them, but there had been little diversions into mundane subjects full of charm for the man. Eve had a twin capacity for radiance. She had the radiance of an angel, when some chord of her spiritual nature was touched, and a radiance of sheer wickedness, responding to motives less exalted. Both were alike fascinating, and the clergyman and the man basked delighted in their respective beams. But now, when they were alone, religion took entire command. However the conversation might begin, a few steps carried it into the midst of a theological discus-

sion. Religion stormed and carried by assault the most unlikely situations. It diffused itself through the atmosphere; the very landscape became saturated; finally, even Mr. Fletcher rebelled.

"Religion is not everything," he said once in uncontrollable impatience, the man in him aware of something more immediately desirable.

"Oh yes, it is," said Eve quickly; "everything. There is nothing of any importance but that."

It was a common remark of hers; and Mr. Fletcher was silent, for in a different sense he recognised that there was nothing else. Why, by his precipitancy, had he lost command of that one weapon? For the command was gone. It was no longer master and pupil, authoritative and respectfully recipient; it was no longer high discourse based on sacred and indisputable texts. It was war, — war without prospect of truce. Eve brought up her big guns and planted them fair in the open, where the masked batteries of the enemy put them quickly out of action.

"But you refuse to examine your side of the case. Don't you see how unfair that is? You tear science to pieces, but you refuse to stand or fall by anything yourself."

"It has been said that a little learning takes us away from God, but a great deal brings us back to Him."

"Yes, I know. I could believe

that. But does it bring us back to the same God?"

Sometimes religious zeal would prompt the parson to other tactics. He would rise and pour down upon her the wrath of the Church, thundering of the sin of blasphemy and the damnation that awaited the unbeliever, and Eve would sit still, stunned and crushed, white and silent. Mr. Fletcher appeared at his best in those moments; his strong figure full of an unconscious dignity, his resonant voice, his flashing eyes, all combining to make a picture of the beautiful and the terrible. But at the end, when he beheld his handiwork, his passion reacted upon himself, and only by the fiercest effort of will could he refrain from taking the girl in his arms and again offering her the support of his own unquestioning faith.

That his faith was unquestioning, there could be no doubt. Argument, irony, plain reasoning, glanced from that impervious shield and left no mark. Eve, looking at him incredulously, fancied often that he had not heard, but he showed all the outward signs of listening attentively. On the subject of his own beliefs he refused to argue, and when he spoke it was with the voice and in the exalted language of the priest. As for the girl's smattering of science and her logic, a few words sufficed in most instances to demolish them.

"The whole of your reasoning,—all knowledge, in fact—depends on the correctness of certain primitive conceptions, as to which proof is impossible. We have established a number of relations, which have apparently held for some time past and hold now, but we cannot argue from the past into the future. Religion is on a different basis. It strikes direct from God to the soul of man. Reasoning cannot take us to it; on the contrary, it must lead us from it. If my religion

were capable of being reasoned I should cease to believe in it."

But though crushed for the time being, the girl returned again and again to the conflict. "It must be terribly boring for you," she said; "and I am really grateful, but there seems to be a strain of what Mrs. Gird calls 'horse-sense' in me,—perhaps you would call it by a harsher name. At any rate, my will has absolutely no power over my beliefs."

And Mr. Fletcher, recognising that in these discussions lay his only chance of continued intercourse with the girl, suffered and even invited the boredom.

It was symptomatic of Eve's unsettled state of mind that she should argue on the one side with Geoffrey Hershaw and on the other with Mr. Fletcher; and it was a natural consequence of such action that the two men felt the conflict to be a personal matter. In the girl's arguments they frequently recognised each other's challenge, and at such moments both men alike drew back with repugnance from the conflict. Not on that sacred battle-ground would they fight for intellectual supremacy. And in actual intercourse they refused either to fight or be friends. Their meetings were naturally frequent, for Mr. Fletcher rarely passed the house without calling, and two or three times a week he would be present at the dinner or tea table. They addressed one another only when not to do so would attract attention, and on other occasions their avoidance of a meeting was marked by precautions so elaborate that they sometimes drew the notice of others. Major Milward had, indeed, on one occasion been startled to observe both men turn back when in the act of approaching him from different points; and Sandy once deeply offended the dignity of the parson by suggesting with preternatural solemnity that they should resort to the



concealment of a tree-trunk while the storekeeper went by.

It has already been said that the religious revival which had given Mr. Fletcher such a hold on the attention of the district had lapsed considerably from its original fervour; and it may be added that the parson's enthusiasm in the making of converts had also waned. Man, be his profession what it may, is incapable of sustaining two passions at a white-heat, and Mr. Fletcher, strong as were his convictions, was no exception to this rule. The movement had lapsed partly because its originator had allowed it to do so. It was probably true, as Mrs. Gird had once plainly told him, that not even an archangel could effect the permanent conversion of the county, but a good deal less than an archangel might have held its attention longer. Thus the meetings on the beach, at first held daily, had dwindled to two a week, and it was only on the Sunday afternoons, and not invariably then, that Eve was present to take part in them.

But while the one passion faded the other grew, finally assuming proportions alarming even to its victim. For who could say whether the visitation were of God or the devil? Were his thoughts turned overwhelmingly in the one direction in order that this brand might be snatched from the burning? Or,—a thought to be hurried over rapidly—was he not rather on the verge of a pit that should engulf his soul past hope?

It was while this self-conflict raged at its height that he came from the sunlight into the darkened room, and recognising his visitor, stood like a man turned to stone.

For he knew that he had reached the dividing of the ways, that the choice, whether for good or evil, was to be set before him, past his power to refuse. Not to all men, never

twice to any man, is given that deliberate selection of his earthly fate; and a man may well pause, stricken into stillness by the supreme character of the issues that confront him. The accumulations of habit and heredity are responsible for the life-drift of the majority of mankind; only to one strong nature here and there does Destiny hand the key of his future, thrusting upon him, will he nil he, the blood-guiltiness or honour of his days.

Mr. Wickener came forward, holding out his hand in friendly greeting "You have not forgotten me," he asked,—*"Wickener?"*

"By no means," Mr. Fletcher returned; "but I am astonished to see you. Pray be seated, or, rather, come into my study; it is a little more,—cheerful there."

In the study the diffused daylight came in unchecked, and the two men looked steadily at one another before they sat down.

"It is a long cry from Kensington to Rivermouth," Mr. Wickener said lightly, "and you are naturally surprised to see me dropping in like this; but life is full of similar coincidences."

"Is this a coincidence?" Mr. Fletcher asked doubtfully.

"So far as concerns you, yes. It is only a day or two ago that I dropped on the idea that you were,—yourself, so to speak; and I came over at once."

Mr. Fletcher bowed, but said nothing.

There was a little electrically charged silence; then Wickener brushed away the papers on the table before him and leant forward. "It is no coincidence in *Hernshaw's* case, however."

Mr. Fletcher lifted a paper-knife, looked absently at the handle, and laid it down again. His lips moved,

then closed in a sharp line; but he did not look up, nor did he speak.

"A restful spot this," the other said, leaning back with a weary smile. "It is a pity that human passions must come to disturb its serenity. By the way, you agree with me on the necessity?"

"Pardon, no—"

"Now, Fletcher, I speak to you as a man. I have not travelled twelve thousand miles to obtain the advice of a priest. You were saying—"

The clergyman shrugged his shoulders and returned to the examination of the paper-knife.

"And I understand that Wairangi is a spot even more restful; an oasis in this brutal world, where one might well hope that the past should die and be forgotten."

"You have seen Hernshaw?"

"I have. We exchanged recognitions on the road. It struck me he was looking well,—improved. No doubt the climate is admirable. There is a marked increase in robustness about yourself."

Mr. Fletcher made an impatient movement with his hand. "Come to the point," he said. "I presume you are not here to congratulate us on our improved appearance; and my time is not absolutely valueless."

"This is the point. You know the affair between Hernshaw and myself. As I have already mentioned I have not travelled twelve thousand miles for nothing. The scenery of this remote spot is magnificent, but I am not here to admire it; the people are hospitable, but I am not here to take advantage of them; I have come, vulgarly speaking, for vengeance."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Now you come to the point indeed. It is on that very question that I desire to consult you."

"Me? By what right do you propose to consult me?"

"By the right that you dare not stand by and see the woman you love wedded to a scoundrel."

"No doubt your information as to my sentiments has been carefully verified," Mr. Fletcher said drily.

"Do you deny its correctness?" Wickener retorted, and the clergyman was silent.

"We have advanced thus far then," Wickener went on, returning to his previous placidity of manner. "It remains now to discuss the affair in detail. I have gathered that the young lady in this case is good-looking and an heiress,—circumstances likely to appeal to a man of Hernshaw's stamp—and he is consequently deeply enamoured. Also I am informed that the prospects of a successful termination to his suit are hopeful, and altogether the moment appears to be propitious for striking a decisive blow. As to whose shall be the actual hand that cuts him down I am indifferent, and if it will advantage you in any way to be the instrument of vengeance, so be it; the hand shall be yours."

"Wickener, how dare you!"

"I dare," said Mr. Wickener, calmly, "for two reasons. In the interests of justice—one; in the interests of a fair and innocent lady—two. Who so fitted as the servant of God to administer the one? Who more suited than the lover to safeguard the other?"

"No, no, Wickener, never. What assurance have I that this man has done you a wrong—what assurance have you?"

"The confession of the woman who was once my wife. This is an exacting world, but a man needs no more than that. He could do, indeed, with less. There was my two years' absence in China; there was the con-

fidence I reposed in him; these provided the opportunities. As for the guilt, the evidence was plain, damnably plain; then the man makes a bolt for the antipodes, and the woman confesses."

"All this might be capable of explanation. Wickener, if I had reason to think you were wrong; if I had reason to believe this man innocent of the thing you lay at his door—what then?"

"I should say that your reason misled you," Mr. Wickener replied smiling. "Come, my dear fellow, we are wasting time. Be sure I did not start on an errand of this kind without convincing proofs of his guilt. If you can blot out the past, you can make him innocent; short of that, he stands as vile a thing as God ever made and the devil guided. Even as it is, action may be too late. The girl may marry him in spite of all; for love women do desperate things no less than men. But now, at this instant, the game is in our hands. The man for some reason has hesitated; he still hesitates, but in a few hours it may be too late or vastly more difficult. Now is the hour."

Mr. Fletcher half rose to his feet, then settled himself again in his chair. His face was set in hard, untranslatable lines, as under the control of a fierce effort of will. His eyes were dark and sombre, and in their depths glowed momentarily the lightning flashes of encountering emotions, the spirits of good and evil at war for his soul.

For a long while neither man moved; a complete stillness held the little room. The slumberous drone of the bar, dull, unceasing, remote, seemed but to accentuate the silence, to throw it forward, to give to it a mystic and imperishable entity as of another Presence. Wickener watched his companion with glitter-

ing eyes, and slowly at last, and as it seemed fiercely, the other turned and looked at him.

"What do you propose?" the minister asked hoarsely.

Wickener moistened his lips and drew forward to the table. "Go to her and tell her the story as you know it. From you it will meet with implicit credence, while from myself it might encounter doubt and misbelief. There is the complete proposal."

"Very well, I will do it."

Mr. Wickener leant back and looked thoughtfully at his companion. "It is the simplest way," he said. "The task is not one that a man would covet,—to destroy faith in a fellow creature, to shatter the roseate bubble of dawning love. I do not, however, delegate the task for that reason, but solely that the work may be immediate and complete. I thank you for your compliance, but as I have said, a minister of God is the most fitting —"

Mr. Fletcher raised his hand with a fierce imperativeness. "I have stated my willingness to comply with your wishes," he said sternly; "we will not discuss the reasons that have actuated me."

Mr. Wickener bowed. "Then," he said rising, "I need no longer occupy your valuable time."

Mr. Fletcher rose absently with deeply introspective eyes.

"I take it you will not delay," his visitor said, pausing in the doorway.

The minister looked at him without understanding, then, consciousness returning, he turned away. "No, I shall not delay," he said.

Out on the dazzling beach Mr. Wickener came to a standstill and gazed about him somewhat wearily. Pine and Mallow were gone, but there was a large group of people opposite the hotel, and others were

to be seen hastening towards it from the various houses. An air of excitement prevailed and bursts of laughter and cheering issued from the crowd. Speculating on the reason for this abrupt transformation in the sleepy little township, Wickener was moving forward to make enquiries, when he was startled by a loud clash of cymbals close behind him, and the Maori band, bare-footed and in rags, their eyes rolling, marched past to the stirring strain of *The Soldiers of the Queen*.

Great news had come to hand. A New Zealand contingent, after heroic forced marches, had seized Pretoria. The British army, with the baggage, was believed to be somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER XXII.

It was Christmas Eve, and the boys on the station were getting the big shed ready for a dance. The wool, gum, and lumber had been shifted out the day before, and buckets of hot lime, boiled with chopped hide, brushed on the roof and walls. The shed had a solid floor of narrow planks, well laid on heavy blocks, and was spacious enough to accommodate the largest band of dancers likely to be drawn together in the district. The whitening and scrubbing being over, a stable-lad was busy suspending large kerosene lamps from the rafters, while another young man, under the direction of Eve, was engaged in looping up garlands of *waiwarkoko*, or owl's-foot moss, together with branches of Christmas-tree aflame with their blood-red flowers. An air of mirth prevailed in the building; jests and laughter passed from lip to lip, and echoed from the walls of the hollow shell. Geoffrey stood by Eve, now holding her in conversation, now encouraging

the man on the ladder to renewed efforts.

"It's all very fine, Mr. Hernshaw," said the latter at last; "but when you've got to prop the stuff up with your head and hammer it in with your teeth, you can't get an artistic effect every time."

"You're doing first-rate," replied Geoffrey. "That's magnificent if you can manage to keep it like that; don't spare the nails." Then he resumed his low-toned conversation with Eve.

A large heap of greenery was piled in the centre of the room, and a number of well-dressed Maori girls were rapidly twisting it into garlands. The floor had been powdered with ground rice and was already becoming slippery from the constant tramping of the workers as they moved to and fro. Also Charlie Welch and Jack Wilson, the best dancers of the station, locked in each other's arms, were waltzing slowly and elegantly round the building, and had been doing so without intermission for the last twenty minutes. When they passed the girls they addressed one another languishingly in ladylike tones. Occasionally one of them would back his companion solemnly down the room and pound him heavily against the wall; then, with a fresh grip, they would circle gracefully and largely for a further five minutes.

"Look at those two," said Eve, her eyes twinkling.

Geoffrey watched the couple benevolently for a few moments, then he turned to the girl, the blood quickening in his veins. "The first waltz and the last, and how many in between?"

"I shall have to dance with every one so far as I am able; and I have other duties to perform. All you have to do is look about for pretty partners."

"I can be happy only with one."

The dancers circled slowly by. Miss Welch was understood to say that her Ma was wondering at her and that she really must stop.

Eve gave a little sunny laugh at their absurdities, and the gentlemen, encouraged by the sound, stepped out and waltzed blindly into Major Milward, who, coming in at the door, saved his cigar from destruction only by a characteristic alertness.

The young men drew back in horror, but the Major never turned a hair. "Ha!" he said, "busy? Mr. Hernshaw, can you spare a few moments?"

"Certainly," said Geoffrey, and at once accompanied his employer to the office.

The two young men looked reproachfully at one another, to an accompaniment of tittering from the girls. "Why couldn't you look where you were going?" Miss Welch enquired in deep masculine tones.

"Ah, well," said Jack Wilson, recovering himself, "the boss took it in good part, so it's all right. We'll have to get those sheep in; they want two up at the house. I'll give you a race to the stables."

At the stable they provided themselves with horses, and opening the yard gate, took the dry, slippery hills at a rush, the dogs scouring ahead of them. The speed and dash of their horsemanship recalled to their minds the thoughts which at that time engrossed the youth of New Zealand, and they began speaking of the latest reported exploit of their countrymen in South Africa.

"Our chaps are doing great things over there," Charlie Welch began.

"They are that. I reckon old Kruger's feeling pretty sick now. You mark my word, the boys 'll nab him sure as eggs."

"Shouldn't wonder. That Captain

Milward's a holy terror. You can't beat the New Zealanders; they're just on top the whole time. The Boers can't shake 'em off."

"And they're good men too, the Boers," Jack reflected. "If our boys can beat them they can lick anything."

Mr. Welch signified his assent. "What beats me," he said, "is the cheek of our chaps. They don't take more account of a Boer than they would of a bullock. The way that they seized this Pretoria fair lays me over. Here was the place fair bristling with guns, a reg'lar Gibraltar, so they say, and Boers inside thick as fleas in a bush *where*. Then our chaps come along. 'Surrender!' says they. 'Surrender be damned,' says Kruger. 'Who are you?' 'First New Zealand Mounteds,' says our boys, grinning a bit. Then Kruger turns to Steyn, De Wet, and them. 'Its all up, chaps,' he says. 'Get along out of the back; these men have got to come in.' And in they did, right enough."

"They're a rare lot," Mr. Wilson agreed enthusiastically. "The British army wouldn't be much without them."

"You bet it wouldn't. Not but what it must be a bit encouraging to know that there's a couple of hundred thousand men close behind you, even though they may know more about piano tunes than straight shooting," Mr. Welch allowed magnanimously.

Geoffrey was a little surprised at Major Milward's request, because of late that gentleman had shown a tendency to avoid private intercourse with him. His daily visits to the store were hurried and, whether by accident or design, it usually happened that Sandy was present at the time. This change in manner had followed on the return of the ledger, accompanied by a list of the out-



standing debts, and the persons from whom they were due. Major Milward had glanced through the list at the time, paused sharply, and closing the book gone away without remark. He had not since alluded to the subject and, indeed, manifested some uneasiness when the conversation seemed to trend in that direction. Now, however, he had the paper in his hand, and as he seated himself at the desk, he passed it to Geoffrey with instructions to apply for payment of the various amounts.

"I see you have struck out some accounts," Geoffrey said, running his eye down the list.

The Major was reading the correspondence before him and did not immediately reply. "Eh? Yes, that is so. There are one or two that it would be useless to apply for, and others that should not have been included.—'Trust that in consideration of this payment you will—'"

"There is one here, sir," Geoffrey said quietly, "which can hardly be included in the former category."

"Then no doubt it belongs to the latter, my boy—to the latter; yes."

"Will you allow me to discuss that point, sir?"

"No, I will not," said the Major sharply. "Kindly comply with my instructions."

Geoffrey was silent, and the Major, frowning portentously, completed the examination of the letters. "H'm! Nothing here." He rose to his feet, glanced at the young man, whose eyes were still intent on the paper, and walking to the window gazed out along the river.

There was nothing to see beyond the blue water and a strip of sandy beach, with a solitary black-coated horseman advancing along it, and after a moment spent in identifying the figure, the Major turned back to the room.

"Well," he said irritably but not unkindly, "I suppose you are entitled to have your say if you must."

"I was made aware of the facts by an accident, and with no intention of prying into what does not concern me," Geoffrey began.

"Exactly; it does not concern you."

"I must think that a father's debts are the concern of his son."

"This was no debt; it was a gift."

"As it happened. Originally, I think, the ledger proves otherwise."

"You are persistent, Mr. Hernshaw," the Major said somewhat stiffly.

"Not impertinently so, I hope, sir. No one could be more fully conscious of your generosity than I am, but I would ask you to allow me to remove this blot from my father's good name."

Major Milward shrugged his shoulders and paced up and down the little office, evidently a prey to strong feelings. His was a fine, deep-chested figure for all his great age, and Geoffrey, watching him with kindly eyes, did not wonder at the love and honour in which the county held him.

"There never was a woman for whom I had a greater respect than Mrs. Hernshaw," the Major said abruptly at last, and in his tones there was the ring of something greater unsaid. "Robert, I think, would understand the reluctance I feel in reopening that page of the account-book after all these years. But you have put your case so forcibly that I do not well see how I can dispute your right to do as you please." The Major paused and looked frowningly out of the window. "And," he resumed briskly at last, "there is another matter we had better clear up while we are about it. I have been in correspondence with your uncle for some time past, since before you came here, in fact, and he

has finally made me a proposal I am half disposed to consider."

Geoffrey, suddenly enlightened as to the origin and intention of many chance remarks dropped by his employer during the past few months, which had hitherto puzzled him not a little, looked with interest at Major Milward as he returned and seated himself at the table.

"Your uncle, in the first place, asked me to acquaint him with your movements and assist you in any way I might find possible so long as you were determined to stay in the country. His general idea was that I should take an interest in you, and I did so gladly. I was able to assure him that life was supportable even here, and that a man might do worse, from an educational point of view, than pass a few years in a British colony. Finding that you had no desire to return home, I suggested that he should make an effort to establish you here in such a manner as would give you a chance of earning a good income, and among other more or less feasible propositions, he has proposed to buy an interest for you in Wairangi." The Major paused and smiled drily. "Now, Wairangi's not exactly short of capital," he resumed; "there may be a matter of a hundred pounds or so that I can't squeeze into it any way I try, but I've been thinking the thing over, and, yes, there are points about it I rather like."

Geoffrey's thoughts leapt quickly ahead, and his heart beat more rapidly.

"It's getting fully time," the Major went on, "that I stepped aside and let the next generation have a try, and that being admitted, the only point to consider is the terms on which the next generation are to come in. All my sons, except Sandy, are amply provided for elsewhere, and to him the homestead will fall naturally, and

with the homestead goes the business as a matter of course. It has grown into a good business and will go on growing, and I have always found it various enough to be interesting. It could employ all the activities of two masters, and so my idea, in the rough, is that Mr. Hernshaw should buy you a half share, and that you and Sandy should run the business in common."

"It would cost a good deal of money, I suppose?" Geoffrey said.

"It would cost money, but the money's worth would be there. The goodwill would be only trifling, because the business depends mainly on the brains and determination that are put into it, and those you would have to provide yourselves. The secret in business is to let no man pass you, and to achieve that you must keep moving. But, yes, it means money,—money in timber, money in sheep, money in gum, and money ready to go in if required; but I gather your uncle is fully aware of what is needed and is prepared to find it. I have mentioned the matter to Sandy and he raises no obstacles; now the question is, how does it strike you?"

"It is very good of you, Major Milward, to consider it."

"Not at all. This,—if it is anything—is a business deal and in that light you have to look at it. I may be more kindly disposed towards you than to those who have gone before you, and it's not every man, certainly, to whom I would make such an offer, but I propose to sell at full value and if possible a trifle over."

Geoffrey felt a little foolish.

"Well," said the Major, rising, "there is no hurry. Turn the thing over, and let me know when your mind is made up. Thrash it out with Sandy, if you like, or take the books and go into it for yourself. Draw out a balance-sheet, and see what the profit has been under the present

management for the last four or five years; that will give you an idea and me too. You might have to thank me for advice now and again, but for the rest, it would be, as I say, a business deal, even though your uncle were indisposed to find the whole amount and I had to lend you a part of it myself."

The Major turned suddenly at the sound of a step in the store beyond, and Eve stood in the doorway. Her face was cold and white, with but a spot of colour in either cheek; her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliance. She looked only at her father, though her attitude indicated subtly a knowledge of the other man's presence. Geoffrey, watching her in startled silence, was conscious of a chill of apprehension at his heart.

"Father, Mr. Fletcher is waiting in the house to see you."

"Fletcher? Tut, tut! I thought the boys had set fire to the shed with their pranks," and vastly relieved, Major Milward accompanied his daughter to the beach.

Geoffrey, every vestige of interest in the late conversation struck from his mind, followed them to the doorway. Major Milward had his arm round the girl's waist, and was looking at her smilingly. Suddenly he loosed his hold and they both came to a standstill. There was a sharp exclamation from the man, a low-toned reply from the girl; a moment of silence and they resumed their way to the house, Major Milward talking eagerly, the girl moving forward with downcast face. They passed through the gateway and disappeared.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

His mind in a whirl, the young man turned back into the office and closed the door. The instinct of disaster was upon him, though he would

have found it difficult to define its exact origin. Less than half an hour ago he had seemed to read for the first time surrender in the girl's eyes. Her voice had held a lingering tenderness. She had shown him that she understood the uncompleted speech, the questioning glance. Her eyes had fallen in embarrassment; once they had dwelt on his for seconds, wherein his blood was tuned to music. There was a sweet homeliness in her manner, that self-revelation which is only for our nearest and dearest. And surely the thought of the coming night was in her mind as in his,—the dances they were to have together, the talks, alternated with tenser silences, the question he was to ask her. Then the dreamy delirium that followed her consent, for consent she would,—in the intimacy of the morning he had read his answer in her eyes—the first love-kiss down on the sands, or in the scented garden, the times their eyes would meet thereafter, their hands go out to one another in passing. Heaven! Was it not to be after all? What had happened? He rose to his feet in keen nervous distress and walked aimlessly about the room. She had never once looked at him. There had been something deadly in her manner. Why? He heard his name called from the other side of the beach, and made his way back to the shed. The man at the decorations had finished the work of hanging garlands round the walls, and wanted to know what next.

"Where is Miss Milward?" Geoffrey asked.

"Went away with Mr. Fletcher somewhere. What price some stuff round the tie beams?"

"Very well; please yourself. Did she say how soon she would be back?"

"And I was thinking of putting Christmas-tree along the ridge-pole,"

continued the young man, intent on his work. "It ought to look pretty well in the lamplight. Eh? No, she didn't say."

"Very well; keep it away from the lamps. But Miss Milward will be back directly, no doubt."

The decorator seized his ladder and, rousing the stable-boy to fresh activity, resumed work.

Geoffrey stood idly by, his face heavy with thought. Occasionally the man on the ladder shouted to him, desiring an opinion as to the effect he was creating and receiving mechanical replies. There is a morbid activity of the senses attends a troubled mind. Geoffrey was unpleasantly conscious of the heavy, sickly odour of green leaves, the acrid smell that dwells in the dense bush, where the light is dim and a deathly stillness prevails. He turned to the doorway and looked absently along the beach. A horseman was receding in the direction of Rivermouth, a black spot in the golden blaze. What had happened? Suddenly the white gate at the end of the avenue opened and Eve appeared. She came forward a few yards, her eyes on the ground, her step slow and listless. Presently she looked up and espied him. For a moment she seemed to stand irresolute, then, turning abruptly, went back the way she had come. The avoidance was too pointed to allow of any possibility of mistake. His dreams of happiness for that day were dispelled as completely as if they had never existed. He crossed the beach to the store, his mind rent by anger, disgust, and despair,—anger for the man who had wrought this evil; disgust with himself that he had not long since put it out of any man's power to harm him; despair at the unforeseen results. On the table, in a pencil of sunlight, lay the list of debtors, an easy prey to the hand of

a wrathful man. Geoffrey took up his pen, and setting his mouth grimly, began to write. The first demands were short and business-like, and such as none but sensitive debtors could object to; but as the list decreased and Geoffrey warmed to his work, the requests for payment took on an abrupt savageness calculated to raise blisters, and only stopping short of direct insult by an ingenious and narrow margin. The gong sounded for lunch disregarded, and when ten minutes later a native girl came to look for the storekeeper, he sent her back with the information that he was busy and had already lunched.

In the afternoon Sandy came in and sat down on the other side of the table. Geoffrey looked up, frowned, and went on with his work. Presently Sandy lifted one of the sheets, read it through, read it again, coughed drily, and started on another. His interest appeared to deepen as he read, and he went steadily through the remainder, his eyes gradually widening. There was, in fact, a variety in the compositions which spoke of literary talent of a high order.

"I say," he said at last, surprised out of his silence, "Hogg will never stand this."

"Let him pay up, then, damn him," was the savage retort. "He's been owing the money long enough."

Now Sandy had never on any previous occasion heard the storekeeper swear, and recognising that something had gone wrong, he refrained from pressing the point. What Hogg thought was, after all, a matter of indifference to him.

"Has the boss said anything about our going into partnership?" he asked presently.

"He has; but I doubt if it will come to anything."

"You are not in a particularly

amiable mood this afternoon," Sandy observed, offended.

"I'm not, old chap," Geoffrey said, raising a pair of savage but curiously friendly eyes; "and if you don't mind, you might let me work it off a bit,—alone."

Sandy rose with alacrity and went off with the intention of making enquiries.

Geoffrey locked the door after him. The desire of the wounded creature to be alone is as old as life itself. In the course of half an hour the last demand was finished and sealed; it was a triumph of invective in polite English, and as the young man read it through it seemed to do him good. One task remained to be performed. Geoffrey looked again at the list, and jotted down the amount of his father's account, then he got out his cheque-book from a private drawer. He had received official information from his bankers that they were prepared to honour his cheque for £1,000, and for the first time he intended to take advantage of the information. For a moment he sat irresolute, gnawing the end of his pen, half inclined to include interest on the loan; but even in his then perverted state of mind the act appeared little short of an insult, and he refrained. On a separate sheet of paper he wrote the words, *With Geoffrey and Robert Hershaw's gratitude and thanks*, and folding it away with the cheque, he addressed the envelope to Major Milward and slipped it into his pocket. That also helped to rehabilitate him, and he unlocked the door and stepped out on to the beach.

The sun had set, and from the high mystery of the central heavens night was rushing down as with the flash and shadow of enfolding wings. The light of remote orbs broke here and there through the shimmering

obscurity, and over the sand-hills hung the evening star, ruddy and large as an orange. The peaceful homestead, in its setting of lawns and groves, shone out vivid and clean cut as a cameo in the last white light. Then, as he gazed, the sharp lines trembled and faded into obscurity, there was a darkling as of a great shadow in the sky, the river heaped itself and breathed lingeringly on the sands, and with the whisper of the landward breeze from the ocean came the deep note of the bar, full of a mysterious threatening; and then the darkness.

Geoffrey sat down on a stranded log and drank in the cool night air. From the shed across the beach poured a sudden path of light, and through the wide-open doorways he could see the hands sweeping out the last of the *débris*. This was followed by a fresh powdering with rice; then the party trooped out and went away together in the direction of the men's quarters.

The dinner-gong had sounded some time since, and presently a shadow flitted down the beach, tried the store door, and flitted back again. It was not the woman for whom his soul thirsted. He wanted Eve for five minutes,—for one, that he might tell her this thing was a black and hideous lie. For though he asked himself what had happened, he knew without the asking, and he knew that he had brought it on himself. Curses on the sense of delicacy that had held him silent when he had the opportunity to speak. He might have known that that man's presence boded him no good, that the first blow would count for all. But he would see Eve that night; whatever obstacle intervened, he would see her and speak with her.

Full of this resolution he rose and made his way up to the house.



Through the uncurtained windows he could see the party assembled at the dinner-table. There were many guests,—girls and young and old men—but Mr. Fletcher was not among them. Eve sat facing him, and Geoffrey, who knew her only as the simple young mistress of Wairangi, stood still, fascinated, in a sense appalled, at her magnificent beauty. She wore a ball-dress of cream silk, which had only once previously seen the light,—at Government House, Auckland. Diamonds gleamed in her hair and at her throat. Her bare arms and neck had the delicacy, grace, and roundness of a young child's. Her face was dazzling, daring in its animation, and her cheeks glowed with the roses of youth and health. He watched her with a sinking heart. Could she be so gay and condemn him without a word? Yet if it were so, he had no right to complain. If they were lovers it was in thought only, and for that his mad scruples were responsible. Twice as he watched he saw her eyes turn suddenly to the opening door, and then by the lover's instinct he knew that if condemned he was not forgotten. She was expecting his advent, and, though it might be with dread, that somehow was a consolation. He reached his room without encountering anyone, and proceeded to dress for the dance. Dress suits were not obligatory, but there was one in his trunk, and he put it on. He had common-sense enough to perceive that it might profit him to look his best.

The first dance was over when, an hour later, he entered the building, and the musicians were already beginning to tune their instruments for the first waltz. He made his way through the crowd at the door and up the room, where the couples were already beginning to arrange themselves, but saw nothing of Eve, until

suddenly he came upon her, face to face. She was on the arm of a young man whom he recognised as Raymond, the ex-storekeeper, and they were evidently on the point of joining the dance.

"Hullo, Hernshaw!" said Raymond civilly. "Hurry up and get a partner."

But Eve looked straight before her and said nothing.

Geoffrey muttered some reply and passed on down the hall out on to the beach. Rage and jealousy and, worst of all, self-contempt tore at his heart-strings. She did this with her eyes open; such refinement of cruelty was in the heart of a fair woman. Suddenly a girl hurried past him in the darkness, and urged by a sudden impulse, he followed her.

"Miss Mallow! One moment!"

Mabel turned and peered up at him. "Oh, it's Mr. Hernshaw!" she said, laughing.

"Whither away so fast? I was looking for you. I want to ask you a question."

"Well?" the girl said encouragingly.

"Will you favour me with this dance?"

"How mysterious you are! But I'm engaged to somebody else."

Geoffrey took her hand and drew it through his arm. It would be too old-fashioned to dance with *him* then," he said. "The correct thing is to engage yourself to one person and dance with another. Come along."

Mabel went with him, nothing loth, and they were soon circling round the room with the rest. Once or twice they were in Eve's vicinity, but the latter quickly desisted; and when he next saw her she was sitting beside Mr. Fletcher, whose objection to dancing apparently did not preclude him attending the function as an eye-witness.

Mabel was enjoying the dance, and showed no disposition to release her partner, and presently an immense distaste possessed him. What an infernal idiot he was! Would the wretched musicians never stop? All the time he continued conversing with the girl, answering her chatter, whispering daring compliments into her ear, and watching with cold curiosity the play of emotion in her eyelids in response to perilous questions. He knew he was acting the part of a monster and a madman; but while his heart hung heavy in his breast, his brain seemed fired with a fatal exhilaration beyond his power to control.

The dance ended at last, and in response to his partner's suggestion he led her out into the open air. Fairy lamps were suspended among the shrubs in the garden, and the orange orchard glowed with a multiplicity of coloured lights.

"Oh, we must go up there," Mabel said, enchanted, and Geoffrey led the way to a seat among the fragrant trees. The Pacific breeze had died away, and the night air breathed warm and languorous across the heated sands. It was a night for love, and the reflection struck bitterly to the heart of the man, stilling his brain to silence. Mabel rattled on, her words empty as the wind, her tones full of a subtle challenge, but the man replied only in monosyllables. What was he doing sitting by the side of this girl, for whom he cared nothing, when the one woman of the world was slipping from his grasp?

"Why are you so silent? What are you thinking about?"

"Of you," he replied idly.

"Tell me," she said coaxingly.

A man with a cigarette came quickly up the path and paused in front of them. "This is our dance, I think?" he said.

Mabel rose hurriedly. "You have not asked me for another," she whispered.

"Then tell me which it is to be."

"The last waltz before supper."

Geoffrey bowed, and the girl disappeared down the path with her cavalier. He heard her low laugh in the distance, a hateful sound. And this was the night to which in the morning he had looked forward with such intensity of longing!

He rose after awhile and wandered down to the beach and on to the doorway of the shed. A group of smokers blocked the entrance; now and then he caught a glimpse of a mad whirl of figures within. Presently a hand closed on his arm and he was drawn back to the beach.

"Come and have a drink, old chap," said Sandy; "you look bored."

Geoffrey hesitated, then yielding to the pressure of his companion's arm, went with him up to the house.

Major Milward was in his element. All the old celebrities of the county, rich and poor alike, were present. Withered old men with rosy cheeks, whose eyes many a time had looked squarely into the face of death,—men whose memories went back to the beginning of things when the authority of the Maori chieftain was a stronger law than the Queen's. Grizzled, tongue-tied giants who knew only the cult of bush and river, but knew that with the intimacy of an instinct. Little wizened sailor men, with huge broad-chested sons already well past middle age, whalers or deserted men-o'-warsmen, it may be, whose talk was of the ELIZA JANE or the ROSE of Bristol and of stirring adventures in low latitudes, even yet only partially explored. Frail, stooping veterans, talking familiarly of university boat-races far back in the Forties, and cackling in high-pitched voices over jokes that had

been dead and buried for a couple of generations. There was the burly form of John Manders, descended from the great missionary family, and owning twenty thousand acres of the richest land in the North country. There was Captain Russell, that prince of half-castes, dark, handsome, portly, held in honour by both races from the North Cape to the Bluff. There, again, his round old face wreathed in smiles, was little Tom Welch, the butt and boon companion of all ages, who had made and squandered at least three fortunes, and had not a vice in his composition, nor a regret.

"All the tribes," Sandy said. "God bless 'em!"

Major Milward, his blue eyes beaming, a spark of bright colour in his cheek, was pressing a liquid hospitality on his guests, passing from group to group, two or three hands on his shoulder at once to detain him. "Was it '57 or '58?" "I say, Milward, you remember that night in——?" "Here's Milward, he will tell you. It was a small convoy; they could have cut us up to a man, for the ambush was well planned. But it happened the Reverend John was riding along there a mile or so ahead, and the chief—Honi it was—came out to speak to him. 'An ambush!' said Manders, when he understood what they were about; 'but there is only a handful of them, and it's murder, not war. The Maori is too brave a man to commit murder.' Honi scratched his ear. 'That not the *pakeha* way?' he asked. 'That the good war, I think.' But Manders assured him differently, and the end of it was that the Maoris came out and let the convoy through. And the commanding officer got his supplies, and in a few days he had finished the job. But the parson was wrong and Honi was right

for all that,—the ambush was good war."

"What are you boys doing here?" the Major asked, returning to the table where the liquors were set out. "Drink up, and come back in thirty years' time when you are properly seasoned."

"Ay, it's a tough crowd this," said Tom Welch, nodding his cheerful old face. "We could tell 'em things that would make their hair curl, eh, Major? Don't seem to know this young 'un," he added, looking at Geoffrey.

"You remember the Hernshaws of Rukawahia, Tom? This is the eldest son."

"Ay, ay, I mind them. He favours the father more than the mother. Yon was a man that couldn't catch on to the life. Some can't, while others take to it as natural as a duck to the water. Uncommon clever man yon, but no grip in him for a place like this. Ay, ay, and this is the son. Lay hold with two hands, lad, and you'll do all right."

Geoffrey smiled amiably, but the words set him thinking, and his thoughts were hardly pleasant. He lifted a whiskey bottle and began to pour cautiously just as some one, pressing from behind, jerked his arm, with the result that the glass was half filled.

Sandy laughed and passed him the water-jug. "Drink it up," he said; "it will do you good."

Geoffrey complied with a dull feeling that he had lost his will-power and was open to the suggestion of the first man who chose to direct him. He ran his eye observantly over the crowd around him, and was struck by a curious resemblance in the diverse faces, a resemblance which was not of feature or complexion but of type. These were the heads and bodies of strong and resolute men,—men who

laid hold with two hands, men whose deep chests spoke of mighty organs and the power to achieve great desires by the force of great vitalities.

The liquor sent its exhilaration through his veins with the speed of a lightning flash. Here, then, was the keynote to success; to demand forcibly, to take strongly with both hands, to hold resolutely in the face of all obstacles. Woe to the man who, in this new land, struggling with the giant forces of Nature, should stand to count the cost or ask himself what he desired. Woe to him to whom a succession of obstacles brought not fresh lust of battle but the apathy of despair. And the stronger course was after all the simpler. To move forward undeviatingly to the desired end, suffering no hindrance from without or within. And if with no success, at least with the consciousness of a good fight well fought, and without that curse of self-reproach which for ever dogs the footsteps of the weak.

The last waltz before supper was about to begin as Geoffrey again entered the dancing-room. Through the crowd of moving figures he caught sight of Eve, still sitting with Mr. Fletcher, who was regarding her with smiling eyes. An impulse came upon him to put his fate clearly to the touch, here under the public gaze. He would ask her to dance, he would force her to speak to him, to give him a direct yes or no. Full of this idea, he was making his way slowly through the crowd when he felt the light touch of a hand on his arm, and Mabel Mallow stood beside him.

"How late you are!" she said reproachfully. "Did you think I would follow the fashion when it tells against yourself?"

"If I had found you in the arms of another it would be no more than I deserve," he returned, inwardly

fuming at the dilatoriness of the other men.

But Mabel, to do her justice, had refused several eligible partners, and she was bent on exacting payment for her abnegation. "Why are you not dancing?" she asked as he swept with her down the room.

"How have I merited this unkindness?"

"Well, now, of course, but you have not been here since the first waltz. Was it so dreadful?"

"It was divine. Your eyes are as observant as they are beautiful."

"You musn't say things like that. Why don't you dance with Miss Milward?"

"Would you prefer to sit down?"

Mabel raised her glorious brown eyes and looked at him steadily. "I believe you two have quarrelled," she said.

"You are as clever as you are lovely," he replied, smiling.

"Then you have? What a pity! And at Christmas-time too. Why don't you kiss and be friends?"

"May I class myself among the number of your friends, dear lady?"

"You would not be so daring if you were in earnest," Mabel replied composedly. "But yes, you may, if you will go to her and say, 'Forget and forgive.'"

"You are a strange girl."

"I know what it is to be as miserable as you two are now."

"Is it so evident?"

"Not to others, perhaps, but to me, yes. What do you say?"

"I say nothing now, not even that you are beautiful."

"No, because for the first time you are beginning to think so. Shall we stop?"

He led her from the room and in the wake of the couples who were moving up to the house. The supper-room was already crowded. Geoffrey

attended to his partner's wants and stood by her in silence, his eyes scanning the room.

"Go away now," Mabel whispered, "and do as I have told you. There is time for happiness yet."

He went obediently, and presently, finding the heat oppressive, passed out into the hall. The oil-lamp had burnt down, and the place was almost in darkness. He threw himself on a divan and listened to the clamour of voices in the room where the veterans were assembled. Presently Sandy came out, his face flushed but as solemn as ever, and sat down beside him.

"It's a fact the new generation can't live with the old," he said; "but I shall be astonished if some of the old boys don't have heads on them in the morning."

"They do seem to be celebrating a little."

"The water-jug's been dry in there for quite half an hour, but they haven't found it out yet, and they keep on pouring all the same. Come in and watch; it's dead funny."

"Oh, it's all right here."

The curtain at the end of the hall lifted, and a white figure came out into the dim light.

"Well, Evie," said Sandy, "how goes it? Come and sit down."

But Geoffrey started to his feet and placed himself before her. "Miss Milward—Eve," he said in low passionate tones, "will you not speak

to me? What have I done to deserve this?"

The girl drew herself to her full height, her eyes flashing dangerously. "Kindly let me pass."

He stepped aside at once, his face whitening, and she moved on into the supper-room.

Sandy rose and laid his hand on the other's arm. "I'm sorry, old chap," he said, "and I don't pretend to understand anything about it,—but hang the girls anyway! Come and have a drink."

Geoffrey looked at him dazedly.

"If you feel it like that, why did you let her go? I would not have interfered between you. And the curse of it is, she has engaged herself to Fletcher; they are to be married in March."

"My God, no!"

"But it's a fact. I had it from the old man's lips, and he is no more pleased than I am. But, good heavens, if it's like that with you, what have you been doing? You have had the game in your own hands for months past. Look here,—well, come and have a whiskey."

But Geoffrey turned without speaking and went out through the merry crowd on the verandah down on to the beach.

And some hours later Eve sat white and trembling in the privacy of her own room, and asked herself despairingly what she had done.

*(To be continued.)*

## WESTERN INFLUENCE ON JAPANESE CHARACTER.

IN any attempt to estimate the position which Japan may occupy in the future among the Powers of the world, it is above all essential to consider how far the national character will endure unchanged. If there is one lesson which the present war has brought out more fully than any other, it is the importance of strength of national character in the efficiency of a country. There is often a tendency to overlook the human element in comparisons of national power. Invention has progressed so far, and with such rapidity, that in any calculation of a country's strength, attention is fixed mainly on the quantity or quality of weapons possessed and the number of men available to use them, to the exclusion of any attempt to estimate the qualities that the people as a whole and the individuals composing it may be expected to display in a crisis. But it is, above all, to superiority of the human element, not to superiority of material resources, that Japan owes her victories. The greatest asset of Japan is the strength of the national character; the country is not remarkable for natural riches, and her success in the future must be wrought, as it has been in the past, by the energy and ability of the people.

The character of the people, as it exists at present, has been shaped by influences belonging to two different stages of development; it combines qualities produced by a high state of civilisation together with those peculiar, as a rule, to a more primitive age. Before the Revolution Japan was in the warrior feudal stage; high

courage, strong endurance, indifference to pain and hardship, stern devotion to duty, simplicity of life and ideas, and unquestioning reverence and self-sacrifice for superiors and for country, were the qualities belonging to the national character in this stage, as they belonged to the Western nations in the best days of the Feudal Era. To the strong primitive qualities were added by the Revolution a new spirit of enlightenment which served to guide and direct them, as the energies of a horse are controlled by the mind of his master. The transformation of old Japan into the Japan of to-day proceeded so fast that many of the qualities which existed before the change began are still preserved; they have not yet had time to die out, but on the contrary have, so far, been developed by application to wider fields of action and by concentration on great ends. The result is seen in the national character as it exists to-day. The history of England offers a parallel similar to a great extent, but not so striking because the intellectual revolution was more slowly carried out, and because it worked rather in the direction of a general elevation of character than in practical and scientific developments. But the national character of the English race in the reign of Elizabeth was not unlike that of the Japanese to-day. The old virile qualities of the Feudal Age were leavened by the new spirit of the Renaissance and the Reformation, as the old qualities of Feudal Japan have been leavened by the new spirit of Western knowledge, with much the same result in each case,—

a people rich in hardy, manly virtues and distinguished also by a new intellectual spirit, by a wider mental outlook, by a strong desire for advancement and self-improvement, by a broadened sense of patriotism, and by a striking capacity for strong united action in a national crisis.

Solid strength rather than brilliancy is the leading feature of the Japanese national character; but it is a strength inspired by an almost ideal conception of duty and patriotism, which makes comfort, life, and the interests of life, of no account in the scale. The thoroughness, earnestness, and iron determination of the race have been the secret of the Japanese success in the war. The strength of the national character expressed itself in the careful systematic organisation that foresaw every need and supplied every want; in the readiness of the sailors and soldiers for absolute self-devotion, for the facing of every danger, for the endurance of every hardship; in the moral courage and iron will of the leaders who were deterred by no obstacles and no losses from carrying out their appointed tasks; in the general temper of the nation which never shrank from any effort or any sacrifice that it was called upon to make. The workmen in the government arsenals complain if they are not worked overtime, and ask to work without wages as they cannot fight in the field. The only regret of a mother who hears of the death of her son is that she has only one to give to the country. It would seem well-nigh impossible to defeat a nation animated by a spirit like that of the Japanese.

But it is not only in war that they exhibit keen enthusiasm, and determination to succeed. The same spirit inspires them in civil life. In the schools no compulsion or encourage-

ment is needed to make the boys work; on the contrary the teachers have to restrain the eagerness of their pupils, for, in their anxiety to learn, they are apt to be impatient and to rush to a new subject before the old one is thoroughly mastered. The writer has met students of the university of Tokio serving as waiters in hotels where travellers congregate, in order to practise English and to earn the money to take them over to a university in the United States; and he knows of other Japanese students who go out as rickshawmen during the vacation in order to be able to pay their expenses during term-time, and who can be seen poring over books while waiting for a fare. Not unnaturally perhaps this enthusiasm carries with it certain defects. The students wish to learn everything at once by rule and letter: they are weak in grasping the essence of a subject for themselves and disinclined for independent thinking; but with time and a clearer perception of the proper methods of study these faults will doubtless disappear. In industry and commerce there is the same keen enterprising spirit. Japanese manufacturers undertake to make any and every commodity of life from condensed milk to travelling-bags; the Japanese traders are pushing their way into the smallest villages in Korea and into the markets of China. But vigorous and enterprising as they are as manufacturers and traders, they have still much to learn. Clever at imitation and quick to adopt the ideas of others, they are deficient in originality and invention, and they are too eager for immediate profit; their productions lack soundness and durability. Moreover, their commercial integrity is not of the highest; they have not yet learned that in business honesty is the best policy. Foreign merchants in Japan declare

that it is necessary to keep a watchful eye on all transactions with Japanese, who exhibit a wonderful ingenuity in evading inconvenient engagements and in passing off goods of inferior quality. But these failings also may disappear in the course of time. So long as the strength of the national character remains unimpaired, the splendid qualities that have produced such a pitch of military efficiency will help them to success in every department of national life. If the character of a people be really deep and strong, if there exists a spirit which can put duty, honour, devotion to country and its interests above life and the private interests of life, the nation need not fear for its future. Spasmodic attempts to secure a new administrative system, a new type of gun, a better educational scheme, are only so much tinkering at national efficiency. A strong national character, a vigorous national spirit, can alone supply the qualities that enable a nation to attain greatness, to pass safely through a crisis, to meet disaster, if it comes, with unshaken front and increased determination.

The question, then, arises,—will the national character of Japan endure as it exists to-day, or will the introduction of Western influences bring in their train the devotion to personal and class interests, the weakening of enterprise and hardihood, the love of comfort and ease, the horror of suffering, the shrinking from pain and sacrifice that have been steadily growing as features of modern life? Will the new influences tend to weaken in any way that sincere, strenuous, practical patriotism that leads every official and every officer to do his duty with all his might, and every citizen to feel his citizenship a reality, not only conferring privileges, but imposing obligations, making every man ready, and even anxious, to sacrifice the comfort,

interests, and lives of himself and those dear to him for the good of the State?

The very readiness of the Japanese to give up traditional habits and ideas, the rapidity with which they assimilate the learning and adapt themselves to the ways of the West, suggest the possibility that the ancient qualities of the national character may be impaired in the general transformation. It will be strange if some changes are not wrought. It will need wonderful foresight, judgment, and self-restraint in reconstituting the national life, to admit only those practices and influences that are beneficial and strengthening. The present efficiency of Japan is due to a happy combination of qualities belonging to two stages of development. But will this combination last? Will the moral and intellectual development continue without the old, strong, simple qualities being weakened by the new influences that are bearing on the character of the people. As civilisation advances in Japan, as the nation adopts more and more of the learning and ways of the West, there is a danger that the new ideas, new tastes, new wants, in destroying, as they must, the old simplicity of mind and life, may weaken some of the old virtues. As the Japanese learn to appreciate the necessities, the comforts, and the luxuries of highly civilised life, they may lose to some extent their splendid hardiness and powers of endurance. As they acquire a taste for new pleasures and new pursuits, and as they develop a greater variety of interests, they can hardly fail to lose some of their readiness to sacrifice all individual and family interests to their ideals of duty and patriotism. As they advance in industrial and commercial development, the new aims and new ideas developed in the pursuit of monetary



profit, and in the fierce struggle of competition, can hardly fail to impair the force of the traditional standards of thought and action. Individual and national life will become more complex. Divergences of interests, of ideas, and of ideals must arise, separating man from man, and class from class, till the national action is no longer the expression of one ambition, one interest, one determination but the result of many contending forces. Unity of sentiment must be broken, and the whole-hearted devotion to country may be weakened in consequence.

Besides the changes in old qualities and ideas, there may be another difficulty in the way of the future development of Japan; a want of harmony between the Government and the nation. Much of the success of Japan has been due to the foresight, energy, and ability of the rulers, and the unquestioning obedience and implicit trust which the Government has received from the mass of the people. Up to the present Japan has been ruled wisely and well by a small knot of able statesmen who have been responsible for the work of the Revolution, for the education of the people, and for the direction of the national energies. There is a Diet composed of the two houses, but it has never possessed any control over the Government. Any protests and opposition it may offer have always been ignored or overridden by the circle of the Mikado's advisers. This they have been able to do, not only because they have governed the country with marked ability and success, but also because of the lack of interest in political problems among the mass of the people (the natural result of past ignorance), and because of the traditional feeling of reverence for the Mikado as the sacred heaven-inspired ruler of the people. But

this condition cannot last indefinitely. As enlightenment spreads among the people, as they obtain a better knowledge of the conditions of other countries, as they grow conscious of their interests and begin to think for themselves, they can hardly fail to lose their attitude of unquestioning submission and to become more critical of the way in which the Government is carried on. The governing clique may not always exhibit the same wisdom and zealous devotion to the interests of the country; it may fail to represent the aspirations of the people; divisions of opinion may arise; party feeling may run high. The elder statesmen, long accustomed to absolute control of power, and conscious of having used it with ability and disinterested energy, will naturally resent criticism and opposition. The people, on their side, may reasonably be exasperated if their wishes are ignored, and among them there will be different sections representing different interests, ideas, and policies. Before the war political divisions were beginning to make themselves felt: opposition to the ministers was not infrequent; and when the end of the war concentrates attention on internal problems, political differences are bound to occur. Doubtless the opposing forces will come in time to an equilibrium; but in the process of adjustment there must be sharp friction, strong passions will be roused, hostile parties will be formed with the inevitable result of slackening the bonds of union among the people, and weakening to some extent the capacity of Japan for concentrated national action.

Thus, in any speculation as to the future position which Japan may occupy among the Powers of the world, it would be unwise to ignore the possibility that the new influences at work in Japan may, to some extent,

impair the strong hardihood, simple force of character, the unswerving devotion to country and duty, and the wonderful unity of sentiment that have all contributed to raise Japan to the position she now holds. Some changes will certainly take place as the ideas and ways of Western peoples establish themselves among the Japanese. A trivial example will show how Western habits are ousting even the long established domestic customs of the Japanese. A few years ago the lower classes in Japan never touched meat; now meat is growing in favour every day as a common article of food, and butchers' shops are springing up everywhere even in the poorer quarters of the towns. And as the Japanese adopt the ways of the West, it is hardly likely that they will not adopt some practices that will be injurious to the preservation of the old simple character. Even if they are careful to avoid any change which they think pernicious, the very fact of radical alterations in ancient ideas and customs cannot fail to have an unsettling influence on the general foundations of the national character. An example of the evil effects that may be caused by separation from traditional ways of life and old associations is furnished by the character of the Japanese who have

settled in Korea. They fall away sadly from the high standards of simple honest life that prevail at home, and as a class are looked on with dislike and contempt by the men of Japan.

That Western influences must affect Japanese national character to some extent is almost beyond question, but time alone can show the extent of the changes that may be effected. The Japanese themselves are fully alive to the danger that may arise from the new influences; they are already afraid that the adoption of Western practices has gone too far in some directions, and that a return to a simpler form of life is desirable. Hitherto, they have shown on the whole clear judgment, wise discernment, prudent self-restraint in transforming old conditions, and in the future they will doubtless be careful to guard as far as possible against enervating influences. Whatever changes the national character may undergo, it will above all be necessary for the future prosperity of Japan to preserve the old vigour and resolution of the race as a sure foundation for the development and exercise of the newer intellectual qualities that are also necessary to a modern State.

E. G. J. MOYNA.

## THE COMING OF SPRING.

HOWEVER much may be made of the fickleness of the English climate, Nature has the habit no less in England than elsewhere of rendering periodical account to her own stable laws, and redressing her temporary excesses and deficiencies. To take what is perhaps the most obvious recent example of such a natural readjustment, it was upon the Thames basin and the South-Eastern counties, in which the effects of the dry years preceding had been particularly severe, that the abnormal rainfall of the summer of 1903 was especially concentrated. Nature in the fulness of time makes all things equal again, but she allows herself considerable freedom of choice as to the exact occasion for each particular stroke of reparation. Consequently we human beings are apt to be disappointed when we take some fixed point in our calendar and demand of her that she should show the same results year by year with punctual exactitude.

Spring succeeds winter so surely as the morning follows the night, but it comes in many different ways. Looking back over a decade, we see how no two springs were the same, hardly two, even, at all like one another in the order of their coming; and if at the end of our lives we could see once more the spring of every year we had lived, we should still no doubt find that the season is never twice the same. Sometimes it struggles slowly and painfully into being, long browbeaten by storms and cold, nursing its early flowers in sheltered, secret places of the woodlands, till

suddenly the south wind blows soft and steadily, forth leap the buds both to windward and leeward of the woods, and in two days' time the retarded life of six weeks of spring is rioting over all the countryside. Sometimes it comes over early, in years when January brings little frost, and March no long east winds or chilling northerly showers, and then there is generally a disastrous relapse into wintry weather in April or May. And often there are broken, variable years, no two of them alike in detail, when there are days in February filled with the indescribable buoyancy and softness of spring, and weeks in March and early April edged with the chill of winter, though all the time the buds are green within, the sap is pulsing at the frost-sealed twigs, and in the clear light of the lengthening afternoons there are birds which cannot be kept from singing even by bitter skies and dry, sifting snow.

It seems at first a remarkable thing that the arrival in England of the summer birds of passage does not seem to be influenced at all by the forwardness or lateness of the spring. The date when country-dwellers see the first swallow or hear the first nightingale often varies considerably year by year, but the difference bears no observable relation to the particular temper of the season. In the case of those birds, too, which we are accustomed to hear rather than see, such as the nightingale and chiff-chaff and, to some extent, the cuckoo, it has also to be remembered that in cold weather they may be present in our midst for many days before the

atmosphere is sufficiently genial to encourage them to betray their presence by song. Yet, after all, our English climate is a very local affair, and it would be far more remarkable if in their winter haunts far away in Africa or South-Western Asia the tribes of our summer-staying birds had warning of what sort of weather we were getting, and timed their arrival accordingly. At present, it must be admitted, they do not always time it very well. Three years ago, in the bitter spring of 1902, it was pitiable to see the swallows hunting in vain, at the end of their long journey to our shores, for the insect food which was as scarce as in any ordinary January; the starving creatures packed together into the warmer atmosphere of London and other large towns, and in that disastrous May there were such numbers feebly circling above the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens as can hardly have been seen there in any other year since the days when Kensington was a village, and there was birds'-nesting in the Brompton lanes. In early seasons, on the other hand, England is waiting hospitably ready or her summer visitors several weeks before they appear. In the wonderful spring of 1893, which ushered in that long series of dry summers in which the nineteenth century passed away, nothing was more noticeable and strange, on any country walk in March and early April, than the absence of all the birds of summer in scenes of such verdure and sunshine as are by no means always to be enjoyed in June or July. It gave a curious and unattractive glimpse of what the English country would be like in spring and summer if we were ever to lose, as many parts of France and Italy have almost lost, all the migrant multitudes of sweet-voiced, busy creatures which fill every rod of

English wood and meadow with so much interest and delight. Very noticeable, also, was the effect upon the migrants, when they came, of finding England in this unaccustomed dress. Instantly and without delay they set about the work of nesting, in which many of our resident species had been long engaged, instead of letting two or three weeks pass by, as is their general habit, in desultory, tuneless wooing until the weather improves a little, and enough green stuff comes out to hide their nests in the hedge-bottoms and thickets, and there is a reasonable prospect of a sufficiently plentiful supply of grubs and winged insects for the young when they are hatched. The birds of passage, such as the nightingale and whitethroat, which habitually arrive about the middle of April, put in an appearance no earlier than in other years; but so little time was wasted by them when once they found out what they had been missing that by the end of the month many of them had actually nests with eggs, thus taking barely two weeks over operations which usually occupy four. The stimulating influence of such a season was equally marked among the birds that stay with us all the winter; while the earliest butterflies of the new spring broods (not reckoning, that is, the species that hibernate, and are ready to come out and about on any sunny morning, sometimes even in January) were to be seen flying abroad at dates even more remarkably in advance of their ordinary times of appearance.

That memorable spring was one of a not uncommon type in which after an opening period of chill and protracted rain, the year seems to leap suddenly into the sunshine. In such a year, though there may still be the east winds of March to come, the skies remain clear, and the air is

sparkling, brisk, and dry. Last year's spring also belonged to this same class, though the February rains, which caused the third great Thames flood in a period of nine months, were far heavier than they were in 1893, and the leap into the sunshine was neither so early nor so complete. But the peculiar beauty of the spring of a year ago was the brimming clearness and abundance of all the rivers, streams, and pools, cleansed and replenished at last by the deluge of the many months preceding. After a dozen dry years a very large number of ponds and brooks in the pastures had entirely vanished, while the rivers had run so low and foul that boating in many places became positively unpleasant; and not even by the autumn of 1903, after two wet summers, were the Thames and most other rivers of Southern England yet running full and clear from their springs. Before the end of the summer it became unfortunately plain that the water-bearing strata were even yet not charged sufficiently to withstand a lengthy drought; but throughout the months of spring every stream and river was brimming with a volume of crystal clearness, and the upland pastures and commons were full of the joy of "watersprings in a dry ground." There is a rare and peculiar charm about such years as these, when March is a month of sunshine and clear heavens. The natural delight which we feel in the lengthening days is more than half obscured and lost when the skies are so bleak and wintery that the year creeps on to the equinox, or even beyond it, before there comes a magical afternoon when we discover that the hour between five and six o'clock is not only filled with daylight, but with spring. And it is only in a bright, sunny March that we are likely to make what is to most people another

remarkable discovery, that the common elms of the hedgerows are then thickly covered with crimson blossom, of the same deep, brilliant hue as a field of sainfoin in June. The individual blossoms, which are mostly borne upon the young wood of the preceding year, are small and inconspicuous, and grow less thickly on the branches near the earth where they would naturally be more visible. But on a March day of strong, clear sunshine, a day when the drowned water-meadows in the valleys shine as blue as the heavens themselves, the spectacle of the great elm-crowns ranged in crimson against a sapphire sky is a feast of colour which not the whole of the coming summer will outvie.

The birds begin their preparations for nesting as early in the year as Virgil bids his farmer set to work at his ploughing; and there is no year in which the rooks are not busy in the elm-tops by the time that the branches redden, and in most springs before the end of February the grave, glossy birds have finished a great part of their nest-building, except in the lonelier, outlying rookeries of the woodlands where they rarely seem to begin their spring activities as early as in the near neighbourhood of the dwellings of men. But the mildness or severity of the season makes a very great difference to the promptness and vigour with which the birds which remain with us all the winter fall to this great spring business of nesting. In a dry and open spring there will be numbers of the eggs of eight or ten of our commonest birds about the countryside by the beginning of April, while even in February the eggs may be found of the heron, which is the earliest of all birds to build, now that the raven has vanished from most localities where once it was familiar. But after a winter of real severity, especially when, as the saw puts it,

the frosts strengthen as the days lengthen, it may be many weeks later than this before the birds begin building in good earnest. Such a great frost in the later winter as was experienced ten years ago, in 1895, goes far to break the spirit of many kinds of birds altogether. White of Selborne notices in one of his letters that a period of very severe frost often appears to follow an unusually heavy rainfall in the autumn and early winter; and he forms a tentative conjecture that the severity of the frost may be the actual effect of the ground containing such a great body of water. The notion receives no support from the best meteorologists to-day, who profess themselves unable to discover any constant connection even between the weather of one week and the next, much less over intervals of months; but it will at least seem, to lovers of White's famous book, a notable coincidence that the great frost of January and February, 1895, followed at only a few weeks' interval the equally exceptional floods of November, 1894, leaving all along the Thames valley a high-water mark, carefully recorded on walls and in dwelling-rooms, which, by some few inches apiece, each of the three floods of last year and the year before successively failed to reach. But these more recent floods were followed by no great frost, and the birds were ready to welcome spring, when it came, in such lusty health and spirits as offered the greatest possible contrast to their miserable condition in the weeks of that earlier spring when the compacted mass of earth and water, frozen into adamant and Arctic sterility, began at last, *grata vice veris et Favoni*, to dissolve into its proper elements.

That memorable cold spell of 1895 set in after much wintry weather

over the greater part of England on January 25th, and held on unbroken till February 18th, while for nearly a month longer the temperature relapsed sufficiently frequently into the neighbourhood of its former level to keep the mask of winter still fixed upon the face of the land and to make the food of many soft-billed birds almost impossible to obtain. The common song-thrushes, which always suffer more from frosty weather than many birds more delicate and weaker in appearance, perished by hundreds of thousands from starvation and cold, and in the April of that year there was hardly one pair left to nest in places where in ordinary seasons there would have been six. In the deep shrubberies of a certain old garden in the West of England, where the birds love to harbour all the winter and nest very early in spring, it was not till the beginning of April, a full month after the accustomed time, that the first blue speckled thrush's eggs were laid; and the utter weakness and demoralisation of the survivors was strikingly shown by this pair omitting to build a nest at all, and laying their eggs (which were only three in number, moreover, instead of four or five) in an old battered, flattened nest, a ruin of the year before. However, all the birds of summer arrived at least as early as in any other spring; and for only the first or second time in many decades there were cuckoos and swallows heard and seen in most English villages before the first young thrushes were yet free from the enclosing shell. Yet so speedily and surely can Nature repair her balance of numbers that four or five months later there seemed fully as many young thrushes as usual harrying the gooseberry-bushes and raiding the deep farm orchards; while in the following nesting-season, the moment in the bird's year at which a

census can always be taken with most precision, the replenishment of their numbers to the accustomed level was plain and unmistakable.

It is a just and natural metaphor by which we compare the quickening of Nature's life in spring and its decline in autumn to the rise and fall of a wave, or the flowing and ebbing of the tide, and either comparison is a truer one than we often recognise when we use it. Just as upon the crest of the mid-sea billow, as it mounts and subsides, innumerable smaller waves are to be seen rising out of it and losing themselves in it again, and just as single breakers are continually advancing and retreating upon the shore, whether the main movement of the waters is ebbing or flowing, so the great annual progress of Nature from seed-time to harvest is the general aggregate of an infinite succession of lesser waxings and wanings, flowerings and fruitings and witherings, births and deaths. Even before the spring seems fairly to have begun, with the free blossoming of the violet and primrose and anemone and the song of the first birds from overseas, already it is the season of decline for the straggling, flowerless tresses of the crocus in the garden border, while the sturdy spurge-laurel, and the snowdrop long before it, have ended their year's flowering in the copses. When the great sheets of bluebell blossoms fill the hilly woods with those strange illusory vistas that

seem to melt imperceptibly into the upper sky and to entangle the place in lakes and streams of blue ether till it seems a very Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, among all the voices of the birds, already the day of the primroses is gone, and their last blossoms are being stifled in the new and denser growth; and a fortnight later, when the ash trees scattered through the beech wood come tardily into leaf, and stop out the last gaps through which light and sunshine poured into the hollow place, then in their turn the bluebells begin to grow lank and sickly and pale, and by midsummer they, too, are a thing of the past. Not even the song of the nightingale holds on till the longest day, though it always seems, in its prodigal wealth and fire, the very voice of the mounting summer. But for many weeks to come the existences that drop out of the great procession of spring are hardly noticed, among the many others that crowd to take their place. The new verdure thickens over all the land, first filling the sheltered thickets and hedge-bottoms, then the barer woods and copses, and lastly the naked fringes of the meres and streams; and in swift succession the armies of the migrant birds come pressing across the sea to tenant the new harbourage thus provided for them, and to fill the thick green places, so bare and shelterless a few weeks ago, with the songs and activities of nesting-time

ANTHONY COLLETT.

## THE QUEST OF THE DACTYL.

IN one of the literary papers readers are permitted to exchange more or less fragmentary criticism in the form of question and answer. A contributor to a recent issue, quoting the line from Stevenson's epitaph,

And I lay me down with a will,

proceeds to ask with ingenuous solemnity whether it is probable that the final word in the line refers to the author's last will and testament. He inclines to think that it does, for, in the true spirit of the learned commentator, he reminds his readers that Stevenson once worked in an advocate's office in Scotland, and would therefore know the importance of not leaving his worldly affairs in confusion. It is not to be imagined that the writer intends to be facetious; the thinnest imaginable sense of humour would boggle at anything so inept, and the only possible conclusion is that the critic believed that "the hunter home from the hill" was recording an assurance of his business-like habits. It would be interesting to know whether he reads other poetry in the same spirit, finding perhaps in

Bare ruin'd quires where late the  
sweet birds sang

an allusion to half a ream or so of hand-made paper once covered with choice but unappreciated lyrics and now reduced to the pulp whence it came.

Without straining the laws of logic it may be inferred that the author of this critical suggestion is a member of the legal profession. If so, it is clear that in bringing his faculties to bear

on a passage of poetry he has been unable to detach himself from his habitual mental outlook. Such detachment is a necessary preliminary to any sound criticism, and its difficulty may account for the scarcity of good critics. A proof of this difficulty may often be seen when a newspaper of marked political bent reviews the work of a writer of the opposite party to its own. Instinctively the reviewer combats the attitude of his author. In a published criticism of Mr. Meredith's work, the writer whose leanings are apparently Tory, after speaking with a fierce enthusiasm of the less obviously political novels, pronounces BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER to be a dull production, and Dr. Shrapnel an insufferable bore. In real life, no doubt, a Conservative brought face to face with the author of the famous epistle would feel extremely uncomfortable. But that is hardly the point. The critic has rather to consider whether the portrait of Dr. Shrapnel is painted artistically or not. He must accept as a fact, a deplorable fact if he likes, that extreme Radicals do exist, and he should then consider, not whether Dr. Shrapnel's views on things in general are boring to a sound Conservative, but whether he is a well-drawn specimen of the type. If he merely states that the doctor's attitude towards questions of Church and State is intolerable, he has failed to detach himself from his own point of view, and his error is the same in kind as that of the man who found a reference to testamentary disposition in Stevenson's willingness to die.



It is not the least of the merits of Latin verse that those who practise the art can enjoy this intellectual change of climate, without some form of which the mind, jaded with more necessary and utilitarian pursuits, loses its sense of proportion and at the same time its vigour and adaptability. On somewhat doubtful evidence it has been recently argued that most boys find chemistry more stimulating than Homer, and that for quickening the imagination shorthand is more valuable than Virgil. Under the influence of these theories Latin verse has suffered even more than other classical studies, and there have not been wanting voices to declare that the quest of the dactyl should follow the back-board and the sampler into the limbo of mistaken and discarded ideas. The iconoclasts have been in fact so far successful that some sort of apology for Latin verse seems advisable on the part of those who believe in its immense educative value. To many, of course, the memory of Latin versification is tedious, if not painful. To their minds it is too much associated with chilly dawns spent under the guidance of Orbilius, or with a dozen lines on Unpunctuality written under urgent request in an hour usually devoted to cricket. They remember selecting from the work of Mr. Carey a few comparatively apposite phrases about spring or a storm at sea, searching out some metrically attractive lady, such as Deidamia, and uniting their discoveries into a mosaic about as neat and nearly as poetical as the *cere-comminuit-brum* of Ennius. Several hours a week in an ordinary public school time-table are set apart for such composition, which is as useless as it is ridiculous. It is not the reconstruction of a dead language, but the invention of a language which never existed at all, a misdirection

of energy comparable to the study of *esperanto* and not unlike that which used to lead the learner of French into an unreal wilderness of gardener's wives and penknives, when the true object of his journey was the garden of French literature, or at least the more practical world of railway-tickets and hotel-bills.

Fortunately there are some who are sufficiently enlightened to teach their pupils to discard such methods. Under their tuition the student of Latin verse learns to turn away from the worn and easy steps of the GRADUS, which conducts its daily hordes of bored and unappreciative tourists up the slopes of Parnassus, with the minimum of toil on the way and consequently the minimum of pleasure at the top. He leaves the tourists to their light railways, and follows unfrequented paths up the steep, as Lucretius did long ago, paths trodden only by the first dwellers in that country, not cut and smoothed by strangers. He hears the Muses sing as they sang of old, when their voices were not dim and hoarse with the mists of modern thinking. In the clear air of their native mountains the daughters of Memory still teach true things to their followers as they taught Hesiod of old. They are not bedizened like the modern Muse, but dwelling apart in naked and unashamed splendour they still speak to him who listens as they spoke to Catullus of love and hate, to Virgil of the beauty of life, to Horace of "chance and death and mutability."

The city-dweller of to-day finds his best holiday in the life of the river-side camp or the Alpine pastures where he can be, not a machine among machines, but a man in the presence of eternal Nature, where he can escape into "the splendour of God's countryside," or even perhaps, like Harry Richmond, "in the solitude of an

emerald Alp can leap the green-eyed crevasses and stretch a salt hand to the mountain kine!" The value and charm of Latin verse lies just in this migration to a simpler atmosphere, and self-expression in a dead language which is independent of the little things of yesterday and to-day. To obtain this simplicity of atmosphere in translating an English poem into Latin, much must be unhesitatingly discarded. The dictionary which provides ingenious renderings of a Lee-Metford rifle and a mowing-machine is a false guide. Such ideas must be reduced to their lowest terms, and must become spears and scythes, which, after all, they essentially are. This simplicity is necessary not only in the atmosphere but in the whole mode of expression. The writer of good Latin verse goes behind the vagueness and allusiveness of expression which characterises modern English. He discovers the logic of the sentence, the couplet, or the poem, emphasises the points by position or repetition, and omits the padding. In its demand for this absolute clearness of thought lie both the charm and the educative value of Latin verse, which provides a training not afforded by translation into modern languages. After a few elementary laws have been mastered, French or German can be adequately turned into English, and English into French or German, without the necessity of doing much more than translating word by word with the help of a good dictionary. Latin verse cannot be adequately written in this fashion, though its teachers too often allow their pupils to imagine that it can. The thought in the lines to be translated must be so rendered that the operation forms an invaluable training for the orator or publicist. Not even English composition can supply this training; in fact the mother-

tongue is the least suitable. The unavoidable looseness of conversation, the infection of bad writing in the newspapers, and other similar daily influences, the stronger for being unnoticed, militate against the educative value of English composition, the construction of which is for the most part sub-conscious.

The fact that the writing of Latin verse is conscious and to a certain extent artificial is often used as a weapon of attack, whereas it is truer to say that the more conscious the composition, the better the training it involves. In the very consciousness of Latin verse composition lies its strength. Another criticism is to the effect that the art is a mere technique, and that the faultless prosody taught to be essential is not found in the best Latin poetry. To this it should be sufficient to reply that, although Virgil and Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and even Ovid, did not always write lines which are technically flawless, in the passages which they clearly intend to be most impressive, and which are the glory of Latin poetry, the scansion is generally perfect. Catullus wrote the pentameter

Quam modo qui me unum atque unicum  
amicum habuit,

but the poem from which it is taken is forgotten, whereas his lament for his brother is comparatively perfect in technique, and is immortal.

This reference to the *Frater ave atque vale* suggests a further criticism which has been levelled against the teaching of Latin verse. It has been said, with justice, that the pieces chosen for translation are very frequently unsuitable. They are either inspired by that modern or Elizabethan sentiment which is as alien from Roman thought as it should be from that of a healthy schoolboy; or

else the thought is so wholly English, or literary, that when rendered, however skilfully, into Latin, the lines would be perfectly unintelligible to a Roman. The majority of Shakespeare's sonnets should be ruled out on one or other of these considerations, though it may be admitted that a few of them are admirable for the purpose. It is no doubt difficult to find a constant supply of suitable pieces, but a few of the types of poem from which they should be drawn may be indicated.

When, in Goethe's greatest drama, Wagner asks his master Faust what is the secret of literary composition, he is informed that the essential requirement in an author is that he should have something to say which is worth saying; given this, expression will come easily and will need little art. Exactly the opposite principle has usually dominated the composition of Latin prose and verse since the extinction of the Latin people. It is to style and form alone that attention has been paid, the subject and matter being regarded as entirely unimportant. This attitude is the evil legacy of the Italian Renaissance. Scholars like Filelfo and Bembo, weary of the formless compositions of the Middle Ages because they inherited that Italian devotion to form which made the facility of Ovid and the rhetoric of Lucan more popular than the feeling of Catullus and Propertius and the poetry of Virgil, were led into the error of believing that the best Latin was produced by inserting sentences from Cicero and by a slavish study of Virgil's metrical devices. Their ideas have misdirected the course of classical composition ever since. Because the conceits of minor Elizabethans and the drearily faultless heroics of the eighteenth century seem to suggest the subject matter of Ovid, their distant proto-

type, and lend themselves to actual quotations from his works, their second-rate effusions furnish the ordinary material for translation. Latin verse, in the schoolboy's mind, becomes associated with sentimental ditties to shepherdesses named Phyllis, or with frigid pictures from a mythology which has no meaning to the author. Naturally elegiacs become a synonym for artificiality.

But surely it is an insult to the great Latin poets to suppose that the Englishmen who most closely resembled them were Sedley, Denham, and Prior. Since one of the great objects of translation is to fix the translator's attention upon the real meaning of the words which he uses so freely and upon the literature which he reads so carelessly, this microscopic survey should be exercised upon the masterpieces of the English language. To translate Milton or Shelley into Latin elegiacs is a literary education; to translate Habington or Thomas Watson is not. To construct Ciceronian periods out of a speech by Mr. Balfour or an address by Mr. Wyndham, or elegiacs from a topical poem in the *SPECTATOR*, may stir a boy's interests, besides explaining to him the meaning of phrases which dominate his intellectual or political surroundings; but the ashes of controversy can rarely possess such educational merits. Let the subjects set for translation have either a high literary value or else a contemporary interest.

The search for contemporary interest may no doubt be carried too far. The pages of Bradshaw or the advertisements of a patent pill are not suitable subjects for elegiac verse; for the result, if ingenious, can never be poetry. It ought to be possible for the translator, if he display sufficient skill and sufficient diligence, to make his work when completed a real con-

tribution to Latin literature and worthy of a place there by its matter as much as by its form. Virgil and Catullus can hardly be imagined as welcoming to the Islands of the Blest one of these ingenious versifiers upon slip-carriages or quack-medicines. Such inanities practise only the author's ingenuity, not his imagination or his literary sense.

It is true that petty trifles and dead mythology occupy a great part of Ovid; but Ovid is not the model for matter, whatever he may be for style. Were it not for the skill with which he uses his metre, and for the faultlessness of his form, the greater part of his works would long ago have been relegated to the obscurity in which Manilius and Claudian lie concealed. For matter, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, and Martial are the best guides. But the more sentimental aspects of love are not suitable for educational purposes; and the more detailed mythology is both lifeless now and exhausted. There remain epitaphs and epigrams, patriotic poems, and verses on the deeper joys and feelings of life, which are the same in all ages. The material for epitaphs can be drawn from most of the greater English poets: Browning's Epilogue to Asolando, published on the day of his own death, and Tennyson's epitaphs on Gordon and Franklin, may be quoted as samples.

Latin is pre-eminently the language of the epitaph. The writers of the Greek Anthology made Death a gracious personage, like the fair and pitiful youth, graven by an unknown hand, who moves with Alcestis and Hermes Psychopompos round the temple pillar of Diana of the Ephesians. But in Roman epitaphs the protagonist is not Death, but the dead man. If the dead did his duty, all is well; the State is eternal, and

his work is part of it. It is this sense of the *gravitas* of work and of death which makes the glory of Catullus's *Frater ave atque vale*, and of his lines to Calvus on Quintilia's death, of Virgil's lament for Marcellus the hope of Empire, of Martial's epitaphs on Demetrius his faithful secretary, and on his young slave Alcimius, and of that great memorial line, in which, as in others, the poet seems to anticipate a phase of modern thought,—

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Owing to the serious and rather solemn tone which characterises English literature, poems based on simple human sentiment may be found in great abundance; and these are well adapted for translation. But the joys of spring and the horrors of a storm at sea should be avoided; they lend themselves too much to quotations from the GRADUS. Poems of travel, or of meditation, not beyond a boy's capacities, may also be recommended. The humorous subjects are far too much neglected; yet materials are numerous, Martial provides plenty of models, and the composition of epigrams is far more attractive to the young mind than of the amatory effusions with which it is often condemned to wrestle. The schoolmaster could easily form a most interesting and amusing selection of pieces for translation out of Herrick, Hood, and country churchyards.

The composition of original Latin verse is still more neglected; yet it has so many educational merits that it ought to be cultivated freely. If Latin verse is preserved in any form, it should be preserved in this. For this pursuit demands originality of thought, ingenuity and care in composition, and a wide knowledge of the best Roman literature and a

sensible appreciation of its atmosphere. A humorous epigram upon some well-known contemporary event or character will call forth latent talent and energy in the most unexpected quarters. Classical studies in England lose much by the comparative neglect of original composition.

How then is this art, useful in the best sense of the word, since it develops the mental capacities and clears away the mists from the intellectual atmosphere, best acquired? Partly by plenty of practice in rendering into Latin really good English models, which stimulate the imagination, attract interest, and make the task a matter of keenness and activity, not a weary labour performed solely under compulsion; partly by the teacher exacting a complete understanding of the original poem and inculcating an appreciation of the niceties of style and the felicities of expression. But the art of writing Latin verse is after all best acquired, not from handbooks or lectures or versions, but from a whole-hearted exploration of the masterpieces of Latin poetry. The average boy probably writes good Latin verse in proportion to his reading of the originals. Virgil can only be read, it seems to be supposed, if the reader notes every grammatical peculiarity, compares it with numerous quotations from other authors, and puts it down in a book for future reference. He must hunt out every mythological allusion, dabble in philology, master Virgilian geography, and study hosts of alien criticisms upon Augustan literature. The result is that a great deal of comment, and a very little of Virgil, is read in a term. The only elegiac writer who is much read in schools is Ovid, by far the least interesting of them, and the stream of Ovid is often dried up in a desert of comment. If all the commentaries

which have ever been written on the subject of Latin literature could be burnt in one great Bonfire of Vanities, the study of the great Roman writers would become much more thorough and the composition of Latin verse would be immensely improved. Till this consummation, however, is reached, much more might be done by helping boys to realise the fascination of Virgil, and by a wide selection of the best works of Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, and Martial. Even Politian and the Renaissance verse-writers have often greater merits than some of the compositions of Ovid which are more widely read. Shakespeare is not supposed to appeal to the modern reader solely because he illustrates the Elizabethan period of English grammar, or has given rise to a Baconian controversy comparable to the Homeric question; LYCIDAS and IN MEMORIAM can be appreciated just as well if nothing whatever is known about Edward King or Arthur Hallam, and very little about the biographies and the manuscripts of Milton and Tennyson. Why should the great Latin and Greek writers be vivisected in this way, and their works made almost exclusively the happy hunting-ground of gifted Dryasdusts?

The charm which lies in using so perfect an instrument as Latin verse has been dwelt upon, but only a passing allusion has been made to the Roman atmosphere which still clings to the Latin language. National language usually bears the stamp of national character; and Latin is no exception to the rule. That sense of proportion in the face of adversity and in the day of triumph, with its latent strength and resolution, which was the mark of the true Roman, and was called in his own tongue *gravitas*, pervades all Latin literature and has remained in the language

to all time. It was one aspect of this quality which made the greatness of Roman imperialism, and the same spirit should, and perhaps does, inform the English national character. It is a spirit worth inculcating and worth preserving, and one method of doing so is to make the literature which breathes that spirit prominent in our educational system. Pregnant parallels may be drawn between Rome of the first century and England of the twentieth. One will perhaps suffice. Narcissus and Apicius, and other stormy petrels of empire who piled up their millions in ancient Rome,

Abode their little hour or two, and  
went their way;

but after ages owe, and shall owe, an immeasurable debt to those *virigravissimi*, the reserved and clear-minded writers, statesmen, and proconsuls of the Eternal City. Nations are judged at the bar of history not by their importance in the money-market of

their time, but by their contributions to human progress. Weighed in these scales, Rome will not be found wanting.

Those to whom the word *elegiacs* suggests nothing so much as the carving of a model steam-engine out of a single peach-stone, or the construction of a miniature Westminster Abbey out of matches, may marvel to find what they have regarded as at least an impracticable system of mental gymnastics declared to be not only of the highest educational value, but an alembic worthy to transmute the best thoughts and the best poetry of all ages. It is good, however, to leave behind for a few hours the tangle of modern questionings, and, as we wield "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man," to live among those of a former civilisation, an earlier empire, men of like passions with ourselves and confronted with the same eternal problems. He who has learnt to make music on this magic instrument has done something towards enabling him to see life in the mellow light of history.

## EH, EUGENE ?

"AND the air is splendid, Monsieur. People get very large here,—eh, Eugene ?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

"In these last years I have grown thin to what I was. That is because of my trouble. Formerly I was enor—mous, like that,—eh, Eugene ?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

Madame with her still plump hands describes in the air generous curves which lose themselves in infinity after they have fulfilled their mission of indicating that in days gone by Madame's figure might have been pictured by a biggish sphere superimposed on a still larger one.

Madame keeps a small *pension* in a small provincial town of France. If any of her lodgers are sceptical as to the enlarging properties of our atmosphere, Madame produces Monsieur, and the sceptics are vanquished forthwith. For Monsieur is magnificently enlarged ; it is as though the atmosphere had sat down on him and caused him to expand horizontally. He measures about four feet four inches in all directions. He has a noble jowl and a massive neck. His head is vast, smooth, and bald, a phrenologist's nightmare. He radiates expletives, and perspires like a Homeric hero. When Madame summons him, he appears with an enormously thick walking-stick in his hand and a straw hat of a cone-like structure on his head.

"Come forth, Quilibert," calls Madame ; and Quilibert (which always strikes me as a name in a Palais Royal farce) comes forth.

"*Voilà*," cries Madame triumphantly.

Quilibert's language becomes sulphurous, with numerous thunder-claps in it, and he turns away angrily to resume his interrupted promenade. He never appears outside the gate, and I fancy his promenades are of a rigorously domestic character.

If grief has taken in a pleat or two in the waistband of Madame, it has in no way checked the free current of her discourse. Speech has become a disease with her ; she should suffer from hypertrophy of the epiglottis. She is the battlefield of an interminable contest between girlhood and womanhood, a thin row on her forehead of meagre, unhappy curls gives her a dismally youthful appearance that is in conflict with the maturity of her lines. Her speech is one of her girlish attributes, the prattle of a High-School Miss. She has a caoutchouc mouth, a little down at one corner, through which the words and phrases flow as free and unimpeded as a stream through a mill-sluiice. I think I sometimes catch a pathetic gleam in her eye, a glance which seems to say : "Pity me. I am a talking squirrel in a conversational cage. Please not to give me anything that will set me off." You refrain even from good words ; but the wheel goes on. The stream of her language bears with it mysterious snags that come up to the surface and are lost again.

"I married Quilibert by mistake," she says one day to the world in general ; "by mistake,—eh, Eugene ?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

Wherein lay the mistake I have never found out. Perhaps Quilibert may have had a twin-brother; but I do not think Nature could repeat herself in this item any more than she could bring back the mastodon. I am inclined to believe that the mistake was due to the impetuous eloquence of Madame and an unconsidered misplacement of negatives, and that Quilibert was swept out into the ocean of marriage on a syllabic cross-current. In any case I doubt if Eugene knows anything about it.

Eugene is what you might call the *homme-de-menage*. He wears the inevitable green baize apron and list slippers. I do not know whether the latter are the cause or the effect of a weakness of the feet from which Eugene suffers; anchylosis, it may be. He walks as if he were moving on hot tiles, in the constant but futile search for a luke-warm one. He is apparently middle-aged, and it is hard to conceive that he could have ever been anything else. If he was not born in a green baize apron and list slippers, he was certainly christened in them.

Eugene is the corroborative genius of Madame. There is a line in his face which I believe must be the corroborative one. It begins from the corner of his lip and, avoiding the whiskers, sweeps down and round and up in a majestic curve to the other corner, forming on its way the vain simulacrum of a double chin. Whenever Eugene enters the presence of Madame, this line developes on his face like an inverted rainbow, and remains there till his duties call him elsewhere, when it fades away and a glimmer of expression appears on his countenance. When the line is there, Eugene is Corroboration and nothing more. He has no patriotism, no political views; he takes no account

of time; he reckons not of eternity; he merely corroborates.

"Before I had my trouble," says Madame, "I was enormous, e—nor—mous. My corset—" Madame has no idea of the genteel use of the periphrastic construction,—"*my corset would not meet behind by this much.*" She indicates with her plump hands a gap of some six inches. "By this much, Monsieur,—eh, Eugene?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

I think that in this matter Eugene walks by faith, as indeed a corroborative genius, unless disembodied, must necessarily do. I do not suppose that he has ever assisted at the toilette in the polite and archaic meaning of the phrase, as the courtly gentlemen thronged a hundred years ago the dressing-rooms of Parisian beauties.

I fancy that Eugene, when released from the spell that Madame puts upon him, thinks and even, in quite rudimentary sort, reasons. With the corroborative line a kind of mask falls from his face, and you can see on it the traces of an intellect, a child's intellect indeed, but still an intellect. I overheard him muttering to himself sulkily the other evening when Madame was out: "Well, at any rate I shall have a sou or two in my pocket when I am in heaven, thank God!"

That shows that Eugene has some private notions of his own both about a future state and about the inadequacy of the temporal wage.

Madame, intentionally or not, often employs her corroborative genius for the general chastening of Quilibert no less than us mere lodgers.

"Why can you not go and fetch your boots yourself, my friend?" she says to Monsieur.

"It is that accursed hill," replies Quilibert. "May something extremely dreadful happen to me if I can go up and down it!"



"You ought to live on a plate, my little old bullet," says Madame with cheerful insult. "Or they might build you a nice staircase with a bannister, or haul you up with a crane—eh, Eugene?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

"Name of a thousand names of, etc., etc.," growls Quilibert, stamping off, with his head steaming like a damp sheet before a fire.

Then it is my turn.

"I saw the American lady in the town to-day, Monsieur," says Madame. "How droll she is! She has fourteen dogs with her and two valets to look after them. Then her French! The difficulty she has with the tradespeople! She speaks atrociously, just like you, Monsieur. Just like Monsieur,—eh, Eugene?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

I have been complimented elsewhere on my French, which is of a plain, substantial sort, and does not land me into difficulties with tradespeople. Eugene will never know how near his grey-fringed head has come to being punched.

We all dine together; Eugene, in the eternal green baize apron and the list slippers, vaguely below the salt. There is a Thing in the kitchen that coughs and rattles plates, but I presume it is unrepresentable; at any rate it never dines with us. We eat solidly and at great length. The process of dining is not the least of an impediment to Madame's eloquence.

"I am going to Paris on Wednesday," I say one evening. "I want to see what your Mi-carême festivities are like. They tell me—"

Madame turns pale, lets her fork fall with a clatter on to her plate, and sinks back in her chair. Monsieur is very red in the neck and stares at me angrily. The corroborative line has disappeared from Eugene's face, and he has a troubled

look on his countenance. The Thing is sniffing audibly. What have I said?

Quilibert goes to a cupboard from which he produces a short-necked, stumpy black bottle, much of his own build. He pours out from it a glass of a golden liqueur. "Drink it, my dear," he says, "you will feel better." But Madame pushes the glass aside, and goes out of the room and down the passage. A door closes and there is silence.

"I am so sorry," I begin.

"You did not know, Monsieur," Quilibert interrupts. "How could you? What an idiot I am! *Parbleu*, why didn't I tell you?" He drums abstractedly on the table with his short red fingers. "We do not speak of our trouble," he goes on at last, "but it is always with us. And she,—" he indicates with his head the direction of the passage and the closed door—"I think it is killing her."

Eugene is sitting with his hand to his chin. He looks almost grown-up intellectually. The lamp throws on to the walls a restless shadow that seems to me the dim shape of the trouble that haunts this little domestic circle. The Thing is sobbing and choking faintly behind the kitchen door. It is evidently something human, and not a mere dish-cleaning machine.

"It is three years ago now," says Quilibert, "three years on Wednesday, counting by *fêtes*. *Mon Dieu*, by *fêtes*! Our little Elise—"

All the blood in his body seems to have gone to his head; the great veins on his neck stand out purple.

"Patron," says Eugene with alarm in his voice, "had you not better unloose that neck-stud of yours?"

Quilibert clutches at his collar and tears it open. His fingers catch in a ribbon and from cavernous depths

draw up a little locket. He looks at it and the relief of tears comes.

"See, Monsieur," he says hoarsely, and detaching the locket from the ribbon he pushes it over to me. It contains a little miniature, made evidently from a photograph. Even the clumsiness of an unrateable artist has been unable to rob the child's face of its sweet innocent charm.

Quilibert's voice is more composed now.

"It was three years ago. We took her to see the procession, her mother and I. It was a mad thing to go there with a child, a baby; but, *que voulez vous ?* One is wise too late. When we got into the more crowded *boulevards*, a rough brute banged about a pound of *confetti* into Madame's face. She let go Elise's hand for a moment, and when she turned the child was gone. We have never heard a word of her since. Of course we went to the police stations and to the Assistance Publique,—everywhere. We advertised in a score of papers. I went on false tracks all over France. I went to the Morgue; I thought she might have been run over. And not a trace of her! It would be better, *Mon Dieu*, to know that she is dead. Who is keeping her, and why? Is she happy? You read such horrors in the paper. And how will she end?"

And this is the trouble that consecrates our common-place little *pension* in our commonplace provincial town. Poor garrulous Madame, dull ponderous Quilibert, you have your tragedy; and truly no life is prosaic. I think I can read something of devoted self-effacement in the corroborative attitude of Eugene. It is all the consolation he can offer; for he could hardly start off on a quest for the lost

child. He is not young enough or old enough; I do not know which.

Madame has returned and puts her arm around the neck of Quilibert with an affection that leads me to believe that the alleged mistake in connection with their alliance is of her own imagination.

"He has told you, Monsieur?" she says. "I am glad. But, *Mon Dieu*, what a grief! Once I was enormous, e—nor—mous. It is the air, you know. But now my corset—"

Let me too make my sacrifice; a humble one, a sacrifice of a poor scruple of my English delicacy.

"My corset meets quite easily behind,—eh, Eugene?"

"Oh, yes, Madame."

\* \* \*

I do not suppose they will ever see Elise again. Those reunions occur more frequently on the stage and in romances than in real life. I think that Monsieur and Madame will pass quietly to their graves, interested rather than consoled by the process of balancing the loss incurred on one lodger against the profit accruing from another.

Eugene will never lay aside the apron and slippers. Some day an aged gentleman with a long white beard, an hour-glass, a scythe, and other impedimenta, will present himself in the pantry.

"Do you wish to see Madame?" Eugene will say.

"Not at present, Eugene," the visitor will answer cheerily. "It is you that I have come to see. Observe this hour-glass. The upper compartment, you will notice, is completely void of sand. You are—ahem—ready,—eh, Eugene?"

"Oh, yes, Mad—, that is, oh, yes, Monsieur."

CHARLES OLIVER.

## THE GUM-DIGGERS OF NEW ZEALAND.

THERE are many strange peoples in this world, and of those the kauri gum-diggers are a class peculiar to New Zealand. To the stranger they seem the most independent and careless beings on earth; but to a keen observer there is a tinge of tragedy in their very listlessness, and in too many cases the realities are in accordance with this suspicion. The gum-land is the last resort of those who have failed in other walks of life, for as the men say, "Any man can go gum-digging." It is a place of refuge and forgetfulness, for "the country is big and no man is perfect," and the resinous breezes of the dense pine forests lull all into sweet oblivion when the day's toil is over. But it is also an oasis in which the tired wanderer rests for a time during his search for elusive fortune, and, as such, of late years the northern part of Auckland has become known to the adventurers of all nations. "We'll prospect here until we strike it or go broke, and then go down to the gum-fields of New Zealand," is a common saying among those latter happy-go-lucky individuals; but we did not realise its full significance until chance, and a coasting steamer, dropped us at Whangaroa, a little settlement famous for its surrounding scenery on the north-eastern coast of North Island. Nothing was further from our thoughts at the time than gum-digging, and we were sitting on the verandah of our hotel wondering if a gold-prospecting trip into the Maori reserve might prove worth the risk, when a company of men approached and stood in front of us.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the leader, a very disreputable looking person, "but have you ever been in Australia?"

"Yes, we are fairly well acquainted with the various colonies," I answered.

"Ah, then would you kindly settle this dispute for us? We are gum-diggers, and going for a spell, but some of the men are Victorians and some belong to New South Wales, and, — I suppose you know the rest?"

"I'm afraid I don't. What do you wish us to do?"

"Why, say which of the two cities is the greater, Sydney or Melbourne? I am an Englishman myself and have never seen either, but the boys here have agreed to go by your decision."

"Then I am very sorry that I, being a peace-loving man, can give no opinion; but perhaps my companion will oblige you."

All eyes were now turned on Mac, who with more caution than was usual with him, said: "Sydney and Melbourne, or for that part San Francisco and Hong Kong are a' good enough in their way an' nane is better than the other; but what's wrang wi' Auckland or Wellington? Or, if ye hae plenty o' money, Dunedin or—"

"We has plenty, Scottie," shouted several of the men flourishing their money-belts.

"I see you are a man of great perceptive abilities," said the first speaker smiling, addressing Mac. "I have been in San Francisco and Hong Kong, and I know that they are only

excelled, in one direction at least, by Chicago and Glasgow."

"Then Melbourne will be a revelation tae ye," grinned Mac, "for the Yarra can beat the Kelvin and ten beef factories any day."

The Victorians cheered at the extremely doubtful compliment implied, and invited Mac to step inside with them, and when the Whangarei and Auckland steamer came into port two hours later, most of the men were indifferent as to whether they booked for Klondike or the South Pole, or stayed where they were. "You fellows take the main west track," one wiry little New Zealander said to us confidentially. "It'll lead you to the new patch, an' if you can't make a rise there you never will in this world."

"But what is kauri gum?" I asked. "How do you get it, and what is it worth?"

"It is the exudation of the kauri pine, is found on the surface, and at various depths beneath, by spearing for it, and at present is worth an average of £60 per ton," answered our first friend, who was known to the others as English John. "There have been some rich deposits discovered recently, about fifteen miles from here," he continued, "and each man there is making about £7 10s. a week, or more, if he cares to work hard. We, with about fifty others, came north through the bush from the Hobson and Whangarei gum-fields and have been very lucky; but, as that is our steamer's whistle, I trust you will excuse us in the meantime. Ask for the Parson or Uncle Sam if you think of trying the diggings; and if you pick a quarrel with Jim Hogg as soon as possible and make our Clydeside friend here thrash him, you will save yourself some inconvenience."

"Thank you," I replied; "in all

probability we will call upon the gentlemen you mention, and if so, Mac can attend to all details; but by the way, should you find yourself in Sydney this card will procure you some friends if placed in the Metropole's letter-rack."

We saw the happy gum-diggers sail away, and then set about preparing for a trial at what seemed to be a fairly lucrative industry. Next day the mail-coach landed us, and two others, at three tents and a wood-shanty on an open hill-face which we were told was the Fifteen Mile Camp. So far as we could see the ground was turned up, and in some parts shallow trenches showed that work had recently been done there; but no sign of life was anywhere in evidence. Our two fellow-passengers seemed to know their way about, and we followed them into the shanty which proved to be a store, and helped ourselves to what we required. "The storeman is out with the boys," said one in answer to my enquiry if stores were free in New Zealand. "You can keep count of what you take, and pay him when you are flush."

"You maun a' be vera honest folk here then," said Mac, placing some sugar back on the scales and weighing it carefully.

"Well, not necessarily. You see no man coming to the gum-country ever has any cash, and when he makes some here the storeman is usually his banker, and of course he pays himself then."

"Oh! But where are the men just now?" I asked. "I thought the gum was found in the forest?"

"The gum is found everywhere, stranger, and this slope here has given up more than two thousand tons of it already; but it has been deserted this last four months because of the new six-foot-level strike we are going to now over in that timber clump a mile

to the right. You don't look new chums."

"We are, nevertheless; but we've pegged our claims in most other places between here and Sixty-Eight North."

"And are you broke?"

"Not quite,—but look! that forest is on fire."

"No, it is only the boys burning off a new patch. Let us hurry and get in among them. I don't suppose you would guess in a month that I was once an M.P.?"

"Well, no; your appearance hardly suggests that."

"But it is a fact. I was the member for C—— down in Otago. Oh, you'll meet all sorts at the gum-digging. Tom, there, who is walking with your mate, was a banker down in A——; but (would you believe it?) at this moment we have not a cent in the world between us. What sends you here?"

"Nothing, I assure you, unless there is a fate in those things. We have a knack of getting into the odd corners of this little planet."

"Well, you know best; but you would never make the boys believe that you could go elsewhere if you liked, for no man comes to the gum-country who has not a past."

"Do you know one called English John?" I said, desiring to change the subject of conversation.

"Rather; Quiet John used to be his handle, but I fancy if you tacked a title on to that you wouldn't be wrong. I knew him down south in Whangarei, and a better fellow never handled a gum-spear."

"Then, who is Uncle Sam?"

"The man that shot—damn it, sir, you are getting mighty inquisitive for a stranger." My friend became silent after his outburst, until we reached the timber, but by that time I succeeded in convincing him that I had no ulterior motive in my

enquiry, and he became communicative again. "But here we are," he said, as we paused for Mac and his companion to come up; "there's the boys working just ahead; that tall fellow with the red shirt is the Parson, and that little man in the tall hat is Uncle Sam, but keep clear of that man you see by himself there,—that is Jim Hogg; he is a real bad lot, and only English John was his master here."

The men stopped working as we approached, and the ex-M.P. introduced us in characteristic fashion. I mentioned that we had met English John and some of the diggers in the township, and had seen them off for Auckland, on hearing which the Parson and Uncle Sam invited us to share their hospitality until we had our own camp fixed."

"You have struck this part very opportunely," remarked the Parson, who was very youthful in appearance. "Prices are high, and the resin is plentiful."

"How much of an apprenticeship must one serve before becoming proficient in the art?" I asked.

"Not one minute; as the boys say, 'any man can go gum-digging.' Just take this spear and I'll show you. Now, drive it in there,—feel anything? Move about a foot then—now—ah, you struck it that time."

I certainly struck something, for the jar almost dislocated my right shoulder, and the spear, which was six feet long, vibrated for a full minute after I relaxed my grip, before it became stationary in the ground. The onlookers laughed heartily, and many and various were the comments passed for my future guidance.

"You held your spear too tightly," smiled my instructor. "But dig up your prize now,—here is a spade; and in future remember to allow the spear to slide through your fingers when it enters the ground."

My strike proved to be a piece of a dark brown fossilised substance about the size of an orange. One of the men seized it and after scraping its surface announced that it was "not too bad," which, being translated, meant very good indeed. As my arm ached considerably, I was easily persuaded to postpone further operations until next day; but Mac in great glee continued to spear and dig out pieces of all sizes with a rapidity that surprised the professionals.

That night men gathered in to Uncle Sam's camp fire from all quarters. He was recognised as a sort of leader, but that was merely because of his strong personality, and each man worked entirely on his own account, often without seeing a fellow-creature for weeks on end. I had hoped to get some information as to the nature of the gum, what it was used for, and the general order of life among the diggers, but I found that hopeless then. "Give us your news," said the men. "What's what down South?"

"I hears you is from New South," cried one. "Is G. R. still the boss over there?"

"I believe he is," I replied; "but we came from San Francisco this time. We are just fresh from the Yukon valley, on the Arctic circle."

"Pitch away then, lad," said Uncle Sam. "A lot of our mates went up there when the rush started, and I myself put in some time in the fur-country near the Teslin before Klondike was dreamt of."

I waited for Sam to continue, but apparently he had no such intention, and seeing that I was expected to say something, I told them everything I thought likely to be of interest concerning the great Northern gold-fields, which proceeding occupied half an hour. That I was a bad judge of what constituted interest

became evident when, after I had answered some questions as to the prospects around Dawson Mac began to supplement my information; and in an incredibly short space of time he had the camp fire circle spell-bound with his powerfully descriptive narratives. While he prospected the ice-bound reaches of the Stewart River, and told of the finding of Five Finger Gulch, I studied the faces of his listeners. There were about fifty; the Parson seemed the youngest, but possibly that was because he was not long out from home, and a grizzled German, who must have weathered at least sixty years, was the oldest. Between these two probably every age had a representative, but the general appearance seemed to indicate that all were between thirty and forty. Some, I could see, had always been gum-diggers and would never be anything else; some, like the M.P. and the Banker, had that listless expression but well marked features that denotes the man of intellect,—with a past; but a good number showed the determined lines about the mouth that marks the man with a purpose, and I knew that they were only gum-digging as a means to some end. The Parson was one of the latter, but Uncle Sam I could not class. He was rather small in stature and had an iron-grey moustache, but his deep-set eyes, well formed chin, and powerful but restrained voice, all proclaimed him to be a man of some individuality. He was well dressed and spoke with an accent suggestive of the great Republic, which doubtless was the reason of his cognomen; but I knew he was not an American.

It was an impressive scene that gathering under the giant kauris. The huge pile of gum-logs shot fork-like tongues of flame high into the forest gloom, and the air was filled

with the intoxicating scent of melting resin and scorching tea-tree leaves. Some of the men had brought bags of gum to scrape as they listened, but they were now cast aside, and as Mac described how we had reached the golden sands of the Pelly by working our way under the ice-jam at its conflux with the lordly Yukon, all, for the time, became as children. Sometimes, when the talker would mention a name, a murmur of comment would pass round the fire, an eloquent proof indeed that this world is small, for we had met many New Zealanders in the Klondike country, and, as I afterwards discovered, there were men around the fire who would be equally at home in Pekin or Picadilly. After Mac had finished, a weather-beaten wanderer told of some of his experiences in the silver land of Peru; and then came a typical New Zealander, who in the effective language of the Bush gave some pictures of strange Maori customs. I now became intensely interested, but this speaker was interrupted by a general preparation for supper, and soon, tea, coffee, or cocoa could be obtained by merely going to the respective billies and taking it. Bread and mutton were laid out on the ground in quantities that might have served a fair-sized township, and Uncle Sam brought from his tent over a dozen tins of jams and plum-puddings.

"Wall, stranger, my name's Hogg," suddenly spoke a voice in my ear, "an' as we is all as good as another here, might I ask what sent you gummin'?" Recognising who the speaker was I replied without looking up, "Ask Mac, I'm too tired to talk." I heard him repeat his words with some additional impertinence to my comrade, and a deep silence fell over the entire party. Next instant a shout of approval burst forth, for Mac, as we had previously arranged,

had sent the bully headlong to the ground. "A'm the maist peaceable man alive, an' I dinna want to fight wi' ony man," grunted he of the sledge-hammer fist; "but every time you come inside six feet o' me or ma mate, Hogg, a'll knock ye doon." He bared his right arm as he spoke, and none who saw his great muscular development doubted his ability to keep his word.

"I must congratulate you on being under such a protecting wing,—or arm," laughed the Parson, as Hogg slunk away.

"Oh, it comes in handy sometimes," I replied; "but English John warned us of this fellow; hence Mac's sudden display."

"I guess Scottie will be a power in the land," commented Uncle Sam, and shortly after we turned in for the night.

Next morning we procured the necessary tools and commenced operations. It was what was termed the one-foot-level that the men were working, and although the work was such that a strong man had a decided advantage, by sundown Mac and I between us had about eighty pounds of the fossilised resin, but, needless to say perhaps, I was not responsible for more than a quarter of that amount. At sunrise the following morning I accompanied several of the men to test a new tract which lay five miles to the west. On our arrival at the proposed spot where the prospect was to be made, we found the ground covered to about three feet in height with a coarse fibrous grass, above which, at irregular intervals appeared little clumps of dwarfed scrub. Our guide was an Australian known as Never Never Dave; he had been one of the Coolgardie pioneers, but had been unlucky. "I'll bet I strike it first shot," he cried, pitching his spear vigorously in among the vegetation.

"And you have, Never Never," said Uncle Sam, as the spear stuck and vibrated in a manner which told its own tale. As he spoke he lit a match and, walking to the edge of the clearing in which we stood, applied it to the long dry grass. In an instant a wave of fire swept the surface growths from existence, and a black charred deposit remained at our feet. A slight puff of wind came up from the south, and sped the fire on its mission of devastation, clearing away at the time the dense pungent billow-shaped clouds of smoke that marked its progress, and swelling the crackling of the burning scrub into a roar as if from a force-draft furnace. I looked with alarm at Uncle Sam, but he was gazing abstractedly at some of the men who were chasing a litter of disturbed wild pigs. "Do you mean to burn New Zealand from the face of the earth?" I said at length. "Only the sea will stop that fire."

"It does look a bit reckless," Sam answered thoughtfully, "but we had to do it. We happen to know, however, that the ground is already cleared ahead there, or we might have taken some precautions; but the fire doesn't do the damage you think; this land was valueless before, but in a few weeks now it will be first-class grazing country."

Never Never and the boys were now probing the ground in all directions, and soon we had the satisfaction of knowing that another patch had been struck almost as good as the one we had just left. Before the day was over most of the men had joined us on the new grounds, and a track was blazed to the store we had first seen, which stood on the main coach-road. The next few days were uneventful, but between information gleaned from the men and my own observations I gathered the following facts concern-

ing kauri gum. In the first place, it is simply fossilised resin, the best resembling amber in appearance, as an imitation of which substance it is much used. It is found in pieces ranging in size from a pea to a football, and in colour from light brown to black. The best pieces, for which there is always a great demand at almost any price, are semi-transparent and often carry leaves, insects, and even shells, embedded in their formation; but the black gum which is usually found in swampy ground, unless of a peculiar translucent texture, is not considered of much value. Until comparatively recently the gum was found only on the surface or a few inches beneath, but when the land then available was almost exhausted someone discovered that another layer existed about a foot down. At this time the value of the gum seems to have been recognised both in Europe and America, and higher prices being offered, the attention of gold-miners, settlers, and others, were attracted, until there were about seven thousand men engaged in the industry, all in North Island.

Soon it was discovered that there were still deeper strata of the resin, and that it existed almost everywhere, on the mountain slopes, in the heart of the forest, and in the beds of lakes. Consequently, the gum-fields became, next to the gold-deposits, the chief asset of the Colony, and in about the same position they still remain.

Fortunes are not, and never have been, made on the gum-fields, but as there is practically no risk, and every man is certain of earning a fair livelihood with a minimum of effort, they prove a veritable elysium to many who have seen better days. When it is stated that the gum-land is situated in one of the healthiest and most pleasant countries in the world,



and within easy reach of civilisation, that game abounds, and fish are plentiful in the many fresh-water streams, that stores can be obtained at almost first cost, that every man is absolutely his own master, has nothing to worry him, and is as free as the air he breathes, some advantages of gum-digging over most professions and trades become apparent,—that is, if mere comfortable existence be considered the chief object of life.

For some time the fact that so many different and distinct deposits of gum were found underlying each other, puzzled those who took any interest in the matter; but it is now agreed that these strata are the exudations of kauri pines of former ages, and that where gum is found on barren fern hills, or in the heart of bogs, that there at one time stood a forest of towering kauris. The kauri pine is supposed to live for nearly a thousand years, and as the various layers mark the sites of successive forests the period of the earth's history which the deepest represents must be remote indeed. Six feet is the greatest depth at which the gum is worked at present, but there are evidences indicating that a still deeper deposit may be encountered when the men trouble to sink further. The gum is chiefly used in the preparation of the best varnishes, for which purpose it now enjoys a monopoly. It is bought from the diggers by licensed buyers, who visit the fields periodically, and who have permanent places of business in the nearest township, from which it is shipped to all parts of the world.

One day, about a week after the new strike, a prospector named Brown (from New Guinea) and I went out to shoot some wild pigs, and in connection with that expedition had some new experiences. We had had a good day's sport and had hung up our last

pig where those who were to follow in our tracks would readily see it, when, on turning to go back to camp, it was borne forcibly upon us that we did not know in which direction it lay. We had not taken a compass with us, not thinking that instrument necessary to experienced bushmen in a country with such topographical features as New Zealand, so, pointing the blade of my pocket-knife on my thumb to see, by the shadow cast, where the sun was, we continued on our journey. This was no easy task, however, for the forest was absolutely trackless, and probably had never before been trodden by white men. "I vote we camp," said Brown, after we had wandered for about an hour; "we can easily go back over our tracks in the morning. Hallo, Niggers! Now we're in for it—"

"Put down your gun, Brown," I cried in alarm. "The Maoris are not cannibals; we are not in New Guinea—"

"But, Great Fly River! they are not Maoris," responded my companion; "they would be white men if they were washed." His words were not without reason, and we stepped forward from the scrub to investigate. There were about fifty men ahead, digging a trench as if their lives depended on their efforts. They certainly were not black men, nor were they Maoris, and, as on seeing us they all stopped work and gazed at us in silence, we knew they were not British.

"Good-day, boys," cried Brown, by way of greeting.

"Good-day," answered one of the men stepping from the trench, and throwing down a gum-bag, while the others began fumbling in their pockets.

"We licence have all got," continued the speaker; "we show."

"That's more than I have, then,"

laughed Brown. "It's them darned furriners," he added, turning to me; "Turks or 'Gyptians, I s'pose."

"No, Austri-an, Bulgarian, I-taliano," corrected the other, who overheard him. "But if you not poleece, come eat with we; my name es Paul." He signed to his companions as he spoke, and immediately pots and pans were produced, and a fire kindled, while various words of welcome and invitation came from those who had sufficient English. We explained that we had lost our way, gave our names, and then shared their evening meal. After this function was over, and the fire replenished, Paul announced that they would give a concert in our honour. They did, and while my inability as a musical critic prevents me from making comparisons, I certainly never enjoyed a concert more, and I have attended some both in Melbourne and in Sydney. For various reasons we would not allow any of our hosts to vacate their tents on our behalf when the time came for turning in. "We are used to sleeping in the open," we said, nor would we hear of anything else.

Early next morning Never Never Dave, Uncle Sam, and Mac rushed into the camp and enquired if two strangers had passed that way.

"Dey not pass, dey is here," answered Paul. "Have some breakfast?"

"You can just bet we will," said Never Never, seeing us. "Lor' boys, we has had a hunt!"

"How did you manage to trace us?" I asked.

"Tracked you," replied Sam; "Never Never is as good as a bloodhound."

"Oh, I is used to that sort of work," laughed the tracker; "I is an Ostralian, you know."

No more was said on the subject, and while the new arrivals were

breakfasting Paul instructed me as to the method of gum-digging adopted by his men. "We dig long holes like this," he said, pointing to the trench in which we had seen them working; "we dig deep six foot, then turn all ground before us and place eet at our back. In time we come to de end of patch; no more gum dere, so we leave eet and go look for anoter."

"But if you turn over all the ground before you to a depth of six feet, you surely do more work than all the gum contained is worth," I said. "Why do you not spear it, the same as we do?"

Paul smiled. "You not Ostraliano; what country yours?" he said.

"Ony ain ye like," said Mac approaching; "we're no verra par-teecular."

"Well den, we poor poor men of I-talia. No money, no wine. Friends out here say: 'Come, we pay cheap [nominated passage]; live good, plenty money.' We come, save money, perhaps send for wives, and stay here,—who knows?—go home. But we not liked by English diggers; they bad men, no' let us work good patch, no' let us try holes for good gum [spearing]. They [the Government] say you must pay licence; your son must be New Zealander; an' dere must be no gum left where you work. What den we do? Ha! English no gum-digger; he leave all de gum behind him; he only take one bit from his hole an' pass on. We know dat; so we look for where English has been working, an' den turn up all de ground after him. We make plenty money. We all live together an' share. I going to buy land and bring wife here soon."

"How many of your people are here, Paul?" I asked.

"Not know. Plenty south, and in de Bush. Bulgariano plenty in Whangarei; plenty Austrian there too."

"Ah weel, Britannia covers a multitude o'— " soliloquised Mac.

"We'll be delighted to have you up to dinner some evening," said Uncle Sam. "Our camp lies six miles north from here. Yes, certainly, all come.

Paul shook his head, but promised some day to pay us a visit, and shortly after we took our leave.

It was almost noon when we reached our own camp, and our surprise may be imagined when we saw English John and another of the men who had gone on holiday boiling a billy in front of Uncle Sam's tent. None of the diggers were in evidence, having not yet stopped for their mid-day meal. "Hallo John!" cried Uncle Sam. "Got back?"

"Yes," came the laconic reply.

"But I thought you were going over to Victoria," I said.

"I thought so myself," laughed John; "but I got hold of a newspaper in Auckland, and,—well, I fancy gum-digging is my trade now until I go under."

"Leave it there, old man," said Sam sympathetically, extending his hand; "I guess I am in the same boat. But how about the others?"

"They sailed for Sydney in the TARAWERA, all but Bob here; he reckoned 'a biled shirt was bad for his health.'"

"An' so it are," cried Bob; "I never was no 'ristocrat."

"Excuse me using your cooking utensils, Sam," said John, turning to the fire again; "but we have not yet got any of our own."

"My lad, you are heartily welcome to anything I have, and if dollars are of any use to you I have more than I need, and—"

"Thanks, Sam, but I have more than I need myself. Here come the boys. I am back you see, Parson."

"Why, John! What is the matter?" cried the Parson in surprise.

"Good-day, John," said the M.P. and the Banker simultaneously.

"Say, English John, Scottie there can down me too," cried Hogg. "Blowed, but we three can lick the camp now."

"There is nothing the matter more than usual, Parson," said English John, ignoring Hogg's remark, "only I find this world is rather small."

"But—but—"

"But what did you come here for yourself, Parson?" said the M.P. sharply.

"I—why—that is—I came because there was no room for me at home."

"'Xactly," chorused a dozen of the men; "crowded out; that's why most of us are here—"

"What do you think of the scenery around this district?" irrelevantly said John to me.

"All that I have seen was when coming up the harbour, and it is certainly—"

"Scenery be darned!" cried a little man. "You can't spear the scenery, an' it belongs to the Maoris anyhow."

"I would advise you fellows that hasn't got licences to get them quick an' lively," suddenly remarked English John's companion, "for I heard in the township that the troopers were coming out some day." But the power of healthy appetites now manifested itself, and each man thoughtfully adjourned to one of the several fires to prepare his dinner.

Towards evening that same day two men, known as Whaler and Black George (a Mauritian), came in from an outlying camp and reported that good gum had been found in a bog ten miles distant in the Maori reserve.

"Then let us get there at once," said English John, when he heard the news.

"Why?" I asked. "I understood that this part we are working now is the best ever encountered."

"Yes, it looks all right, but just put it to the boys and see what they think," answered John.

"We are goin' to the swampy country, of course," shouted all. "You can haul it out with hooks there."

"But, but bog gum is bad gum," I cried.

"I see you haven't yet grasped the fact that gum-diggers must be for ever on the move," said Uncle Sam quietly. "Why, man, it's not money most of us live for."

"Hoo dae ye no' try prospecting then?" asked Mac. "You've got to move sometimes at that game, especially when the cannibals are after ye, an' ye never get any money."

But all our talk was of no avail. In the morning the men went over in a body to the morass, and Uncle Sam, the M.P., Mac, and I went off to visit and make friends with the Maoris on whose ground the strike was situated. Uncle Sam evidently knew his way well. He had dressed himself for the occasion, and the M.P., in an endeavour to do likewise, had accepted some of my spare garments which had been sent out from Whangaroa. Steering through the forest we came to a river, and following it down over a tremendous precipice in which myriads of ferocious wild bees had their homes, we at length came to the huts wherein dwelled the lords of the soil. They received us very kindly, made tea for us, half filling the billies with sugar, laughed and chattered a good deal in their own language, and finally told us that we could not work on their land.

"We'll pay," said the M.P. accepting a cigarette from a stalwart warrior.

"How much?" asked the old chief. "Half-crown?"

"Yes, we don't mind that," said Uncle Sam; "but where is Taiwaki?"

"My son just home to-day. He soon go England," said the chief with a glow of pride. "Here him."

"Hallo R——. What a surprise to find you here. Welcome to our little village," cried a tall and very handsome young man, approaching with outstretched hand.

Sam turned, and held up a warning hand. "My friends," he said, indicating the M.P., Mac, and me. "How is it with you?"

"Oh, I have passed all right in Wellington University, and I am sailing from Sydney in the *ORIZABA* next month for Edinburgh."

"What!" roared Mac, "Edinburro did you say? What,—what country-man are you?"

"Maori, friend Mac, but I can't help that you know. You've lots of pretty girls in *Edinburro*?" The accent on the last syllable was unmistakable, and Mac uttered an exclamation which need not be repeated. "Maori or no," he cried, "Ye're the best Scotchman I've met since I've come to the gum-diggings."

"Ay, mon," responded Taiwaki with a grave face, "A was a long time doon in Dunedin, ye ken."

Our new friend accompanied us out to our camp, and stayed with us for a week, during which time he was the life and soul of the entire party, and needless to say we paid no rent for our digging-rights. When he departed, neither the Parson nor I felt inclined for further work on the gum-fields, and that night we held a council over our future movements.

"I want to make some money," said the Parson, "and I am willing to try anything that promises well."

"Why don't you try the greenstone country then?" said an old

Otagou gold-pro prospector." Only the Maoris are supposed to know where it is found, an' if you could get on to it, it might pay better than a gold-mine."

"Yes," said another, "an' I reckon I can put you on to it, too. Bill and I, when we were prospecting down on the Mararoa two years ago, fell on a lot of the stuff. We thought it was that darned Chinese jade at the time, and left it alone, but lor', if I were there now!"

"And can't you go?" I enquired.

"Lor' no, mate, unless I walks, for I hasn't the price of a steam-boat ticket."

"Mac and I can stand all the necessary expense for an expedition of that sort. Will you come with us?"

"You bet! Here, Whaler, I will my tools to you. Good-bye, boys, an' good luck to you."

"We are not going to-night," I hastened to remind him, as the men wished him good luck in turn; but that made no difference to the farewell ceremonies.

Two days after, the Parson, Will Edwards, Mac, and I, sailed for Port Chalmers bound for the mystic greenstone country. Neither Uncle Sam, the M.P., or English John would come with us although I endeavoured to persuade them to do so. "This world is small, boys; we may meet again, and under different circumstances," were Sam's words as we bade them good-bye, and we all echoed his sentiments.

\* \* \* \*

One Saturday afternoon about a year after the foregoing, Mac and I were on board the P. and O. Liner, INDIA, at Circular Quay, Sydney, to see the Parson off for England. We had been together all the time, and had gone several trips to various parts

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of the Antipodes. We had just returned from a successful expedition to the opal fields of White Cliffs, and now, the Parson was leaving us for home,—and beauty.

"This is considered the best steamer of the fleet," I remarked, as we stood on deck five minutes before sailing time. "I wonder how many passengers there are?"

"Here's another twa, onyway," said Mac, and looking to the foot of the gangway, we saw a lady and gentleman standing amid a heap of cabin boxes and other travelling paraphernalia, which evidently had been late in arriving. "A dinna ken much aboot women," continued Mac, "but did ye ever see a man dressed so like a tailor's advertisement before?"

"He certainly looks a gorgeous creature," agreed the Parson, "but then, Mac, you wouldn't be half bad looking yourself with an eye-glass and your moustache waxed—but, great Gum-Diggers! look!—"

We were looking; a steward had been labouring with the last portmanteau, but despite his efforts he could only move it. He was astonished at its weight, but he must have been considerably more so when the exquisite to whom it belonged, quietly picked it up himself, and walked up the gangway. "Never mind, steward," he said, in a voice strangely familiar, "you have never been gum-digging."

"English John!" cried the Parson, rushing forward. The gentleman turned, and took off his eye-glass, and the lady gazed surprisedly at the speaker.

"I beg your pardon," good-naturedly drawled the individual addressed, "I hardly know,—I mean,—I am sorry I do not remember you—"

"Dae ye ken me, then?" cried Mac, seizing the heavy portmanteau,

E

and throwing it in the air as if it were a toy.

"Mac, by all that is pleasant!" cried the stranger; "but be careful with my gum—"

"Aye, it's me," responded Mac, placing the bag on deck, "an' this is the Parson, an' this is your other freend. We've got shaved aince or twice nae doobt, but so hae you—"

"Great Maori Land! But what, are you passengers?"

"Only the Parson," I answered, studying the initials on one of the cabin boxes.

"Nita," cried John, "here are some of my friends of the gum-fields. You know them all already; this is Mac.—She came for me," he added, turning to me, as the lady stepped forward smiling. "All my clouds have rolled away,—yes, she is Mrs. English John, but to most people she is now known as Lady ——." At that moment the second signal for shore rang out. I ran to the Purser's office in the hope that we might be able to book for Melbourne, but that gentleman was not to be found, and I had just time to clear the gangway as it was being drawn up. Mac was already standing on the quay.

"Where are Sam and the M.P.?" I cried, as the INDIA drifted out from the wharf.

"Sam is still there, but the M.P. is in Brisbane, he—" The words were drowned in the cheer which arose from the passengers' friends on shore, and the next moment the strains of *Auld Lang Syne* were bellowed forth from all.

"Melbourne," shouted the Parson above the din, and I understood.

"The INDIA lies a day and a half in Melbourne, Mac," I said, as we turned away.

"Ay," answered Mac; "but here's a list of passengers I got in the saloon. Dae ye see wha yon initials on the bag belong tae noo?"

"Yes, I suspected that much, Mac. We'll go down to Melbourne by the express to-morrow evening, and perhaps hear more about them." And we did . . . . The M.P. is at present a director in a well known Colonial Shipping Company, but I fear the clouds will never roll away from Uncle Sam's life as they did from English John's. There is not much room for sentiment in this world, but I hope some day to meet him and my other friends among the kauri gum-diggers.

## THE FALCON OF THE FONTARINI.

### I.

THE splendid, silent room framed him like a portrait as he came forward, moving with the grace of a courtier or a woman, a figure all scarlet velvet and white fur, with here and there a glimpse of gold, or the swift shimmer of a jewel which caught the light. His scarlet cap, with its white, curving feather, hung from one delicate hand; about his neck was a broad gold chain, with a pendant curiously worked in gold and rubies,—a mulberry-tree, the favourite emblem of his master, the Duke of Milan. The old Cardinal-Bishop, looking up from the richly-bound breviary before him, stared for a moment, as though dazzled. This, then, was the Duke's envoy, this young, slight man, with his keen face, his half-shut eyes, his splendour of dress, his courteous insolence of manner. He stood bowing, cap in hand; but in his eyes the Cardinal read a challenge. He did not understand its meaning, for he had never seen the man before.

He rose, a lean, majestic figure, and held out his hand. The Envoy, touching the ground with one knee, kissed the great amethyst in the old man's ring. Then, smiling superbly, he drew himself up. "His Eminence the Cardinal-Bishop?" he asked softly.

The Cardinal bent his head once more. "The same, at your service, Messer Maledetto. I have the honour of entertaining the Envoy of the most illustrious Duke of Milan?"

"The honour is mine, Eminence. It is one which I have long desired,

to meet face to face a man who bears the great name of Fontarini." Was it irony which barbed the smooth tones? The Cardinal moved uneasily, motioned his visitor to a seat, and himself sat down again, shutting his breviary as he did so. The Envoy's keen glance fell on the closed book. "Ah, what a holy occupation, Eminence," he said, in his soft, jarring voice. "What a spot for meditation!"

Again the Cardinal shot a sharp glance at the inscrutably smiling face before him. Was it irony, or impertinence? And yet the man was in the right. Through the long window immediately in front of the old man's seat one could see, as in a picture, the marvellous outline of the castle of Fiorola, perched on its high plateau above the little town. In the evening light, the late sunshine which comes just before sunset and turns all things to gold, the solid masonry of the great keep stood out against the pale sky, majestic and immovable as the mountains beyond it. On the tower, a sudden splash of colour against the grey and brown of brick and stone, the banner of the Duke of Fiorola stretched itself to a cool air from the hills,—the scarlet banner with the white falcon of the Fontarini soaring proudly among its gorgeous folds.

The Cardinal, with his eyes lifted to the tower, forgot the odd mockery in the stranger's tone. A light, half proud, half tender, showed in his worn face. "The Falcon of the Fontarini," he murmured to himself.

The Envoy heard him. His eyes, too, were fastened upon the banner,

with a look impossible to read. "Yes," he said softly, "the Falcon of the Fontarini, the White Falcon, upon which no black feather ever showed,—or so they say."

Swift as thought the Cardinal had turned upon him. "They say?" he asked. "Do you not believe it, then?"

The Envoy shrugged his shoulders slightly under their splendid covering of scarlet and white. "Why should I doubt, Eminence?" he said. "You see I wear your colours. I only spoke by hearsay. Men talk of the White Falcon where I live. It is a symbol, they say, an emblem of pride never stained by any shame, faith never marred by any treachery. The women of the Fontarini are above suspicion; the men are paladins of loyalty and honour. So they say."

Again there was that ring of unutterable bitterness in the smooth, mocking voice. The Cardinal's pale old face flushed like a boy's. "Who are you," he stammered, "who dare to throw doubt upon our honour?"

The Envoy's eyes met his fairly. He paused for a moment ere he replied. "I am Ugo Maledetto, envoy of His Highness the Duke of Milan," he said. "Nothing more, Eminence; nothing on earth more,—grace to the Falcon of the Fontarini."

The Cardinal had begun to tremble. He sank back in his chair, gripping the carved arms with shaking fingers. In the dimness of the room his face was ashen. "If I were a younger man, I would kill you," he said. For a moment there was silence. The young man sat smoothing the white plume in his cap; the Cardinal waited, a great fear in his heart. "Who are you?" he asked at last.

The Envoy laughed. "When I entered this room, Eminence," he said, "I did not know,—nor did you. Now I know. There is a mirror on

the wall beside you. Look in it, and tell me who I am."

The Cardinal did not look. He stared at his visitor's face instead. "It is impossible," he said.

The Envoy smoothed his white feather more carefully than before. Presently he began to speak, in the quiet, monotonous tone of one who prepares to tell a story. "Listen, Eminence," he said. "There was a great house once in which men held the repute of their honour above all things; and in it there were two brothers, and a woman, of their own kin, betrothed to one of them. But both loved her,—and one was a priest." The Cardinal gave a swift shiver, and then sat very still. Maledetto went on. "Both loved her; and it was the priest whom she loved; a great sin, Eminence, and one to be paid for dearly, as you shall see. There was a scandal,—a scandal in the house which held honour so highly; but no one suspected the priest. The lady's betrothed suspected a page,—a foolish, rainbow-coated, lute-tinkling youth. He found him near her window one night, half-killed him, and sent him about his business. The rest was patched up, for the honour of the house. The lady took the veil; the priest became, in due course, a cardinal,—a cardinal famed for his virtues. The other brother died head of his house."

There was silence. Then the Cardinal spoke. "Is that all?"

Maledetto smiled oddly. "Not quite, Eminence. There was a child,—to attest the honour of the house. An awkward legacy, Eminence! They might have strangled it, at least, but they had less mercy. The child was smuggled to Milan. It grew up among thieves and cut-throats; it found refuge in a convent, and learned the ways of priests; it lied and stole and stabbed before it was



twenty. It found service with a great man, and came to fortune; but it remembered the ways by which it had come." His tone was so sinister that the Cardinal raised his bowed head. "It is here," Maledetto said quietly.

The Cardinal stretched out his hands with a swift, appealing gesture. "What do you want?"

Maledetto laughed. "What I shall take, Eminence. See here,—to save your honour, the honour of your house, you sent your own flesh and blood into beggary, you plunged a child's soul into infamy unspeakable, you denied your son. You sent me into hell,—to keep your White Falcon clean! Well, I have come to ask for justice, for reparation; and I shall have it."

"Gold?" muttered the Cardinal.

The Envoy shook his head. "I have stabbed a man in the back, and betrayed a woman, for gold. You offer it too late, Eminence. No,—I will have vengeance. I come as the envoy of the Duke of Milan to his ally of Fiorola, who has broken treaty with him."

The Cardinal started up. "It is a lie!"

"I have the papers, Eminence. I hold the honour of the Fontarini in the hollow of my hand. But I will respect it,—on one condition. The first thing that I ask for in Fiorola shall be mine, be it what it may. One thing out of all your wealth you shall give me, Eminence,—you and your house, who owe me justice. Will you agree, to save the White Falcon of the Fontarini?"

"What is the thing you ask?"

An evil smile flickered in Maledetto's eyes. "When I have seen your wealth, I will choose, Eminence. But remember,—I have full power from the Duke. A word, and Sanseverino's army will surround Fiorola;

another word, and your house is shamed before all the world."

He went out softly, an ominous scarlet figure in the gloom; and the Cardinal sat where he had left him, gazing with wide-open eyes at the banner on the tower above him.

## II.

AN hour later a splendid train clanked and jangled up the hill to the castle of Fiorola. Cardinal Fontarini, on his white mule, rode silent and cowed at Maledetto's side. He cast now and then a frightened glance at the scarlet and white figure, with its sinister, unmoved face, its keen eyes fixed eagerly on the tower which hung above them beyond the rough windings of the mountain road. It seemed to the old man as though the doom of the great house of Fontarini rode there at his side, serene in white and scarlet bravery, a-glitter with jewels which had been won Heaven alone could tell by what terrible deeds. "I have stabbed a man in the back, and betrayed a woman for gold," he had said; and the words, and all the degradation they implied, would not be banished from the Cardinal's ear and mind. He had murdered and betrayed—for gold; and he was a Fontarini. The old man's eyes involuntarily sought the white bird on the banner which floated above. Was there no mark on those stainless feathers? Were they still as they had been when he last looked at them? A Fontarini had done such things, and lived to tell the tale,—nay, to boast, with bitter irony, of his deed. The Cardinal's head sank lower and lower on his breast, and he muttered an uneasy prayer as he rode. Let the Saints keep the honour of Fontarini, he cried in his own heart. He himself had tried to hide the stain which his sin had brought upon the

falcon flag; and lo, here the dishonour of his house rode at his side, a vivid figure laden with disaster, and inspired by deadly hatred and scorn for the great race which had given him birth, and disowned him.

"A mighty fortress, Eminence," he heard Maledetto's smooth voice say in his ear, as they turned the last corner and came upon the castle, lying huge and grey upon its plateau, like an old lion asleep.

"May Heaven defend it!" the Cardinal murmured swiftly, and crossed himself to seal the prayer.

Maledetto smiled suddenly, a smile not pleasant to see. "You have done your best, Eminence," he said. "Now let us see what Heaven means to do without your help. It seems to me that on one occasion you helped,—Heaven—too well."

Even as he spoke they rode in under the great archway to the courtyard where the Duke of Fiorola waited to greet the envoy of Lodovico Sforza. He was younger than Maledetto, slighter, more boyish, a personality less mature, both for evil and for good. All the bravery of his dress did not set him off as Maledetto was set off by his white and scarlet; all his jewels failed to lend him the same effect of splendour. He moved a little stoopingly, as though his state weighed heavily upon his narrow shoulders. His greeting had not the princely courtesy which showed in Maledetto's reply. The Cardinal, watching the two men, was moved to an unwilling admiration by Maledetto's supreme grace of bearing and speech.

The tedious courtesies were ended at last. Wine had been offered and accepted, a mere passing refreshment before the solid banquet of the evening. The Duke led his guest through halls and galleries, pointing out, with a halting tongue and hesitating finger,

the ancient glories of Fiorola. Maledetto was full of praises, and capped his host's sparse phrases with generous appreciation of all he saw. But in his heart he was saying, as the Cardinal well knew, that the splendours of Fiorola only deepened his own wrong. He might have pardoned being exiled from a hovel; but exile from this palace he would never forgive. He remembered horrible alleys in Milan, days of hunger and cold and despair; he thought of the rags which had covered his own body, and contrasted them with the rich livery of the stammering young man at his side, whose only claim to greatness lay in the fact that he had been born heir to the dukedom of Fiorola. Would this tongue-tied youth have known how to carve his fortunes as he, Maledetto, had done, if he too had been thrust out from all shelter of roof or name into the gutters of Milan? And had Maledetto owned a great name, to what heights might he not have attained, instead of being doomed to serve another man?

The Cardinal read his enemy's thoughts as they went. A strange fear clutched all the time at his heart, an inexplicable dread of what a moment might bring forth. His dread took shape at last before the portrait of a girl with red-brown hair, upon which Maledetto's eyes fixed themselves with a curious intentness, and before which he seemed inclined to halt for explanations. The Cardinal hurried the procession past the picture in safety, with nothing said. Soon afterwards he found an opportunity to whisper in the Duke's ear a command before which the young man's jaw dropped stupidly. Even in the act, he caught Maledetto's questioning glance, and trembled.

He trembled still more when, on sitting down to the state banquet, he marked Maledetto's keen eyes roam

to the empty place in which the Duchess of Fiorola should have sat at her lord's side,—the young Duchess of a few weeks only, the girl whose beauty half Italy knew by heart. Did he too know it, the Cardinal wondered? Was that why he came as Duke Lodovico's envoy to Fiorola?

The Duke saw the glance and answered it in his blundering way. "Our Lady Duchess is sick, Messer Maledetto," he said, "or she had not missed the joy of greeting you."

Maledetto's eyes dropped modestly from the Duke's face. "I will hope to claim her greeting another day, my Lord Duke," he said.

### III.

It was morning. The Duke, whose brain was not fitted for diplomacy, was closeted with his horse-breaker. In a cool, dark chamber, over-looking a small rose-garden, Maledetto and the Cardinal sat in close but admirably courteous conflict. The treaty was broken,—there was no doubt of that. For once the old man's cunning had overreached itself. He had planned greater glory, greater wealth, for the Fontarini, and he had delivered himself into the hands of the Duke of Milan and his envoy. Maledetto was calm, even agreeable; it pleased him to see the old man's wrath and shame. He smiled now and then as the discussion proceeded, and trifled with a rose which he had taken from a bowl on the table at which they sat. The silky, scented thing full of the bloom and perfume of summer, seemed to set his thoughts straying in pleasant paths. He hummed the refrain of a love-song by Niccolo da Correggio as they battled over the broken treaty.

At last the Cardinal, fairly beaten in all his arguments, sat back, white and silent, in his chair. Maledetto, with the rose held lightly against his

lips, watched him with a malicious smile. "Take heart, Eminence," he said ironically; "there is still our compact. Give me my pay, and I will leave you in peace; one thing out of all the wealth and splendour of the Fontarini,—surely, it is a cheap price to pay! Think,—I have but to speak the word, and Sanseverino has your fine castle in his clutch. Where will the Fontarini be then? One thing out of all your wealth,—oh, it is more than worth the price!"

The Cardinal's head was sunk upon his breast. Something in the tone of Lodovico Sforza's envoy made him look up sharply. "One thing?" he repeated. "What is it, Messer Maledetto,—this trifle for which you will sell your vengeance?"

Maledetto, smiling still, pointed through the window with the rose in his hand. "You see it yonder, Eminence," he said.

The old man half raised himself in his chair, and then sank back, with a dreadful, livid face. Beyond the window, in the rose-garden, the young Duchess of Fiorola sunned herself in the glow and splendour of the summer morning. Her white robe shone angelically in the young light, a cap bound with pearls crowned her red curls like an aureole, her face, turned towards the two men whom she could not see, wore a half expectant smile. Perhaps the murmur of their talk reached her where she stood, with a rose, the fellow to that which Maledetto held, poised lightly between her fingers. The Cardinal's eyes turned slowly from the unconscious girl below to Maledetto's face, with its superbly insolent smile. "Dog,—beast!" he gasped.

Maledetto bent his head pleasantly. "I am sorry you do not like your own work, Eminence," he said. "Such as I am, you have made me. Is it

courteous to hurl hard words at me? Dog, beast? Am I not, rather,—your son, most holy Father?"

The Cardinal shrank in his chair. "The Saints forgive me!" he muttered, through locked teeth.

Maledetto waved the rose to and fro with an airy gesture of assurance. "They will, they will, without doubt," he said; "but you must first do penance,—for my sins. For every unfair blow I have struck on my way to the estate of which you deprived me, you shall pay with a blow at your own pride, your own honour. For every tear I shed as a child you shall shed a hundred in your old age,—tears of blood and shame. For the sake of the white bird there on your tower you disowned me, your son. I tell you I will dye the Falcon of the Fontarini black as any crow, for all the world to see."

The Cardinal sat speechless. A kind of savage beauty showed in the Envoy's face. It was as though Vengeance incarnate sat there before him,—Vengeance, smiling yet terrible, holding a rose, and breathing dishonour and death.

"You denied me your name," Maledetto went on. "You sent me into the world nameless. To-day I will take my revenge. Keep your castle, if you like; I will drag the name of Fontarini through the gutters of Milan."

Again the Cardinal half rose. "Send for Sanseverino, and do your worst. The Duchess at least shall escape you."

Maledetto's lifted eyebrows silenced him. "Escape a victorious army,—a girl like that?" He laughed softly, and licked his thin lips after the laugh. "Few things escape a victorious army, Eminence, and the Duchess will not be one of them. Will it not be better to make terms with me? A litter shall wait outside

the gates; it shall seem that she went of her own accord. You shall take your dishonour honourably; I will not say you sold her to me to save Fiorola. I will give her a palace in Milan, and jewels such as even the Duke cannot match. Think well, Eminence, ere you refuse."

The old man did not answer. He sat lost in dreadful perplexity. In the garden below, the red-haired girl sang to herself in the sun. Maledetto, his keen face bent forward, watched her through narrowed eyes, as a cat watches the bird he means to spring upon. Her grace, the warm tint of her hair, the swing of her white robe, stirred in him a pleasure more exquisite even than revenge. It was sweet to be in the position to exact such vengeance; but the beauty of the victim lent a zest to the sacrifice. It was as though he held in his hand the very flower of the race he hated, as he held the rose, to dash to pieces at his will.

Even as the thought came to him, the rose between his fingers dropped shattered upon the table, and the Cardinal looked up. His face was drawn and haggard, and he seemed suddenly to have grown very old. "You have us at your mercy," he said. "I cannot see Fiorola pass to another race,—better anything than that! Have the litter at the gate,—I will lure her there on some errand,—there will be a new moon to-night."

He rose and went out feebly, leaving Maledetto smiling at the shattered rose on the table before him, and the girl who still sang to herself unconsciously in the sunshine without.

#### IV.

THAT night the litter waited at the foot of the mountain road which led to the castle gate. It was late, yet still, on one pretext or another, the

dull-witted Duke lingered with his abstracted guest and the silent Cardinal. The music of lutes hung on the air, as on that night long ago when a foolish page had been found near the window of a lady of the Fontarini. An odd constraint had fallen upon the three men, for the same reason. In the thoughts of all three the absent Duchess sat enthroned,—though each thought of her differently. The Duke thought of her as he had seen her that day, smiling scornfully at his lack of wit. Already the chains galled her, and already he began to guess the fact, stupid as he was, and to resent it. The Cardinal thought of her as she would be in a few hours' time,—in the litter swinging down the mountain road, at Maledetto's mercy. But Maledetto saw her only as he had seen her in the rose-garden, and a smile that was not all triumph flickered in his eyes.

At last the yawning Duke was led away by his chamberlains, and Maledetto, the last grace-cup tasted, bowed himself to his chamber in his turn, smiled away officious attendants, and went with a sigh of relief to the window. He threw it wide and looked out into the summer night. Far below, the town lay asleep in the dark. He traced its blurred outlines, and then, starting, held his breath, and looked again. What lights were those which twinkled like fire-flies in the dusk? What was the sound which came up from the town? Almost the Envoy's quick ear caught the name which his brain told him he must hear. "Borgia! Caesar Borgia is at the gates!" Did he hear the name, a name too terrible, surely, for so peaceful a summer night?

The castle woke from the slumber into which it had scarcely had time to fall with a shudder, a pang of horror and fear. The town was in a blaze, hopelessly surprised, taken in

the first assault. The blow, long planned in the Vatican, that home of treachery and bloodshed, had fallen with appalling swiftness, with a sureness which was the Borgia's own. Fiorola had long been too proud, too rich, and covetous eyes had marked its wealth. Then, a hawk from a summer sky, the Borgia had swooped upon his prey.

Maledetto, swept from his chamber by the tide of excitement which flooded the whole vast building, found himself, with the others, on the walls. The Duke, a cloak thrown over his night-gear, alternately prayed and swore as he gazed at the burning town. The Cardinal, dumb and bitter in his despair, neither swore nor prayed, but watched his blazing palace below with a set face. Maledetto, in his element, as usual, marshalled the staring guards, calmed the panic-stricken servants, bent all to his own capable mood by a deftly-turned jest, a polite taunt spoken with his inscrutable smile. He was as cool as though he sat at Lodovico Sforza's council-board in Milan, and his self-command inspired others with a touch of the same admirable spirit. And still the Duke cursed and prayed, and the Cardinal, wrapped in his own moody reflections, stood gazing at his side. It was Maledetto who saw to the defences, who planted a strong guard at the last turn of the mountain-road, who, unarmed in the midst of weapons, urged them to resist the Borgia's first attack with voice and hand, as he would have urged a failing steed. The fury of defence had seized him; when the guard, overpowered by sheer numbers, fell back towards the gates, he caught up a pike and held a dozen of the foremost assailants at bay while the remnant of the defenders gained the gates. Once within, he took command again; nothing escaped him, nothing dismayed

him; he was the very genius of the defence.

It was almost morning when, seeing the battle nearly lost, he went to find the Duke, who had left the walls. He found him where he had not looked to do so,—in the great, lighted bed-chamber of the young Duchess, surrounded by half his suite, pale, hollow-eyed, shaken. The Cardinal stood by, silent and hopeless. In the huge bed, with its scarlet and white curtains half-drawn back, the Duchess sat among her pillows. Her delicate eyebrows were drawn oddly together, in a sort of frown, a great rope of red hair fell over either shoulder upon her breast. Her ladies were in tears about the bed; she alone, in the midst of confusion and terror, kept her calm of the rose-garden, her air so curiously suggestive of spring and all its freshness, its careless detachment from the toil and trouble of the world. Her young face had a look of awakening, as though some sense of the prevailing despair had reached her, though she hardly knew as yet what it might mean. Her eyes were fixed, with indolent scorn, upon the shrinking figure of the Duke.

Maledetto, swift in speech as in action, made his way into the little group of courtiers, that scattered at his approach as though before the very breath of war. A few words told his errand. All was nearly lost, but there was a chance left. The Duke might yet retrieve the fortunes of the night,—the Duke, with the banner of his house over him, the battle-cry of his house upon his lips. Let them bring his mail, his sword. The idea somehow fired Maledetto, the cool, the ironic, to something like fervour. Let the Duke go forth at the head of his men, and lead them to victory, or to death.

The Cardinal's pale face flushed a little; he cast a quick, entreating

glance at the head of the great house of Fontarini. But the Duke, white, shrinking, utterly unmanned, threw out weak hands of horrified denial. "Go out against the Borgia, against that fiend Cæsar! Everyone knows he is in league with the Devil. Better die here! Let them bring poison, a draught the leech warrants painless," he cried, his thin voice shrill with coward fear.

A kind of hush fell on the great room. Even the gentlemen of his suite, doted darlings of the little Court, turned their eyes from his face. They did not wish to look upon the shame of this last and meanest of the Fontarini.

But the girl under the scarlet and white canopy of the bed did not turn away her clear blue eyes. For a moment she gazed, a long look of utter astonishment, of utter contempt; then, very leisurely, she slipped down from her nest on the high bed, and came across the room and stood at Maledetto's side.

Her eyes read him in a glance. This was the sort of man she had never met before, yet his strangeness was familiar to her, for it was in his likeness that she would have drawn a prince and a fighter, had the task been given to her. He was not new to her, for she had known him in her dreams. The very atmosphere of blood and battle which he had brought with him was one in which she would have moved without fear. Blood-stained, blackened, with hacked armour, reeking of the desperate struggle from which he had just emerged, she recognised, even in this guise, the cool brain, the undaunted temper which no ill fortune could dismay.

"Bring the Duke's armour here," she commanded. It was done. They brought the burnished mail, the helmet with its flowing plume of red and white. The Duchess, pale and

cool, called her amazed ladies. "Arm this gentleman, girls. He has fought well for us; he deserves something at our hands."

Maledetto, wondering, almost at a loss, was armed with no loss of time. The helm was on his head, the plumes flamed over him like a glory of fire. The Duchess, surveying him with grave eyes, seemed to see something amiss. She sighed quickly. Ah, why did not the heir of all the Fontarini wear a look like this?

"Go," she said briefly; "you are of our blood,—you whom they call the Stabber of Milan. But you are a man—fight for us." Her clear voice suddenly faltered. "Fight for me," she said.

She held out a royal hand. Maledetto bent a knee to the ground and touched the brave little hand with his lips. "I go to fight Madonna," he answered, "—for you."

Almost in the same instant he was gone,—gone with a new fire at his heart, and dressed in the armour of the Duke and the colours of his house. In the room he had left the Duchess stood silent as a statue with her red plaits of hair streaming over her white night-rail. She was unconscious of the discreetly staring courtiers, of the mute Cardinal, of the shaking Duke. For a while no one moved, no one dared to speak; then the Duke crept to her, and laid a hand on her arm.

She flung it off as she would have flung a snake. Her great eyes flamed at him, her voice cut like a sword. "Coward!" she said, very softly. "Why did you not die at nurse, and spare your house this shame?"

## V.

It was over. The defence of Fiorola would long be a tale told by the

evening hearth, the heroic bravery of him whom half Italy had begun to call the Stabber of Milan would long be a tradition of the countryside. Fiorola had fallen; the Falcon flag had been torn from its staff on the great tower; the glory of the Fontarini was at an end. But to the day when the last stone of the castle should fall, men were to remember, above the gallantry of the Stabber of Milan, that last desperate feat of arms, when the Duke,—the frail, tongue-tied Duke!—had flung himself with a handful of men upon the advancing troops of the Borgia, and, shouting "A Fontarini!" had cut his way almost to Don Caesar's saddle-bow before he was taken and bound. To this day the peasant, trudging up the mountain road, hums to himself as he goes the old song which tells of the Last Ride of the Last of the Fontarini.

But now the battle was over. Silence reigned in Fiorola. Dead were the curled courtiers; dead, or worse, were the pretty ladies-in-waiting. Don Caesar had no foolish scruples about dealing with his enemies thoroughly while he happened to be in the way with them. It was the silence of death which hung over Fiorola that day, while the brazen, callous sun climbed the azure, callous heavens, and the Borgia's men gloated ravenously over the booty they had taken. The slain lay in heaps in the square before the castle. In hall and corridor limp things lay motionless, splashed with ugly red. In a corner somewhere lay the dead body of the Duke, massacred ignominiously with the rest, and tossed aside like a thing of no account. No one knew his rank. Had not the Duke of Fiorola met them in that wild fight at the gates, and did he not lie now, desperately hurt but alive, in the dungeon under the tower which looked upon the rose-

garden, a prisoner at the mercy of the merciless Borgia? As for the envoy of the Duke of Milan, no one had seen him since the previous night, when he had performed prodigies of valour, and vanished just when things were at their worst. It was said that he had escaped, when he saw that all was lost, like the wise man he was.

The brazen sun climbed higher and higher, and descended at last behind the wild peaks above. In the dungeon which men still call the Duke's Maledetto lay faint and spent. It was sunset,—a sunset pink as the roses in the garden without. A rosy glow came through his grating, and fell softly on the wall. Suddenly the doors shrieked upon the hinges. He looked up. In the pink ray, the face of the Duchess of Fiorola looked down at him; behind her stood the tall figure of the Cardinal.

He strove to rise, and greeted them courteously. Was it the rosy benediction of the sunset which had washed away from his pale face its look of cool irony, its sour curl of the lip? They never knew. It was the defender of a lost cause who greeted them, serene and unafraid, resigned to the worst of fates, rather than the cunning schemer of so few hours ago.

The Duchess, watching his face with curious eyes, told him their errand. "The Duke dies at sunrise," she said.

He lifted arched eyebrows, studied her face a moment, then laughed as well as his wounds would let him. "The Duke dies?" he said. "Ah, what honour has come to me, Madonna!"

She made a swift gesture of denial. "Not you, not you, Messer Maledetto! You have done enough for us." She turned to the Cardinal. "Tell him that he has done enough." But the Cardinal was dumb.

Maledetto, looking at them both, felt his heart leap oddly. Here was his vengeance in his grasp,—a greater, more splendid vengeance than he had ever dreamed of. "The Duke dies," he said softly; "the hero, the paladin, the leader of the last charge of the Fontarini. He dies at sunrise, and his memory is for ever the glory of Fiorola." Was it only the sunset light which softened his face? "The Duke dies," he murmured, "dies with the sunrise about him, the glory of a great deed upon him. It is beyond my deserts, Eminence."

The Cardinal shivered. The girl gave a little cry. "No,—no,—you shall not do it!"

He propped himself on his elbow and smiled at her. "Why not? The leech gives me a day or so,—of torture. I am a dead man, Madonna; let me choose the way I shall go. Here, in this dungeon, or on the square before the castle, with the sunrise over me,—I, who have planned the shame of the Fontarini! Eminence, is not the honour indeed too great?"

The Cardinal dropped his face into his hands with a groan. The girl came nearer. "You shall not do it," she said again.

But Maledetto was looking past her at the bowed figure of the Cardinal. "What is your denial worth?" he said. "A few more hours of torture to me, — and to you, the knowledge that all the world will hear how the last Duke of Fiorola behaved in the hour of danger. Let him lie in peace, Eminence. He was a poor thing, though he had the right to the name, and I have none. But I can hide his shame,—I, the Stabber of Milan!" Still the Cardinal was silent. Maledetto spoke again. "Eminence, on the day I came here, I claimed one thing of



you, and you promised it,—one thing out of all your wealth. You know what I chose; to-day I revoke my choice and choose again. Eminence, I claim your promise. Give me the one thing I ask."

As once before, the Cardinal lifted his head slowly, and looked into the eyes of the enemy of his house. As once before, he spoke, in a voice that shook. "What is it?"

The red light was on Maledetto's face. He was no more the Stabber, the cunning schemer, the man of much wit and no scruples. A strange glory seemed to have fallen upon him. "It is the honour of the house," he said gently, "the Falcon of the Fontarini. Give it to me, Eminence,—I will keep it white."

The old man held out a shaking hand, as though in benediction. "You have it," he said.

There was silence for a moment. Suddenly, as it had come, the pink light faded. With a sob, the Duchess fell on her knees by Maledetto's side.

## VI.

A PINK light was in the sky. On the square before the castle the Borgia's men waited beside the huge black scaffold to see the death of their bravest enemy. At a window of the castle Don Caesar sat waiting too. At another window, lower down, a girl with red hair was watching the flush of the morning sky; her face was white, but the light in her eyes was steady and clear. Behind her the Cardinal sat in his great chair,

with his head sunk upon his breast. He had told her all the tale of his compact with Maledetto,—of the litter waiting that night at the gates; and she had heard him without a word to the end.

"He planned the shame of the house," she said then. "He dies for its glory. It is as it ought to be."

They heard a hoarse shout from the square, and the girl quivered. The old man's head fell a little further forward on his breast, and his pale lips moved in a prayer. In the hush that followed the shout, the great bell of the cathedral below began to toll.

The Duchess rose, and looked out of the window. Very slowly, a litter was being borne from the square and the scaffold, a litter upon which lay a figure in shining mail. She waited clutching something to her breast, until the litter, with its armed guard, was beneath the window. Then, leaning far out into the flushed and misty dawn, she flung something down upon the still figure below.

The litter moved on, bearing Maledetto, the Stabber of Milan, to the tomb of the Dukes of Fiorola in the cathedral, dressed in the Duke's armour, and covered with the gift of the girl he had planned to ruin,—the scarlet banner bearing the White Falcon of the Fontarini. Above, in the quiet room, the Cardinal fell on his knees. But the Duchess stood looking with a strange smile at the rosy peaks above. "The sun has risen," she said softly, "upon the soul of a brave man."

NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

## THE SURGE OF THE SLAV.

Would we know what is stirring in Russia? Facts may be difficult to get at, but opinions abound in puzzling variety. What does the *Tschinovnik* think? We interrogate the censored Press. Would we have the ultra-Czarist point of view, we consult *THE MOSCOW GAZETTE*, that organ of Russian Toryism which Katkoff made such a power. Editor Gringmuth is not quite of the same calibre as his great predecessor, yet he contrives to objugate Liberalism with a force and spirit which must please the shade of Katkoff. He is ably seconded by M. Tikhomiroff, who brings the zeal of a repentant terrorist to the defence of autocracy. Or we may take the *NOVOE VREMYA*, whose editor Souvorin receives the competent support of two revolutionaries who have seen the error of their ways, Vessalitski and Pavlovoski. This much quoted paper is in close touch with the all-important Ministry of the Interior in its all-important department of police. From it the judicious reader may gather what the powers behind the Throne desire and intend. In the *GRAZDANINE*, the organ of Prince Meshtsherski, we have the independent ultra-Russian Toryism of its proprietor well to the fore, the very embodiment of the old fashioned Muscovite in his rigid orthodoxy and loyalty to the Czar. To find a political analogue to Prince Meshtsherski among our public men we would have to exhume some prehistoric Tory fossil; even the late Mr. James Lowther would appear by comparison a dangerous firebrand. This mental attitude lent weight to his advocacy of a pacific arrangement

with Japan, and piquancy to the sarcastic critique of the *NOVOE VREMYA* on the proposal. Between a Souvorin and a Meshtsherski there is a great gulf fixed.

Shall we consult the journals of the Opposition? Are there any such where none dare oppose? Yet we have papers which discreetly hint a doubt and hesitate dislike, which suggest rather than state difficulties. We have the *Novosti*, which by strained analogy might be termed Whiggish, a mildly Liberal organ with a faint Semitic flavour, a quiet inspiration rather than an avowed policy. The Liberalism of the *RUSKIA VIEDOMOSTI* is more robustly Radical, to speak again by analogy. Would we know what the Pan Slavist thinks, we may consult the *SVIET* or the *Rous*. If we desire the purely personal independent note we will read the *PIETERSBOURESKIA VIEDOMOSTI*. Prince Ouktomski has a knack of speaking his mind with comparative impunity; his personal friendship with the Czar covers and illuminates his indiscretions. At times we can get a glimpse at reality, a hint at those unseen forces which mould events in Russia. Much may be gathered from the occasional feelers thrown out by those who can read between the lines with sufficient acumen and patience. It is but guess work at best, but has a certain interest in the land of the arbitrary.

If we mistrust the authorised and tolerated organs of opinion we may consult the underground Press and those organs whose publishing offices are prudently placed beyond the juris-

diction of the Czar's Chief of Police. Russian Liberalism, such as it is, is represented by the OSVOBOJZENIE (Emancipation), an organ we often see quoted. M. Struve edits it with ability and discretion, and under his guidance this journal has become noted for the value and extent of its information. From it we may gather the views of that great amorphous body of Russian Liberals who strive to enlarge the window which Peter the Great broke out on the West. It is a very considerable party so far as numbers and social position go, but it lacks cohesion and a definite policy. In the opinion of many, and these not Russian Reactionaries alone, it is impractical in its aims, and is but a milch cow for the more advanced parties. Russian Liberalism for some time past has based its agitation on the break down of the Imperial administration, and on the hopeless incompetency displayed in the conduct of the war in the Far East, and has endeavoured to champion patriotic sentiment against the autocracy; but in this it has so far made little way. True the war is most unpopular, particularly so in districts like Moscow and the great industrial centres where the pinch of the struggle is most felt. The hope of ultimate victory has long been abandoned, but despair has brought apathy rather than irritation. There is a dull consciousness that the national machine has got out of gear, yet without any feeling of revolt against the Government engineers. That may come if the Czardom is unable to get the engines into some sort of working order, but at present everybody seems indifferent to defeat. An inglorious peace may place Russian Liberalism in a commanding position, but it is more probable that the harvest will be reaped by the more advanced parties.

Those parties and groups whose aim is revolution rather than constitutional reform are likewise in a state of chaos. The Socialist Revolutionary Party which claims the apostolic succession of the terroristic Narodnaia Volia (the Will of the People) is split up into two sections, one led by Bourtseff who, it will be remembered, got into trouble with our authorities some few years ago and was recently expelled from Switzerland. The other section is perhaps more important. One of its leaders is Rubanovitch, a Russian Jew who has been naturalised in France where he occupies a government post as teacher and edits the Russian and French organs of the party, the REVOLUSIONNARI ROSSIA and LA TRIBUNE RUSSE. Both fractions of this party, however, seem to be losing political influence as time goes on, yet as terrorists they may recover ground with the assistance of the Grand Duke Vladimir and General Trepoff.

The Social Democratic Party, with its organ the ISKRA, has endeavoured to transplant German Marxism to Russian soil, but with moderate success. As a party it is much exercised by internal dissensions and can hope for little influence on the march of events. On the other hand the influence of the Jewish Bund, also a Social Democratic body, has been very considerable. It is the only really active revolutionary body in Russia, and has entirely altered the social and political outlook of the Jewish masses. In Lithuania, Little Russia, Southern Russia, and Poland, in other words within the circumscription of the Jewish Pale, the Bund flourishes and is a power. From its racial character, however, its influence must remain chiefly of a moral order; its political significance, in view of other elements, must remain negligible.

In Poland we naturally find a much greater variety of opposition parties, due to the secular national conflict with her conqueror. The Polish Socialist Party is dwindling in numbers and has lost much of its former influence through the incapacity of its chiefs. The relations which some of its leaders maintain with the Feudal party in Galicia have done much to destroy the political *moral* of this group. The Polish Revolutionary Socialist Party, the Proletaryat party, claims to be a continuation of the party of that name which flourished in 1884. It is a young and not very numerous body, and is said to have organised a few unsuccessful "attempts." Its present policy is directed towards a fight for a constitution; it is a Home Rule party, and a group without much influence. Among Internationalists the Polish Social Democracy is now very active, and meets with much support from the labour and Jewish elements of the population. The influence of the National Democrats is now diminishing, like that of their cousins-german the French Nationalists. The party is said to be mainly composed of ex-Socialists, yet meets with much support from the younger Conservatives in Galicia (Austrian Poland) and in return abstains from unduly exciting methods of propaganda; at least so it is said. It has a junior and left wing in the Democratic Party, too young at present to count for much. We find, to speak by analogy, the loyal Home Ruler in the Ugodowcy, the Conciliation Party, conciliatory in a Separatist sense. This party has leaders of ability and character, but it unfortunately boasts of too many political adventurers in its ranks. Still, as a party the Ugodowcy is Liberal, but is hampered in opposition by the dread of Separatist

indiscretions, which it regards in much the same spirit as Isaac Butt regarded the methods of Parnell.

None of the Polish parties are prepared or even disposed to play an active revolutionary rôle at the present moment. The Japanese embassies at Paris and Vienna have made many efforts through secret agents to induce the Poles to create a diversion, and have expended much secret-service money to that end but so far without substantial results. It is known that a good deal of money was taken, and it is shrewdly suspected that some of it was used to foment strike-riots in Warsaw and other Polish localities, but it is doubtful that any of this went to Russia proper. The strike movement there, as will be seen, was due to other causes. Curiously enough the Japanese in these delicate negotiations made use of certain agents employed for a like purpose by a great Western Power in 1878.

All Finland may be said to constitute an Opposition Party, and in the event of a general movement its influence might be decisive. But at present, with Russia's existing means of repression, much is not to be hopefully looked for. The Armenian element is also in a state of dull revolt, but its inhabitants are placed between the upper and nether millstones of Red Sultan and Red Czar. The actively revolutionary portion are terroristically inclined, and are much under the influence of like spirits in Russia. In the south-eastern districts of Russia the Tartar populations are stirring under the adroit stimulation of the Commander of the Faithful, who is not averse to seizing the opportunity to get even with Russia for the loss of the Danubian Principalities, not to mention more recent events. If the Russian Revolution were to leave that empire in a state of

anarchy, as is most probable, we should hear a very good deal of the doings of these Mahomedan subjects of the Orthodox Czar.

But the prime fact to be borne in mind is that between all these elements of unrest in Russia there is no co-operation, no bond of union. Attempts have been made to secure an understanding among these disparate groups, but without any notable result. Disorganised as the existing bureaucracy is and discredited, it yet enjoys a solidarity denied to the Opposition. The recent labour troubles took all by surprise, but found the Tschinovniks relatively united and the others drowsing in disunion. Had it been otherwise it is more than possible that Nicholas and his uncles might now be enjoying our hospitality as distinguished exiles.

We find the clue to the genesis of the movement which culminated in Vladimir's Day in a conversation which M. Gaston Dru, the special correspondent of the *ECHO DE PARIS*, had with a certain ex-Minister. It hardly requires an *Œdipus* to guess that this veiled prophet would look uncommonly like M. Witte if the lamp were slightly raised. As is the custom with Ministers, the great man promptly placed the blame on the shoulders of another. It would appear that the late lamented Von Plehve had put into action an idea suggested to the Russian authorities by a brace of repentant Revolutionaries. A certain Zoubatoff had found salvation in prison and passed from thence, as was fitting, to the high post of Prefect of Police at Moscow. Due meditation on his sins had not only brought repentance and amendment but had inspired him with a fertile conception which he worked out in company with a certain Tikhomiroff, another repentant Revolu-

tionary, who, as we have already seen, is now a leading light on the staff of the ultra-Czarist *MOSCOW GAZETTE*. Set a thief to catch a thief; so these two worthies evolved the plan of checkmating the secret revolutionary organisation which was spreading among the workers by the creation of another secret organisation to be worked by the secret police. The great industries had been created in Russia by the policy of M. Witte, and it was found, alas, that factories may serve as hotbeds of revolution. The workers were brought together, the toiler felt his fellow's elbows, a spirit of solidarity sprang up; here was the raw material at hand for the organiser. You must meet mine by countermine, these worthies argued. The Anarchist and the Socialist won over the labourers by promising them a share in the gains of the manufacturer and the bettering of their lot in life. What more simple than to create analogous labour groups with the same objects in view, but whose organisers and chiefs should be affiliated to the secret police and so direct the movement into innocuous channels? Zoubatoff, as Prefect of Police at Moscow, put this theory into practice to the huge delight of the Grand Duke Sergius and General Trepoff, who firmly believed that the two ex-Anarchists had discovered the squaring of the political circle. The scheme was then brought before the council of Ministers. M. Witte opposed it as a dangerous expedient, but Von Plehve warmly supported the plan and carried the day. It was a police scheme dear to the latter's heart, and he won to its support certain powerful influences much interested in these industries. M. Witte foresaw that these organisations would in time be captured by men who might not be affiliated to the police; besides he preferred to deal with labour problems

as a lawyer, not as a policeman. But Von Plehve had the ear of authority, and so the plan of the Blackleg Unions was put into practice. He had the powerful support of M. Pobiedonostzeff, who distrusted the liberal ideas of M. Witte as tending to subvert the patriarchal life of Russia, if not to Latinise it.

Hence it came to pass that the workmen were allowed to assemble, to listen to speeches of men like Father Gapon, to organise themselves, and to accomplish—just nothing. They were fated to sterility from the first.

The labour movement was not directed against the Autocracy. It is very probable indeed that at the beginning Gapon himself was a Czarist Democrat, one of those who hoped that Nicholas would do for serfs of the grand industry what his grandfather, the Liberator, had done for the serf of the soil. Possibly, until the rifles spoke, he dreamed of another crowned Revolutionary who would strike the shackles from his people. But at least he hoped to find a man, a man to whom God had given charge of a great people for whose welfare he would one day have to answer before the judgment seat of Him Who died for men. Such must have been the thoughts of the priest who marched at the head of his suffering flock of starved toilers to seek audience of him who claimed to rule by Right Divine. It was no deputation to a president or magistrate, the creature of a popular election; it was the approach of children to their father to ask his help, it was the drawing nigh of the People to their Anointed King to set forth their wrongs in the light of his justice and to claim his succour. These Russian workmen marched to meet their Czar as in other days the French peasants would have marched to meet St. Louis, in the happy confidence that when once their Father

and their Sovereign knew their wrongs, his justice would do them right against the oppressor, and his love would labour to wipe away their tears. But such Kingship is dead, and the bugles that bade the Cossacks fire on unarmed toilers sounded the Last Post over its grave.

These volleys of the Cossacks will echo down history, for they stifled a revolt and slew a principle. As a mechanical system of administration the Autocracy may continue to exist; as a spiritual principle of government it died on Vladimir's Day. It is the very postulate of Kingship that when need comes the man should be there, to meet it. Court ceremonial may trap out a corpse and trick the world into the belief that the King still lives, but when the great need comes no man can act for him. Your Constitutional Ruler, your President, may have his deputy, his ministers; your King in the old sense of that name may have a successor but not a substitute. Hence the decay of the institution of Kingship in these latter days; it is so much easier to elect a President than to breed a Monarch. The Czardom abdicated when Nicholas hid himself from his people. It rested on the reverence of the common folk; now that they have discovered it to be a sham, it can only survive as a machine. Divine Right has fled from its last shrine, and the Autocrat of All the Russias shrinks to the stature of the common ruler.

It is a shrinkage without excuse, for Nicholas has still some dim faith in his mission. He has been called a mystic by those to whom mysticism means hallucination. Nicholas may be a dreamer, but he is no mystic. Your true mystic, be he saint or sage or simple, knows not bodily fear. He has looked beyond the veil and has fought with the Powers of Darkness in high places, and like True

Thomas has won his spurs in the nether world. He may see visions, but he is not the bondsman of the hypnotist or the charlatan. Fear he shall know, but not the fear of man. Mystics of the stamp of Nicholas seek illumination with avidity, but not by purgation; they would enter, but not by the narrow gate, and are the fitting prey of illusion within and without.

For the present, order reigns and Russia awaits the promised reforms. If these are substantial Russia may evolve in peace; if illusory, as seems most probable, we may look for a speedy recrudescence of terroristic methods. The revolutionary parties are too divided for any effective collective action of an insurrectionary character. The future lies with the army. We may discount very largely the tales told in some French papers of a successful revolutionary propaganda in the ranks. The writer of a very sensational article in a certain Radical Socialist organ, published as a special correspondence from Eydkuhnen on the Prussian frontier, admitted to a compatriot on being taxed with inaccuracy, that he did not mean to *write facts*, but to *write for a principle*. Humanitarian and progressive tendencies are, however, rife among many of the Russian officers. Such views are apt to be strengthened by their daily experience of administrative incompetence and will bear fruit when peace comes, the more abundantly if it comes in disaster. If Russian Liberals were active and capable their chance has come, but it remains to be seen if they are capable of rising to the height of the occasion. "Roland" Mirski, who lingered superfluous on the stage, has raised hopes not to be quenched by a few volleys. The peasants remain quiet; but how long will they continue so, if the war

with Japan drags on from disaster to disaster? They have to find the food for powder; should they grow tired Europe may witness a *jacquerie* of surpassing magnitude and savagery. The factory workers who return to their villages with tales of Vladimir's Day will not make for the comfort of the Tschinovnik. In some districts of Little Russia the reservists, when called out, proceeded to hold the landowners to ransom and laid siege to some country houses, a premonitory symptom of the land-war which is bound to come should the central authorities lose their grip on events.

Of the many stirrings of discontent within the empire of Nicholas the movement in Russia proper is alone serious. The Polish troubles have little consequence, save as symptoms of the consistent alienation of non-Russian elements. In themselves the strike-riots in Warsaw, Lodz, and elsewhere are more political bluster than a serious reality. Poles know well that neither Germany nor Austria would suffer for one moment any real insurrectionary movement to come to a head in Poland; thence comes the practical failure of the Japanese agents to find a profitable investment for their secret-service funds. On the other hand, the Russian movement is not, as it was thought to be in Western Europe, a revolution; it is but a stage in the education of a people. With every element of revolt, Russia still lacks the one thing necessary for successful revolution, a common ideal from which might spring cohesive united action. The mere dead-weight of the autocracy will carry on the machine until it is repaired, or breaks down finally. For the present it would seem as if the steppes were not yet white unto the harvest.

STRIGIL.

## THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

## III.—GALIANI.

"How can you say I do not know Galiani!" wrote Voltaire to Madame d'Épinay. "I have read him; therefore I have seen him."

Of that Brotherhood of Progress, united by a love, not for each other but for mankind, if Voltaire was the leader, and d'Alembert the thinker, Galiani was certainly the wit. In his own day he was celebrated as the man who made Paris laugh,—and ponder—by his famous *DIALOGUES ON GRAIN*; and in our day he is remembered as the gay little buffoon of the eighteenth century and the author of a most amusing *Correspondence*. Voltaire went on to declare the Abbé must be as much like his *Dialogues* as two jets of fire are like each other; and Diderot swore that if he had written a word of the book, he must have written it exactly as it was.

Light, sparkling, irresponsible, like the brilliant babble of some precocious child, not in the least hampered by respect for the conventional, as quick and flashing as sunshine on diamonds, as bubbling and spontaneous as a dancing little mountain torrent, perfectly free from the bitterness, the malignity, and the sarcasm which make Voltaire's jests so terrible,—the talk and the writing of Galiani are alike unique. The "dear little Abbé" of the women, with his dwarf's figure and his great head, his crafty Italian brain to conceive a brilliant scheme and his easy flow of wit to present it to his world, stands out alone against the horizon of the eighteenth century.

Ferdinand Galiani first saw the light in Chieti on December 2nd, 1728. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, in two senses at least. His father was Royal Auditor in one of the provinces of the Neapolitan Government; and his uncle was Monseigneur Celestin Galiani, first chaplain to the King, and a most wealthy, learned, and enlightened churchman.

Little Ferdinand was eight when he was sent to be educated, with his elder brother, Bernard, under this uncle's supervision at Naples. For a time the two children were taught at the convent of the Celestins, as Monseigneur was in Rome, negotiating a peace on behalf of the King of the Two Sicilies. When he returned, he took the boys back to his own palace and gave them the best and the most delightful of all forms of learning, the society of clever people. The visitors soon recognised that the way to the uncle's heart was through the precocious brain of the little nephew, that to teach Ferdinand was to delight Monseigneur. Whatever brother Bernard may have been, Ferdinand was surely the aptest and sharpest of infant prodigies. He heard discussed around him antiquarianism, history, literature, commerce; and not one seed of information fell on barren ground. Many years after Grimm declared that there was only one man in Paris who really knew Latin, and he was the Abbé Galiani.

He was still a mere boy when Bernard got him to take his place at a meeting of the Academy and



read an article on the Immaculate Conception. The worthy Academicians, naturally shocked at such a little creature attempting a subject so serious, forbade him to read it. "Very well," thinks young Ferdinand, "I can wait." The executioner of Naples died soon after. The Academy was famous for its *éloges funébres*. And behold, there appears, in wicked and most unmistakable travesty of the Academical funeral orations, the *éloge* of the executioner! The Academy was very indignant, the world very much amused, and Galiani had made his bow to the public in the rôle he was never to relinquish. He confessed all to the First Minister, Tanucci. Tanucci introduced him to the King and Queen, who were delighted, and then appeased the Academy by condemning the delinquent to ten days spiritual exercises in a convent near Naples.

At sixteen the boy was already an ardent Political Economist. As England was the country where that science was brought to perfection, he learnt English, translated Locke's *Essay on Money*, and set to work to write one himself. All the time he was studying diligently the ancient navigation, peoples, and commerce of the Mediterranean, throwing off a satire here, a mocking set of verses there, and cultivating that pretty talent for epigram and story-telling.

When *MONEY* was finished, he read it to Monseigneur, without mentioning its authorship. "Why do not you give your mind to serious works such as that?" said the King's chaplain, and praised the thing extravagantly. When Galiani told his secret, Monseigneur was so delighted that he at once set to work at Court to procure this promising nephew something really worth having.

At two and twenty years old, hav-

ing never studied theology and having taken minor orders only, and avowedly for the sake of these emoluments, Galiani found himself the possessor of the benefice of Centola and the abbey of Saint-Laurent, while a dispensation from Rome gave him the title of Monseigneur and the honour of the mitre. Soon after, the admiring Court of Naples also presented him with the rich abbey of Saint Catherine of Celano.

The wonder is not that Galiani writhed with laughter (like the little Punchinello his friends dubbed him) when he alluded to the religion of his fathers, but that to the end of his days he saw in that religion, beneath its shameless venality and its hideous moral corruptions, some saving truth to bless and comfort man's soul. When all Paris laughed at the credulity of Madame Geoffrin, whose death was said to have been brought about from over-devotion to her religious duties, it was Galiani who wrote that he considered that unbelief was "the greatest effort the mind of man could make against his natural instincts and wishes. . . . As the soul grows old, belief reappears." Unlike nearly all his philosophic friends, if his own illusions were few, he was careful to leave undisturbed those of happier people.

In respect to the emoluments he received from Rome, and on which he fattened all his life, it may be justly said that he took them as a man takes a fortune out of a business he knows to be rotten, congratulating himself on his own perspicacity, and believing that beneath the rottenness there still lies the makings of a true and honest enterprise.

The Neapolitan Government having adopted all the ideas suggested in *MONEY*, the fortunate young gentle-

man who had written it started off in excellent spirits, in November 1751, for Rome, Florence, and Venice. The Pope, and all the best and cleverest society in Italy, petted and made much of the agreeable little prodigy.

In June, 1753, his uncle, Celestin, died, leaving Ferdinand his fortune. Galiani still remained in Naples, the spirit and the delight of the brilliant society that Monseigneur had gathered about him; but there was never any time in his life when it was enough for this wit to be wit only. He said of himself that he had all the vices, and his friends declared he had all the tastes. The friends were right. He soon began to make a collection of the stones thrown up by Vesuvius, classified them, wrote a beautiful dissertation on them, and sent them to the Pope with the inscription, *Holy Father command that these stones be made bread*. Benedict the Fourteenth was a comfortable person who loved a joke and thought it worth its reward. He replied by giving the little Abbé yet another benefice, Amalfi, worth three hundred ducats. Then of course the Geological Academy of Herculaneum must do something more for such a lively geologist than merely make him a member of its body; it presented him with a pension.

In 1758 this spoilt child of fortune had the honour of composing Pope Benedict's funeral oration. Then he was made Chancellor to the King, and, in 1759, Secretary to the Embassy in Paris.

It was the turning-point of his life, and the greatest event of his existence. But for that appointment he might have been nothing, after all, but some brilliant little local light, with his sparkling Southern talents only employed for the advantage of Italy and certainly never heard of beyond her

borders. To it he owed all his fame and the gayest and most successful time in his life. To it the world owes its picture of the man himself, the *DIALOGUES ON GRAIN*, and the Correspondence with Madame d'Épinay.

Galiani was at first pleased to go; but he was thirty years old, and had never yet been out of his own country. She had done generously by him, and he was extremely rich. On the other hand, the secretaryship involved further large emoluments, and Galiani was not one of those rare, wise people who know how easy it is to be rich enough; he had not learned from the possession of money how very little it can buy. Paris was then not only the capital of France but the social capital of the world. She was at the height of her ancient glory. Revolution had not shattered her splendid buildings or the delicate fabric of the most easy, polished, accomplished society under heaven. She was the finishing school of Europe. Her language was the language of many Courts, of Frederick of Prussia, and of the letters of Catherine the Great. From her printing-presses she poured forth, almost daily, masterpieces of literature, or pamphlets which were to change dynasties and shake kingdoms. On her throne sat Louis the Fifteenth, as rotten as the society of which he was the head, but, like that society, with a rottenness covered by a magnificence which awed investigation into silence. Choiseul was the minister in name, and Madame de Pompadour in reality; and over the *salons*, in the height of their power and distinction, presided women who in the decline of their beauty revealed the dawn of their intelligence.

Such a world should have pleased Galiani, or any happy Southern character who loved to bask in the warmth of prosperity and shrug his shoulders at the possibility of future

disaster. But at first it did not. He was cold and homesick ; his health, he wrote, would certainly not survive the unequal climate ; the air was bad, the water was bad, everything was bad for his Italian temperament. Then Choiseul received the petted wit of the Neapolitan parties coldly, nonchalantly, indifferently. And Versailles, — Versailles was yet more objectionable. When Galiani was presented there in June, 1760, with his little four-and-a-half-foot figure overladen with the ridiculous gala dress of the period, the men burst into open laughter and the women sneered behind their fans. Why should that cruel age, which had no compassion on the helplessness of little children, on poverty, on misfortune, on weakness, and which, when it did not mock at moral suffering, fled from it as from a disease one might catch,—why should such an age pity the sensibilities of a deformed little foreigner, an absurd little dwarf of an abbé, whom no one in Paris (which is to say the world) had ever heard of before ?

Galiani was more than a match for the laughers. "Sire," he said to the King, "you now see only a sample of the secretary ; the secretary will arrive later." The King was delighted ; but the secretary retired with that cruel laughter ringing in his heart. For a whole year he pleaded passionately for his recall. He wrote bitterly of the French as "a mobile and superficial race full at once of passion and lightness. . . . My clothes, my character, my way of thinking, and all my natural defects will always make me insupportable to this people and to myself."

From being the most popular and successful man in Naples, he was in Paris the insignificant secretary at whom, as he passed by, men mocked with the tongue in the cheek. They

did not indeed mock for ever. His own sharp tongue was bound to win him respect and reputation. First it was a jest uttered here ; and then a story, with his own inimitable gesticulation, told there. The little secretary is going to be amusing. Then too he was always accompanied by his familiar, the most intelligent of monkeys, who was only something less entertaining than his master. The master, moreover, could play on the clavecin, and sing to it, wonderfully. Even for the Parisians of that day his conversation was free, unhampered. The man has ideas, said they, as we all have, on the liberty of the Press and the Masses, on the Deluge that is coming after us ; only he can put those ideas so that the expression reads like a romance or sounds like a jest.

Then he was introduced to Baron Gleichen, and to Grimm, the first journalist in Europe. Grimm made him known to Madame d'Epinay ; and his acquaintance with her, with Madame Necker, with Madame Geoffrin, and with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, implied an introduction to the society of all witty Paris, and of all travelling England. He became the friend of d'Alembert, who had just published his *ELEMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY*, of Diderot, of d'Holbach, of Helvetius, of Morellet, and of Marmontel. He met that magnificent icicle, Saint Lambert, still writing his *SEASONS* and stealing Madame d'Houdetot from Rousseau. He knew Suard, Thomas, Raynal, and that picturesque and ill-fated young Spaniard, the Marquis de Mora.

In a word, by 1760, Galiani was launched,—the gayest little skiff that ever danced into a summer sea. The Parisian climate improved in the twinkling of an eye ; the bad water became drinkable ; the light and fickle people turned into one loving and

worthy to be loved. Some fool of a wit, who had declared that the little Abbé would never succeed at Court because he thought too loud and spoke too low, must needs eat his words. However low he spoke now, the audience always heard. They expected something clever or witty every time he opened his mouth, and he did not disappoint them. Instead of a poor little dwarf from that God-forsaken Naples, the Secretary became "the prettiest little Harlequin Italy has produced," "the irreparable Abbé," "the head of Machiavelli," "Plato, with the verve and gestures of Harlequin." In a word, he was the mode. The women raved about him,—he understood them so well!—and fought among each other for his presence at their parties. If Choiseul remained cold, his Duchess,—“the gentlest, amiablest, civil little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg”—was as fond of her little Abbé as were her rivals. Galiani was asked everywhere and went everywhere. He had found his true element at last. How tame and provincial the Neapolitan parties looked now! How dull and restricted were ambitions that limited one to Italy! Paris was the theatre of Europe,—with a crowded audience of all nations watching, half laughing and half afraid, the next move in her breathless tragi-comedy. There was hardly ever a more effective actor on her boards than this buffoon, this keen-set little wit, this jester, with here and there, now and then, as if by accident, some poignant meaning, some thrilling prophecy beating beneath the jests, and startling his hearers to a brief and sudden gravity.

In spite of the facts that Galiani was busy learning French, making a Commentary on Horace, and working at the duties of his secretaryship with an entirely superfluous energy,

his social life in Paris began early in the morning. It was his custom to stop in bed till the middle of the day and thus receive his friends; to hold his bed of justice, he called it. Sometimes he would wrap himself up, and sit on the bed with his little legs crossed like a tailor. He talked a great deal,—a great deal too much said some people; he had no flashes of silence. When his friend began speaking he waited impatiently to leap into the conversation himself; and when the friend attempted to make himself heard, "Let me finish," said the Abbé, "you will have plenty of time to answer me back"; but he took good care that that time never came. "Paris," he used to say regretfully in later years, "is the only place where they listened to me"; and one of his biographers declares pathetically that he died of a suppression of speech.

No wonder he was so full of life in the French capital. The talk of the morning was always followed by more talk in the evening. On Thursdays it was Madame Geoffrin's turn to receive. This nurse of philosophy, this calm, placid old hostess with her neat cap tied under her chin, her quiet, orthodox principles, and her prudent, regular life, could no more help loving this little libertine of a wit than could her lighter sisters. He was "her Abbé, her little Abbé, her *petite chose*." As for him, he loved her without afterthought, and with the whole-hearted impetuosity of his Southern nature. He declared that she inspired him with wit, that her arm-chairs were the tripods of Apollo and he was the Sibyl. Her very primness egged him on perhaps to more reckless stories, to wilder buffooneries; but he went away laughing at her and loving her and respecting her, and did all to the end of his life.

There was another woman whom he

also respected, but whom he did not love. With her one intense overmastering passion centred on her husband, Madame Necker was for ever the Calvinist pastor's daughter, "rigid, frigid and good." One female friend spoke of her acrimoniously as "soaked in starch," and Galiani himself complained, without by any means intending a compliment, of her "cold demeanour of decency." How such a ribald rollicking person as himself ever gained admittance to a Puritan household would be a wonder in our day; but in that day if, as Galiani himself wrote, one was only to know virtuous people, the number of one's friends would be alarmingly reduced. And, —and,—Madame Necker's salon was not for herself or her acquaintance; it was for her husband. Across the dinner-table on those Fridays the lively and daring Italian would defend with his rapid, reckless tongue the causes which his heavy host could only maintain with his pen. Leaning after dinner against the chimney corner, with his sparkling eyes lighting up his keen pale face, with his dwarf's figure dressed always with an infinite neatness and nicety, Galiani would fight single-handed that battle against the Economists, his own and Necker's special antipathies, and fight it, too, against such men as Thomas, Raynal, and Morellet. No wonder Madame Necker overlooked her visitor's peccadillos. The little Abbé had such a resistless torrent of logic. If the other side had reason in its favour, no one had a chance of advancing that reason. Directly anyone else began to talk, Galiani slipped away, and, there being no Opposition, Parliament rose.

After the orthodoxy of Madame Geoffrin and the decency of Madame Necker, the gatherings of Baron d'Holbach at Grandval might have been supposed to have afforded Galiani

an agreeable contrast. Not content with disbelieving himself, the Baron's unbelief was of that aggressive and truculent kind which must for ever be destroying the faith of others. It was said of him that he accommodated atheism to chamber-maids and to hair-dressers, delivering himself of it with a blatant blasphemy that made even the Italian Abbé shudder, though heaven knows he talked freely enough himself, and had listened to free enough talk from others. He was here, as he had been at the Neckers, almost alone in the Opposition. It delighted him to lean over the table and assure these persons who were for pushing throne and Church, King and priest down the abyss as fast as might be, that *he* loved despotism, unadorned and uncompromising. It was Galiani who alone perceived that these wild theories, conceived in *salons*, must, when translated into deeds, first of all destroy those who conceived them, and that a change in the Constitution, which might be a very beautiful thing when done, was a very vile thing in the doing. "It worries two or three generations," he said, "and only obliges posterity."

One day at d'Holbach's the conversation on the Deity became so outrageous, that, with every man's hand against him, Galiani rose. "*Messieurs les Philosophes*," he said, "you go too fast. If I were the Pope, I should hand you over to the Inquisition, if the King, to the Bastille. But as I have the good luck to be neither, I shall come to dinner next Thursday, and you shall listen to me as patiently as I have listened to you." Thursday came. After dinner and coffee the Abbé takes an armchair, crosses his legs, removes his wig (the night being sultry), and, with those lively gesticulations which he can no more help than he can help breathing, tells a story.

"Please suppose, gentlemen, that one of you, who is the most convinced that this world is the result of chance, happens to be playing at dice, not in a gambling hell but in one of the best houses in Paris. His adversary, casting one, two, three, four, many times, always throws number six. After the game has gone on a little while, my friend Diderot, we will say, who is losing his money, will certainly call out, 'The dice are clogged! This is some swindlers' den!' What, philosopher, what? Because ten or twelve throws of dice come out of the box so that you lose half a dozen francs, you are firmly convinced that this is the result of a clever design, an artificial combination, a complicated roguery; and yet, seeing in the universe a mighty number of combinations a thousand times more difficult, more complicated, and more useful, you do not suspect that Nature's dice are also clogged, and that above there is a great Arranger?"

It was a most happy illustration, if not a convincing argument. And the age which was swayed by the eloquence of Rousseau always preferred an example to a reason; while the class who laughed later at *LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO* might certainly be counted on to enjoy a joke against itself.

When d'Holbach's book *THE SYSTEM OF NATURE* appeared, Galiani said very justly that man does not know enough about Nature to make a system of it, and happily dubbed its author the Abbé Terrai of Metaphysics, "who caused the bankruptcy of knowledge, of happiness, and the human mind."

But there was a fourth *salon* where Galiani was much more at home than at Grandval, or under the prim wings of Madame Necker or the motherly feathers of Madame Geoffrin. At Madame d'Epinay's alone, he was perfectly natural, his little rollicking, buffooning, all-daring self, able, as only

a Southerner is able, to make himself entirely ridiculous without being at all contemptible.

Madame d'Epinay was that clever little wife of a ruined Farmer-General, who had been petted by Rousseau and played with by Voltaire. Madame d'Houdetot was her sister-in-law; Diderot was her constant associate; Grimm was her lover; and Galiani became and remained for twenty years, her most sincere and admiring friend.

A Platonic friendship is perhaps only possible when one or other of the Platonists is in love with a third person. Grimm, with his cool head and his cool heart, free from all mists of sentiment and clouds of fancy, was not only perfectly able to keep a fickle woman true to him, but himself to retain an honest regard for the Abbé and to use his opinions and his wit for the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*.

Madame d'Epinay's *salon* was of all *salons* the most thoroughly characteristic of the time and the people. No one had any duty but to amuse himself. From early in the morning, a few charming and accomplished women, who always relegated their children to servants, their stupid husbands to oblivion, and their households to chance, talked delightfully over their embroidery (with which the fashion demanded they should toy) to men, of whom among many astounding characteristics, not the least astounding is their prodigious idleness coupled with their prodigious literary production.

Galiani himself was the greatest attraction Madame d'Epinay's circle could claim. When he came in on a dripping country afternoon at La Chevrette, or in some murky winter twilight in Paris, there came with him, said Diderot, light, brightness, gaiety, folly, mirth, — everything

which makes one forget the cares of life. Mademoiselle d'Ette, who was at once her hostess's worst and dearest friend, looked up from her embroidery frame with her stealthy eyes aglow to welcome an acquisition so delightful. Madame d'Epinay was, as ever, gay, caressing, trifling; Diderot was in ecstasies (he was always in an ecstasy about something) at the little Italian's arrival. He was a perfect treasure on a wet day! If the toy-shops made Galiani's everybody would buy one! The Abbé takes his seat, cross-legged as usual, and from that head which was a library of anecdotes reels out a dozen stories, acting them all with an inimitable liveliness, while his hearers laugh till they cry.

A few of those stories sound dull in print, or have lost point with their youth; many more disgust modern taste by their elegant indecency. But the man who dubbed Paris the *Café de l'Europe*, d'Holbach the *salon d'hotel* of philosophy, and the vaunted liberty of the Apostles of the Social Contract, "the right of interfering in other people's business," still proves his title of wit. It was Galiani too who defined the death of Maria Thérèse as "an ink-bottle spilt over the map of Europe;" and Sophie Arnould's exquisite lost voice as "the most beautiful asthma" he ever heard. It was Galiani who declared that the Jesuits lengthened the Creed and shortened the Decalogue that they might succeed better in the world,—and Galiani, who proved that he knew intimately one side of the life around him, when he declared that the women of the eighteenth century loved with their minds, not with their hearts.

Always inimitably good-humoured, never bored, never weary, ready to play on the clavecin or sing in the most charming voice in the world if

the audience should tire of his conversation, seeing the ridiculous side of any subject in a flash, prompt with an anecdote to fit the most unforeseen occasion, "the little creature born at the foot of Vesuvius," clown, harlequin, Punchinello,—whatever men called him—was, and is, without counterpart in social history. There will be and have been,—there certainly were in the eighteenth century—many agreeable young gentlemen who not only often dined out, but who entirely lived and fattened on a pretty taste in wit and a constant readiness to make fools of themselves for the benefit of an idle audience afraid of being bored; but there was rarely, if ever, a buffoon of such vast and solid erudition, of mental capacities so great and so varied, and of mental achievements so momentous, as the Abbé Galiani.

While the *salons* were petting and spoiling him, while he seemed to be doing nothing but talk from morning till night and from night until morning, while he was regarded as such a complete and irresistible joke that people laughed at his very name, he had yet worked so hard as Secretary to the Embassy and Chargé d'Affaires that he is allowed to have given the diplomatic corps a wholly exceptionable position, and to have advanced the interests of Naples with the steadiness and persistency usually allotted to a very different character. His Majesty Louis the Fifteenth presented him with a box set in diamonds. Choiseul's light indifference changed into a cool consideration. All the time the man was writing, observing, thinking. Was he a politician in jest? He seemed to be everything in jest. But after all, who knows? The men who had laughed the most heartily at his absurdities, turned and looked at him again with a wonder in their eyes.

In 1765 he obtained a year's leave of absence and went home to take the baths of Ischia. In 1766 on the invitation of the Marquis Caraccioli, Italian Ambassador, he went to stay in London. It must regretfully be recorded that the little Abbé did not find Britain or the British at all to his taste. David Hume said indignantly that though he only remained two months in our country, talked himself the whole time, and would not allow an Englishman to put in a word, yet when he came away he dogmatised on the character of the nation all the rest of his life as if he had never studied anything else. That he did not share the Anglo-mania of Voltaire is certainly true. Some years later in his Correspondence he defined the English rather happily as "the best educated nation in the world, and consequently the greatest, the most troublesome, and the most melancholy." But some at least of his letters abuse England very freely. It was no doubt as difficult for the Britons to understand a Galiani as for a Galiani to understand them; and not at all wonderful that he carried away from our shores an impression of an Englishman as a solid, emotionless person, who resented buffoonery as an insult, never uttered a joke or saw one, and had all the qualities which make a nation mighty and an individual disagreeable.

The little Abbé was a somewhat graver man himself when he came back to Paris. He was now thirty-eight years old, a little less free of tongue, a thought less sceptical in religion. His letters of the time contain grave observations on the Seven Years War, and on the condition of the Paris Parliament; but he was still about the *salons*, still Parisian to the finger-tips, and he still loved Paris from his soul.

And in 1769, like a clap of thunder, came the astonishing news of his recall to Naples.

Recalled? The hostesses of Paris looked at each other in dismay. Recalled! It is surely the end of all things if some political exigency, some party question, is allowed to interfere with our amusements like this. Is it Choiseul, who has protected the Economists while Galiani hated them, who has done this thing? The exact reason for it was then matter of speculation, and is so still. It was enough, more than enough, that it was a fact that this dear, merry, little Abbé must pack up his trunks and go out of light into darkness, out of the sunshine of social favour in which he had basked and purred and gambolled into the gloom of the provincial obscurity from which he had come. If Paris was struck with dismay, Galiani himself was overwhelmed by the greatest calamity of his life. He declared that he had never wept at anything, not even the death of his relations, so much as at leaving Paris. "They have torn me from Paris," he declared, "and they have torn out my heart." He swore that the only good thing that tiresome Mr. Sterne, the English author, "ever uttered was when he said to me 'It is better to die in Paris than to live in Naples.'" He wrung his hands, and bemoaned out loud, according to his temperament. He followed his departure by letters to Madame d'Epinay and to d'Alembert which are really pathetic. He was leaving behind him in Paris, too, a woman to whom he was tied by no Platonic attachment. He was torn, in brief, from everything,—friends and mistress, career, work, play, from life itself. No wonder despair seized his soul. He went, and in parting flung into the camp of the Economists, whom he believed to be the enemy responsible for his



overthrow, a bomb whose explosion rang through Europe.

In 1770 there appeared in Paris *LES DIALOGUES SUR LE COMMERCE DES BLÉS*. The taxation of, or free trade in grain had long been a vexed question, not only in the minds of politicians but in the minds of all intelligent Frenchmen. Free Food! cried the Economists, rich in the support of Turgot and of Choiseul. Tax it! replied their opponents, mighty with the strength of Terrai, the graceless Controller-General, and the growing influence of Necker.

Through the wit and the parties, in the midst of ardent secretarial duties and of continual literary studies, somehow, at some time,—though how and at what time it would be difficult to say—Galiani had brought to bear on the question his Italian shrewdness and brilliancy, all the learning and observation taught him by his uncle, and the judgment and the wisdom taught him by Heaven. No man would have believed that such a merry, light, social person could have pondered so deeply; no one had believed it. The book was in the form of a dialogue between a Marquis and a Chevalier. It was as gay and rollicking as the little Abbé's own talk. In fact, it was his own talk; but it was something much more. It was much more even than a pamphlet on a passing question, on a matter of local momentary importance. Read "between the lines and in the margin" it was an able work on the science of government, what Grimm called justly "the production of a sound and enlightened philosopher, and of a statesman." In it the author exposed his theory that a man of State must not only know his business but the human heart: "You must study men before you can rule them." This knowledge he denied to Turgot; and he warned France, in

solemn prophecy to be fulfilled too soon, to beware in her rulers, not the rogues and the knaves,—they soon show themselves in their true colours—but the honest man who blunders: "He wishes all men well, so all men trust him; but he is deceived as to the means of doing well."

The work was received with the wildest enthusiasm. In far Ferney the spirited old Patriarch of Literature jumped for joy, almost literally, at a wit and a style so inimitable. No man ever reasoned so agreeably before. . . . "No man has ever made famine so amusing. . . . If the work does not diminish the price of bread, it will give pleasure to the whole nation. . . . Plato and Molière have combined to write it. . . ." Excellent! excellent! And in the same year 1770 the master himself wrote for his *QUESTIONS ON THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA* the article on Grain wherein Galiani was not forgotten.

Diderot, who, with Grimm and Madame d'Épinay, had helped to correct the proofs, declared impetuously to Mademoiselle Voland that he had gone down on his knees to implore Galiani to publish the thing. Grimm said that if he were Controller-General he should attach the Abbé to France, if it cost the King forty thousand *livres* per annum, "without any other stipulation but that he should amuse himself and come twice a week to chat with me over the affairs of my Government." Even Fréron, Elie Fréron, the brilliant Parisian journalist, who hated Voltaire and consequently all Voltaire's colleagues and disciples, could not help praising the thing in his *ANNÉE LITTÉRAIRE*. Frederick the Great wrote the author a flattering letter.

The book's foes advertised it even better than its friends. At first the leaders in the Economist camp looked at each other in dismay.

Granted that they had justice and reason on their side, what could justice and reason do in the Paris of 1770 against that bubbling, sparkling wit? The capital must, first of all, be amused. What use, then, to advance that always doubtful argument that a writer cannot be at once gay and trustworthy, that if he is really worth hearing he can never be heard without a yawn?

The Abbé Morellet, as large as Galiani was little, and as ponderous in style as the Abbé was light, was employed to answer him. The good man wrote his refutation with such haste and ardour, that the skin of his little finger was completely worn off from much rubbing against the side of his desk. And, after all, no one read him. He might, or might not, be right; he was certainly dull.

Then Turgot took up a mightier pen and wielded a mightier influence. Noble and disinterested, a better and a greater man than Galiani, the statesman of that company and brotherhood of which the Abbé was but the wit, Turgot sought, as did Galiani, the good and the progress of humanity; but he sought it by a different road, and by the labour of his whole life. He recognised the cleverness of the book: a bad cause, said he, could not be maintained with more grace and cleverness; but my little brother, the Abbé, is wrong not the less. In the *DIALOGUES* there peeped out, thought Turgot, something of the comfortable indifference of those who are content to leave the world as it is because it goes so smoothly with them, something of the optimism and the selfishness that come naturally to a little writer himself so comfortably benefited and mitred. Galiani lacked, in fact, Turgot's "instincts of the heart which teach the head."

Right or wrong,—the honest blun-

derer perhaps—Turgot had put his soul into the great cause of humanity, and Galiani had only put his mind. What wonder that they saw the same world with different eyes, and would have worked out the salvation of falling France by methods not only opposite, but opposed?

Galiani went back to Naples. For many months, for years, his letters are full of his book, that effort which, even if misdirected, proved that he was no drone in the hive, that he too had that one great virtue common to all the philosophers and redeeming half their sins,—he had heard the trumpet-call of responsibility towards his fellows, and had answered it.

After Paris Naples was not merely dull, it was extinction. The poor little Abbé bemoaned his fate to Madame d'Épinay in the most touching of all jesting letters. True, there was society here, and Galiani was its lion. But what society! There was Lady Orford, Robert Walpole's daughter-in-law, who had a country house, close to Galiani's, at Santo Sorio at the foot of Vesuvius, and there was Hamilton, now British envoy and to be the husband of Lady Hamilton, while presently came the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was amiable, "a very rare thing for an Englishman," said Galiani, "and Secretary of State, which is a very common thing.

But the Abbé hated the English; and he was bored to death. The Court of Naples gave him more lucrative posts,—and though he described himself as *avide* without being *avare*, which meant that he was greedy of money and yet lavish in spending it,—money, even when it does not beget boredom, certainly never destroys it. He turned to his museum full of medals and bronzes, pictures and weapons,—and that bored him too. Paris, Paris! He hankered after it

for ever. "What is the good of inoculation here," he grumbled, after expressing delight in that discovery, "when living itself is not worth while?" "What a life!" he wrote dismally to d'Holbach in 1770. "Nothing amusing here . . . no edicts . . . no suspensions of payment . . . no quarrels about anything—not even about religion. Dear Paris, how I regret you!"

In 1771 died that Madame Daubinière to whom he had been attached by no Platonic tie, and whom he had not hesitated to recommend to the good offices of Madame d'Epinay; and the next year Helvétius, the rich and amiable Farmer-General, "left a blank in the line of our battalion." "Let us love each other the better, we who remain," says Galiani. "Close the lines. Advance! Fire!" He was always declaring he had no heart; but it was there, under the lava of worldliness and mockery, as Pompeii and Herculaneum lay hid beneath the lava of his own Vesuvius. He was soon busy procuring a post at Court for his unsuccessful brother Bernard, —Bernard, who had a large family, little money, and the dull bookworm talents that bring no more. Then Bernard died, and up starts the Abbé in a new rôle. There are three stupid nieces to be married, to say nothing of the widow. The indefatigable uncle finds the girls eligible husbands, although one of them, as he wrote frankly, was as ugly as a hunchback. Then he found someone to marry his sister-in-law. "If this goes on," he wrote to Madame Epinay, "I shall be clapped when I go into my box at the theatre." Presently the King of Naples gave him yet two more posts, —entailing not only emoluments but work—and he resumed his literary labours, wrote a pamphlet on the *INSTINCTS AND HABITUAL TASTES OF MAN*, a comic opera, to Paesello's

music, called *THE IMAGINARY SOCRATES*, and another most amusing pamphlet, written in a single night, to distract the Neapolitans from their fright on the eruption of Vesuvius in 1779.

In 1781 he visited Rome, and was courted by all the great people; and when he came home Naples gave him another rich abbey and another most lucrative civil appointment. He was still a comparatively young man. Fortune had overturned her horn at his feet. "The torment of all things accomplished, the plague of nought to desire" might well have been Galiani's. But he had the rare power of finding happiness where perhaps she most often hides, in small and common things. The monkey which had amused his leisure he had replaced by a couple of cats, and it afforded him infinite amusement to watch their gambols and their habits, and write long dissertations on the natural history of the animal to Madame d'Epinay in Paris. His friendship with her had lasted without break or blot for nearly five-and-twenty years. If happiness meant only exemption from suffering, then it was well for Galiani that no woman ever held his heart more nearly than this light little wife of a Farmer-General. But that side of existence which brings the deepest sorrow brings too the highest joy, and whose is spared the first, misses the second. Madame Daubinière had touched neither his soul nor his life; Madame d'Epinay only aroused a capacity for a friendship, which, as he loved no one, had certainly assumed some of the absorption of a passion. When she died in 1788, he stood in the presence of a great and a most genuine sorrow. She had represented the Paris he would see no more; to answer her letters had been a large occupation in his life,—and she was

dead! He turned to his work as to his last hope, to the one means that was left to him of making life endurable. In 1785 he was attacked by apoplexy; and two years later he travelled for his health, but to no avail. "The dead are so bored," he said in his old jesting manner, "they have asked me to come and cheer them a little." In the October of 1787 the King and Queen of Naples commanded him to meet them at Portici. He went, but he was long past receiving pleasure from such honours. The Sovereigns were struck with his altered appearance and begged him to consult a doctor. Queen Caroline wrote him a letter imploring him to renounce his scepticism and make ready for heaven. He answered with dignity and respect; but neither physician for the soul or the body could aid him now. He kept to the last the gaiety which had never deserted him in life. He had loved in life to be surrounded by friends, and they were about his death-bed. He declared to them that he

felt no sorrow in dying, save that he would fain have lived to publish his book on Horace. The night before his death Gatti, his friend and doctor, told him he had refused an invitation to the opera, from the Ambassador of France, to be near his friend. "Ah," says Galiani, "you still look on me as Harlequin? Well, perhaps I shall prove more amusing than the opera." And he did. Two hours before his death, General Acton, the Prime Minister, called to see him. "Tell his Excellency I cannot receive him. My carriage is at the door. Warn him to prepare his own."

He died on October 30th, 1787, aged nearly fifty-nine.

Dagonet, King's Fool at Arthur's Court, could not avert his master's ruin, but noblest of all fools, he tried. Galiani, with his laughing bells jingling in those Dialogues, spoke his message in jests and could not help starving France, nor even postpone by an hour the raid on the bakers' shops in the Faubourg St. Antoine. But he, too, did his best.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

GEORGE FLOTTER, who cultivated the section beyond Beckwith's, had a patch of Early Marvels, which had been planted a full fortnight earlier than the potatoes on the Hernshaws' section, and as Robert and George were in the way of being intimate friends, they frequently spent their Sunday afternoons in comparing the growth of the two crops. Robert was of opinion that the Early Marvels were not as scheduled, and that at any rate they were proving themselves a vastly inferior sort to the Lapstone Flukes, on which he himself had placed his reliance. But George Flotter had a catalogue in the house containing a full-page picture of a Marvel,—one of a family of fourteen—together with eulogistic marginal notes from the gardeners of dukes and earls, from which it appeared that the aristocracy of Great Britain were discarding all other kinds and confining themselves to Marvels alone. Robert was impressed, but somewhat incredulous.

"They've got no tops on them to speak of," he said, "and what they have are measly-looking."

Mr. Flotter was compelled to admit that this was so, but he presumed that the aristocracy did not eat the tops, and at all events he was far from acknowledging the case as desperate. The catalogue had some

remarks on manures, and special attention was directed to a Magic Potato Fertiliser, subsequently referred to, somewhat disrespectfully, as the M.P.F., which was calculated to make potatoes open their eyes. Mr. Flotter accordingly got in a stock of this compound unknown to Robert, and proceeded to dose his patch, possibly with more liberality than discretion.

Robert looked the crop over a week later. "They've livened up some," he admitted doubtfully; "but it looks to me as though they were going to ripen off."

A similar suspicion had occurred to Mr. Flotter, but he now rejected the idea with contumely. "You'd be surprised at the work them roots are putting in underground," he said. And Robert admitted with some irony that he would be.

Now the limits of friendship cover a remark of this sort with difficulty, and Mr. Flotter, considerably piqued, allowed himself to indulge in disparaging remarks as to lavish tops in general and Lapstone tops in particular. As to which Robert said good-humouredly: "The proof of the potato's in the crop, you know, George, and we'll see how things are when it comes out."

But it frequently happens that the settler proposes and the wandering bullock disposes.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Flotter betook himself as usual to the Hern-

shaws' section. He passed the slip-rail, and seeing no one about ascended the hill. As he did so his eyes grew large and round, and he gazed about him like a man in a dream, for the potatoes had disappeared. Then he saw that the vegetable garden was a heart-breaking wreck, and that the devastation had extended even to the *kumaras*.

Be it said that Mr. Flotter had desired with all his soul that his roots should eclipse Robert's, but now that it seemed probable that his wish would be gratified, he stood still and flushed to the roots of his hair. "Damn them bullocks!" he said. "Damn—them—bullocks!" Then, intent on avoiding the sight of his fallen rival, he made for the nearest fence, and scrambled across country to spend the afternoon in solitary contemplation of his own patch. "Marvels!" he exclaimed later on, with a contempt sufficient to wither the sickly vegetables. "Them Lapstones would have beaten you six to one,—they would that,—you and your M.P.F.!"

But Robert was not then employed in lamenting the damage, nor for a long time afterwards did the loss he had sustained trouble him greatly. Another and weightier matter engrossed his attention, and in wrestling with that what might otherwise have proved a keen blow affected him but slightly. Some attempt he made to dig and house the potatoes, but the job was too disheartening, and he soon discontinued. There the affair of the slip-rail seemed to end.

At Mrs. Gird's section in the thick Bush the sunny days crept slowly by; Christmas came and went, week followed week, and still the young girl moved listlessly through the days, indifferent to all things but fixed in her purpose. Physically she was, she

said, well, and Mrs. Gird, after a vain effort, gave up the attempt to persuade her to the contrary.

"Wait," she said to Robert. "There is a key to all this, and some day we will find it and unlock the door."

Kindness was lavished upon her: reproof was tried; but apparently the way to her heart was lost. Sometimes she refused even to see Robert, and held to this resolution for days. At others she sought to reason him into acceptance of her determination.

"It will be better for you, Robert, if you will only make up your mind that I mean what I say."

But Robert held to the one anchor in the storm. "You love me, Lena; you can't help loving me any more than I can help loving you."

And the girl was silent. But she refused to allow him to touch her, and since the night he had left her with Mrs. Gird there had been nothing of lover-likeness in their relations.

"Patience," said Mrs. Gird, with cheerful optimism; "it will all come right. The wages of sin are paid in part by deputies, but not the whole bill."

"I should never have let you love me," said the girl about this time, "because I foresaw this from the first; but I will not do you a worse wrong by marrying you."

"I want to be wronged," said Robert slowly; "that is the one thing I do want."

"Some day you will be thankful that I was firm."

"Then some day I must be thankful that I was weak. If I thought that, I should ask the first man I met to kick me."

"It would not be weakness, it would be doing right."

"Then we come back to where we were just now,—I want to do wrong."

"Robert, it—is—no—use."

But Robert held doggedly on his way, and every day found him in attendance, ready to begin the discussion afresh. And sometimes Lena saw him and sometimes she refused to see him, but she always knew of his visits and even anticipated the time when they would be paid. In a while she came to accept them as part of the day's routine, and then it was that Mrs. Gird suggested the exercise of a little diplomacy. It was a severe task she set the young man, but faith in her wisdom enabled him to bear through it somehow, and for a whole week he did not put in an appearance on the section. The first day passed without comment. Mrs. Gird was busy and talkative, and Lena made no sign that she noticed the omission. Neither on the second day nor those following did she make remark, but there was an increasing restlessness in her movements and a growing pallor in her cheeks, not without significance to the watcher.

It was not until the time set had nearly elapsed that Mrs. Gird alluded to the matter, checking herself in the midst of an account of the latest Robinson *versus* Finnerty case to do so.

"Why, where's Robert?" she asked with a fine surprise. "It must be quite three days since he was here."

"A week to-morrow," Lena said.

"So long? Dear me! what can be the matter?"

"Only that he has begun to recognise that I mean what I say."

"Rubbish, my dear; he is far more likely to be staying away because he is too ill to come."

The tea-things Lena was putting away rattled slightly, but she made no reply.

"I will send Mark up first thing in the morning," Mrs. Gird continued. "This is too heartless altogether."

"I am not heartless," Lena said; "I wish I were."

"Well, my dear, I don't suppose that young man is exactly enjoying himself."

"It will be better for him in the end. Though he may not think so now, some day he will thank me for this."

"Not if he is the man I take him to be. Robert has a strong nature, but you are doing your best to wreck it."

"It would be wrecked if he were to marry a thing like me."

"Lena! Oh, you unfortunate child! What are we to do with you? Will nothing reach that little frozen heart of yours? Do you not feel in your conscience that this is all wrong?"

"That is so strange to me, that you should be unable to see that I am right."

"My dear," Mrs. Gird replied with a tender gravity, "I am on the side of true love every time, and not blindly, but with all the light God has given me. When I see it pure and unselfish, then I know that I am in the presence of a thing that is beautiful and holy, and I would array myself on its side though all the conventions of the world were leagued in opposition. Fight against your happiness if you will, but your lover is stronger than you, and all the forces of Nature fight with him. And I know this, that, so sure as that star is shining on you through the doorway, you will surrender to him, body and mind and will, freely and gladly, and that before many days have passed by."

But Lena shook her head incredulously with a ghost of a smile, and said no more. There were stages when further argument seemed impossible, not that she was at such times self-convicted of wrong-doing, but that it appeared hopeless to at-

tempt to carry conviction of her rightness of conduct to the minds of others.

In pursuance of her expressed determination, Mrs. Gird sent one of her boys with a message to Robert early the following morning, and shortly afterwards she despatched Lena on an errand in the settlement. Lena had shown herself tractable and obedient in all but the one thing, and though this was the first time since her arrival that she had been asked to go beyond the bounds of the section, she put on her hat and set off without demur.

It was perhaps hardly an accident that half-way through the Bush she met Robert coming rapidly down the track. He pulled up on espying her and came forward somewhat shame-facedly. Lena looked at him critically. There were unmistakable signs of trouble in his young face, and he looked slier than of old.

"Have you been ill, Robert?" she asked.

"No," said Robert, averting his gaze; "I have been working,—on the section."

"This will be a busy time for you," the girl said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I suppose you are digging the potatoes now?"

"That and,—other things. I've mostly finished."

"And was it a good crop?"

"It was a fair crop," Robert said slowly. "Yes, I can't complain of the crop. It was a,—real good crop—considering."

"Considering what?" Lena asked smiling.

"Well, you know, we farmers are never satisfied. It's been a bit dry."

Lena looked at him attentively. "You are disappointed," she said, "and I'm sorry. Why wasn't it a good crop?"

"It was a good crop, but not what you might call a heavy crop," Robert explained.

Lena reflected a moment, and then said: "I'm going past the section, would you mind my going in to see for myself?"

Robert felt thoughtfully at his ear. "They're mostly all stowed away," he said at last; "but, yes, of course, you can see for yourself." He turned and moved thoughtfully along the track at her side. Presently he said: "I may as well out with it at once. It was just a piece of carelessness, but I left the slip-rail down a night or two ago, and the bullocks got in and chewed off most of the stuff."

"Oh, Robert, what a pity!" Then suddenly the girl stood still, struck by an inconsistency in the story. "A night or two ago," she said slowly; "it surely could not make any difference then."

"It's the best part of a week, Lena,—yes, fully that. As you say, it doesn't make a sight of difference, but I thought I'd tell you, because there's a patch I haven't had time to dig up yet, and you'd be bound to see it."

Lena watched him with heaving bosom. "Yes," she said, "I'd be bound to see it. What I don't see is, why you should think of concealing it from me."

"Conceal? Me? Haven't I just been telling you how it was? If I hadn't been so careless it wouldn't have happened. It was just—"

"Don't Robert," Lena cried sharply, "don't; I can't bear it."

She began to move forward rapidly, her cheeks flushing and paling. The young man increased his pace to keep up with her. You know, Lena," he said uneasily, "the season's been a bit dry, and one doesn't get a heavy crop in a real dry season. They're small mostly, but there's a rare lot of them,



—a rare lot," he repeated with some enthusiasm.

"Did you get any at all, Robert? But I will see for myself. Please don't speak about it any more."

Robert followed her in silence. They passed the slip-rail, and went together up the hill to the site of the plantation; there the girl stood still and gazed as though she would never look away.

The last time she had stood on this spot the potato plants were all around her, rioting in a green luxuriance of life. Their dark glossy leaves spoke of an abundant sap that was to accumulate in the unseen tubers on the roots. Their tops were breaking into flower, pink and white and pale blue. Not a weed disfigured the plantation, and over all lay the impress of an intelligent and laborious hand, long employed. Now, in place of the luxuriant green, shone the sickly light of the translucent stems; the poisoned haulm, shorn of its leaves, was sprouting miserably at the base; here and there the ground was roughly forked over, and white globes, hardly larger than marbles, lay scattered among the clods.

Let it be remembered that Lena was a settler's daughter. She knew to the full what was meant by the scene before her. She knew the care and sweat that went to the turning out of a satisfactory crop from rough and not too rich land. She knew also the hopes and devotion that had attended the cultivation of this particular patch. So as she gazed her eyes grew dim with tears until she could see no more.

"Mostly small," Robert muttered, afraid to face her, "but a rare lot of them."

"Robert, Robert, take me somewhere where I can go down on my knees and ask your forgiveness. I am a wicked, wicked girl."

Then the frost that had caught so fiercely at this young heart melted and dissolved in a rain of tears.

"And to think," said Robert later on in private to Mrs. Gird, "that it was the potatoes that did it after all."

"Ah, Robert," replied the lady, "that's none so strange. It's only the same divine old common-sense that God made in the beginning, and has never since suffered to die out of the world."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

FOR three months Andersen had been employed on the new road which was being cut through fifty miles of dense primeval Bush to the gum-fields on the Kaipara river. Winding through dark valleys and around hills, a wall of living green in front, a sinuous track of desolation behind, the pioneers of civilisation forced their way ever farther and farther from the settlements into the gloom of the forest. The obtaining of stores, at first the work of a few hours, gradually increased into the arduous labour of days, and news of the outer world leaked through more sparingly and at longer intervals. M'Gregor's store, whence the supplies came, was itself off the track of gossip, but even thence the news of Mrs. Andersen's desertion would probably have travelled to her husband but for the action of Wickener in urging silence on the storekeeper and his wife.

"The thing is past mending," he said; "and he might have the good fortune to break his neck or love another woman before the news reaches him."

"You think it the good fortune to break his neck?" Tapaia asked laughing.

"At least as good as the alternative I have suggested."

Andersen had developed the taciturnity of the man whose conduct is illumined by a strong and solitary purpose, and after a certain amount of chaffing, morosely received, he was allowed to go his way unmolested. Drink, under the heading of medical comforts, was obtainable by the better behaved members of the camp, but the Swede stood aloof; an occasional bottle of painkiller was the only concession he made to the frightful craving that came over him at the smell of spirits in another man's mouth.

Once, early in the new year, there came to him two letters in one envelope, — one in a man's handwriting, the other in his daughter's. He carried them about with him for days, seizing his unemployed moments to read them afresh, now chuckling, now dashing tears from his eyes; and when the packhorses were ready for their return to the store, he sent a reply, witnessed by the foreman of works, giving his full consent to the marriage of his daughter with Robert Hernshaw. Lena made no allusion to, and sent no messages from, her mother; but it was natural, he thought, that the subject of her letter should engross her to the forgetfulness of all else.

Even this, and the event it immediately foreshadowed, did not shake Andersen's resolution, but rather strengthened it. He would enter the house of his daughter's husband with money in his pocket, — gold. She should take what she had need of, and if she took it all he would come back and work for more. When he thought of his wife his heart beat quickly as in the days of his first wooing. He would woo her afresh. As the long cross-cut saw drove through the wood, as the American

steel axe circled and fell, he conjured up the scenes of that second wooing, when he should break through the sullen humour that enveloped her, should call back the smiles to her lips, the love-light to her eyes. And if not,—she was his wife. But as the man's self-respect returned, the darker mood that suggested compulsion became of less frequent occurrence, more to be scotched and buried out of sight. What he yearned for was her respect, that she should point to him with pride, "My husband, the best bushman in the county." And with respect would come a return of love, of the old winsome manner that he had seen reproduced in his daughter that time he had beheld her last. With the rehabilitation of the man came a violent disgust of his past self, quivering along the haft of the tool and biting deep with the cutting edge. If he could have cut down that hideous past with his axe as he felled the giant denizens of the bush, with what joy would he have welcomed the labour. The thought of the man with whom his wife's name had been connected he thrust determinedly from him, though even so it lurked sometimes in a harsher grip of the saw's teeth, in a deeper burial of the axe-head, a flash of torment thrust into the background by the violent physical effort. Whatever the past had been, he refused to regard it steadfastly. It was in contemplation of the future that he found solace in the midst of his labours and support in the achievement of his purpose.

One morning, towards the middle of March, as the men were shouldering their tools to leave the camp, Andersen entered the contractor's office with his swag on his back and asked for his cheque.

The Swede was a hard and skilful workman, who never caused trouble so long as he was sober, and whom

no task, however dangerous or difficult, could dismay; and such men are dear to the heart of the Bush-contractor, whose fortunes and even life are frequently at the disposal of his men.

"You are not going to leave us, Andersen?" he asked. "Why, there's six months' work in front of you yet."

"Tree monts oop last night," Andersen said. "I go home for a veek or tane days, den I kom back."

There was something in the man's face which prevented the contractor arguing the point, and he turned doubtfully to the wages-book. He knew Andersen of old, and that knowledge assured him that his return in a week or ten days was a highly improbable event. The amount to be paid was mentioned and agreed to, and the contractor prepared to draw out a cheque.

"Better take half of it," he suggested.

"I take it all," the Swede replied briefly.

The contractor shrugged his shoulders and made out the cheque; then he entered the amount and took the Swede's signature.

"There you are," he said, laying his hand on Andersen's shoulder. "I'm sorry you're going; you've worked like a brick. If I had twenty or thirty more like you I could make a living myself perhaps. Well, good luck; come back as soon as you can."

Andersen nodded, but said nothing, and stowing the cheque away carefully in his pocket, set out on his long tramp.

That night he camped in a thicket of tree ferns by the side of the clearing. For hours he lay on his back watching the stars as they gleamed through the delicate lacework of the arching fronds, and only towards dawn did he fall into a troubled sleep. The stars seemed nearest at

hand when least clearly seen; when he craned his neck and caught an uninterrupted view of them, they withdrew to an immeasurable distance. His mind went out to them in wonder, as the minds of all men have gone since men first were, but they returned him nothing more concrete than a doubt. Hitherto doubt had touched him with a fleeting wing, but in the starlight, in the dark hour when the life-tide ebbs, it settled and brooded. He offered no resistance, made no examination, but let it lie; it was not a thought, nor the consequence of a thought, but a mood, gathered, as a cloud is gathered, out of the immensity, and with the first touch of sunlight it was gone.

He continued his tramp down the hard, narrow track, formed by the packhorses among the stumps, and presently reached the camp of the road-makers. It was the dinner-hour, and the men were all in the hut. Some one standing in the doorway called to him by name, and as he continued on his way disregarding, added something which set the Swede pondering. He had not caught the words, or caught them but indistinctly; it may have been the trend of his own thoughts that set the sound of a name surging in his ears. What should the speaker have to say about that man? He stood still, half resolved to turn back, then resumed his way, his eyes bent on the ground. By noon he had reached the main road in the neighbourhood of M'Gregor's store. The store door was open, but there was no one in sight, and he entered and rapped on the counter. M'Gregor came in from the back.

"Oh, it's you, Andersen," he said, looking curiously and with some embarrassment at his visitor.

The Swede loosened his swag and sat down on a cabin-bread case. "Is Mr. Wickener here still?" he asked.

"Yes, but not to-day; he's gone to the wedding."

"Ah, and who will be married to-day?"

"Miss Milward; the day after to-morrow. It seems you don't get much news out there."

The Swede looked thoughtfully out into the sunlight. "Ver leetle news," he said slowly. "Who vill she marry?"

"Fletcher. It has been the talk of the place for ages. Half the county will be there. And you have heard nothing about it?"

"Nuddings," said the Swede, and smiled in grim reverie.

Presently he roused himself and, taking the cheque from his pocket, turned to the storekeeper. "You can gif me moneys for dis?" he asked.

M'Gregor turned the document over and glanced at his visitor with more respect. "I think I can scrape together £25," he said, "and give you my own cheque for the balance."

Andersen nodded. "Gif me gold," he said.

"Gold? Good heavens! What are you talking about? There's no gold in Hokianga. What's wrong with bank-notes?"

"Bank - notes ver goot; gold is better."

M'Gregor went away into the interior and presently returned with a bundle of notes and eight sovereigns. "That's the best I can do for you," he said. "I ought to charge you a guinea apiece for the sovereigns, but seeing it's you — would you like a taste of the real stuff?" he broke off, lowering his voice to a whisper.

Andersen's face darkened as he stood up and shouldered his swag. "Ven I kom here before," he said, "you got no drink, also I got no money. Dis time I got the money, you got the drink. To hell with it!"

M'Gregor looked disconcerted and

angry. "That's all the thanks a man gets for being accommodating," he remarked. "Very well, my man, if you don't sing another tune in the course of a few hours I shall be astonished. Yes, off with you; you'll find you're expected all right, and I wish you joy of your welcome."

Andersen turned in the roadway, his eyes glowing fiercely, but though his lips moved, no word escaped him, and after a moment he resumed his way. The sky was of that hard steely-blue which denotes continued drought. Now and then an attenuated cloud arose above the tree tops and was slowly burnt and consumed in the glaring atmosphere. In the hollows the air smelt like a breath from a hot-house; on the hill-cuttings it glowed fiercely as from a furnace; nowhere, not even in the dense shadow, did it bring refreshment.

The Swede moved steadily forward, as though unconscious of the physical effort that put the miles determinedly behind him. His mood had changed from that of the day before. Hope was dead in his breast. He knew intuitively what was in front of him, though he had shrunk from the spoken word, but he did not know how he would meet the catastrophe, and he did not ask himself. He had no clear thoughts on the subject, only a heavy feeling of depression, breaking now and then into violent flashes like a thundercloud. The purpose which had animated him for three months urged him forward now, because the impulse of it was not spent; but it existed no longer, and his actions were as little the result of volition as those of a creature suddenly decapitated.

It was late in the afternoon when he came to the bend in the road where the track ran off to the Girds' section, and a few steps brought him in sight of his own house.

There was no one about on the

road. A few lean cows were cropping the weeds close under the broken windows, and an agitated pig rooted violently near the front door. The slip-rail was down, and a part of the fence had disappeared bodily, having probably been removed by neighbours in search of better protection to their own homesteads. No smoke issued from the rusty iron chimney, and no sound of life from the closed house.

Andersen moved forward and tried the door, the pig and cows, as though conscious that they were trespassing, breaking into a wild rush as he approached. The door was unfastened, and he opened it and entered the building. Apparently nothing had been removed since he was last in the house, but there was a musty smell from the rooms which spoke of long desertion. Spiders' webs stretched across the windows and doors, and the hearth was cold,—a puff of grey ashes and a charred stick under the rusty fire-bars.

The Swede loosened the straps of his swag and let it fall heavily and unheeded to the floor. A cloud of dust arose and surged in the sickly shaft of sunlight streaming through the dirty glass of the window. From a nail in the wall depended an old and faded blue skirt that caught his attention and stirred him dumbly. He looked at it fixedly for a moment and turned away into the inner rooms. Everything was in order, as though for immediate occupation, but the same chill air of desertion clouded the sordid picture, and he retraced his steps to the living-room. He drew a chair to the cold hearth and sat down, muttering under his breath, his hands mechanically extended, as though from force of habit acquired long ago and in a different climate. Every now and then his gaze returned to the skirt on the wall, and finally it drew him to his feet and over to-

wards it, till his hands were moving softly among the folds.

It was a pathetic garment of many darns, some carefully worked and almost imperceptible, others less elaborate, and so on down a diminishing scale of excellence to the merest rough makeshift, as though the wearer had gradually lost heart. The man turned it hither and thither with trembling fingers, finally raising it to his lips in a dumb caress. Then, leaving his swag where it had fallen, he went out into the evening sunlight, closing the door behind him.

The settlement road skirted round Bald Hill, but Andersen took the track that led directly to the top, and crossing the summit, entered the Bush. A ten minutes' walk brought him again on to the road in front of the Hernshaws' section. Across the road stood Robert's cottage, immaculate in a new coat of white paint, with a trim garden surrounded by a picket fence in front of it. The door stood invitingly open, and a hospitable curl of blue smoke went up from the chimney. Andersen crossed the road, opened the gate, and making his way to the door of the house, rapped with his knuckles on the panel. There was no response, and after awhile he knocked again, and then went round to the back. No one was in sight on the section or the road, and he sat patiently down on the doorstep and waited. Half an hour went by, and there was still no sign of the returning owners. At last he rose to his feet, and, entering the living-room, seated himself at the table. From his breast-pocket he pulled out first a red handkerchief, then his money. The cheque he returned to his pocket; the rest he left lying on the table, while he searched the room for writing materials. Nothing was to be found but a pencil, and with this he wrote largely and laboriously

on the white boards of the table, *Lena Hernshaw, from her father.* As an after-thought he covered the money with a tea-cup.

The last beams of sunlight were gilding the tops of the rata trees as he closed the gate behind him and turned down the road in the direction of his enemy's house. A quarter of an hour's walk brought him in sight of the section. A strong four-rail fence marked the road frontage. Within this was a paddock of maize extending back to the standing Bush, and presenting in its vivid green a strong contrast to the sombre foliage of the forest. Andersen turned off among the trees, and made his way by devious cattle-tracks until he judged himself to be in front of the house, when he stole forward towards the road. A thicket of tree ferns on the margin gave him the opportunity he sought, and he knelt down and peered through the stems.

Beckwith's house stood close to the road, a clump of bush, left either for shelter or ornament, enclosing it on three sides. It was a low rough building of considerable dimensions, with glass casements opening on to a broad verandah. Between the house and the road was a plantation of melons and sorghum, the rich musk scent of the ripening rock melons travelling to the nostrils of the watcher. Andersen could see his children at play among the vines, and hear their happy voices as they called to one another; but he had neither eyes nor ears for them, for on the verandah stood his wife.

The logic of facts is responsible for the wrecking of many theories. By all the canons of ethics, as it is preached, this should have been an unhappy woman; but the man knew as he gazed that never, even in the early days of their married life, had she eclipsed the radiance that now

possessed her. She was neatly and comfortably dressed, a touch of lace and ribbon at her bosom and throat spoke of a returned care for her personal appearance. Her face, fuller and more youthful-looking than of old, was bright with health and contentment. If she ever entertained fears or regrets, there was no sign of such in her countenance now as she stood looking down with smiling eyes on the children at play beneath her.

And the man as he gazed recognised dimly amid the last wreckage of his hopes the strong hand of Nature, which, regardless of the puny conventions of mankind and of the sufferings of the individual, fixes for ever her summoning eyes on the things not of to-day but of to-morrow. One steady gaze at his wife's face, and Andersen knew instinctively, knew by the very poignancy of his own wretchedness, that appeal was vain. There is no appeal from misery to happiness. The wretched to the wretched, the happy to the happy; but the reverse is a delusion, a mockery in sentiment and in fact.

So there in front of him was the problem. And since in even the coarsest natures are frequently concealed capacities for greatness and heroism, waiting only their proper crises, it may be that this man, purified and strengthened by months of hard toil and self-denial, would have reached a clear height of abnegation but for one fatal blemish in his armour, one ineradicable flaw in his constitution.

The brief evening light waned to darkness. The house and surroundings dimmed to a shadow against the limpid sky. A heavy dew began to settle, soft as starlight, on the parched lands. From a picture appealing to the eye the homestead began slowly to make demand on the sense of hearing. His wife's voice floated out high yet soft, the children responded from

this place and that at intervals. There was a heavy step on the verandah, a man's voice, brisk and strong, followed by murmuring and laughter. Presently he could hear a rush of feet as the children stormed the verandah, then the man's voice again, masterful, yet kindly; finally, a shuffling of feet and faint movements dying away into complete silence.

Andersen rose, and coming out on to the road stood for awhile irresolute. He was an alien in a strange land; an outcast, of whom none thought, for whom none cared. No place called to him. He was homeless, for to call that wretched, deserted dwelling,—now lost in the merciful oblivion of darkness—home was surely to commit sacrilege. Where, then, should he go? He moved irresolutely a few steps forward past the house. Here the high land above the river, which culminated in Bald Hill, fell suddenly away in broad and mighty slopes, forming a cup-like hollow of uncertain depth, full of forest and the sound of wind and waters. Down in the depths of it, the river, silver, pale, phosphorescent, stretched its truncated arms into the blackness. Round the pale sky-line the black hill-tops, curved and pinnacled, crested and plumed, seemingly strangely near at hand, formed the rim of the vessel, and above the rim, blazing with clustered lights, the sky arched itself, like a dome of limpid purple glass.

The Swede looked upwards into the glittering heights, and down into the trembling misty depths. Beneath his feet the descending road seemed suddenly cut off, leaving him, as it were, upon the edge of a mighty well of darkness, into which, if so he willed, he might plunge. The thought was without the horror that the clear definition of daylight might have engendered; and but that he knew the effect to be an illusion, the man might

have sought to solve the problem then and there. But the road wound gradually and safely down round the hill-slopes until it reached the county township, where another solution offered itself. For in the depths by the misty river sparkled a pin-point of light, only to be made out by the long scrutiny of accustomed eyes,—the light of the great kerosene lamp over the doorway of the hotel.

Slowly he began the descent of the hill.

There is no man so strong as to be independent of his fellows, and this man's will had already suffered shipwreck amid the quicksands of an unthinking youth. Yet with all his strength he had striven; and perhaps had Lena been at home when he went to the house, or even had she met him now, while the new life still wrestled with the old, her pity and her love might have saved him, and in saving him, saved others whose fate indirectly he was to determine. But Lena, newly come in from the Bush, whither she had gone to fetch her husband from his work, sat at the table, the money and the ill-written message before her, her blue eyes full of tears. And so the precious moment passed beyond recall.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

WITH bowed head and lagging footsteps the Swede began the descent. The steep incline came to an end on a level cutting round the hill face. To the right the Bush rose solid and black; to the left, it fell away an ocean of verdure to the misty river. An impenetrable obscurity clothed the track and all adjacent; but the mind sees through other senses than the sight, and the voice of the Bush conveyed its own picture to the accustomed bushman. The night wind stirred the forest at intervals, coming

slowly from immeasurable distances, culminating in a rocking and groaning of branches, dying away with a diminishing roar against the face of the hill. In the pauses of the wind a low mysterious shuddering made itself audible,—a sound of awful majesty, one-toned, undying, afar, as it might be the roar of the great earth-wheel through the gulf of space. With gathering speed Andersen turned round the hill, away from the sight of the river, and entered the tremendous obscurity of the Bush.

Two hours later his pace had increased almost to a run. The long period of hesitation had passed. The impulse of his three months' purpose had spent itself and a fresh impulse taken its place. A rage of animal desire possessed him. His lips moved, his throat checked and swallowed, his eyes glowed like hot coals. A belated horseman coming up the road felt a pricking of the roots of his hair as the mysterious figure slipped past him into the night.

At a few minutes to ten the landlord of the Beach Public-House and a few topers congregated round the bar were startled by the abrupt entry of a fresh customer, whom they recognised as Andersen the Swede. His face was set in hard lines, which, either from the effects of the lamplight or in response to inward emotion, trembled, and again fixed themselves in an expression of fierce expectancy. An immense desire blazed in his eyeballs, going out in front of him to the bright glitter of the spirit-bottles on the shelves. Even as he crossed from the doorway his hands fumbled with his breast-pocket, bringing forth the handkerchief and the cheque. His fingers trembled in his eagerness as he thrust the document forward under the hotel-keeper's eye.

The latter contemplated the cheque

with that combination of nonchalance and suspicion which denotes the frequent handling of such,—good, bad, and indifferent. Then he removed the stub of a cigar from between his teeth, rolled a displaced leaf carefully, and turned to the till.

"What is it, Andersen?"

"Visky."

The hotel-keeper smiled, placed a bottle and tumbler before him in the hospitable colonial fashion, and again moved to the drawer.

With trembling fingers the Swede drew the glass stopper and two-thirds filled the glass. The effect of the draught was electric. The hard muscular contractions of the face relaxed, the animal look died out of the eyes, a perfect placidity overspread the countenance. Hitherto the bystanders had watched the scene in silence, penetrated by a sense of the animality of the act; but now with the return of the human being they stirred, laughed, and drew nearer. One of them, a sottish-looking fellow, his rough clothing powdered with gum-dust, clapped the Swede on the shoulder.

"Well, Swedy," he cried, "how's things?"

"Fill 'em oop," said Andersen hospitably. "Vot dese gentlemen drink?"

"Long shandy, Bob." "Mine's plain whiskey." "Same here." "Schnapps for me."

The hotel-keeper dropped some loose silver back into the till and pushed over the change,—a sovereign short. "Yours whiskey, Andersen? Here you are then." And between the change and the bottle the Swede put the money in his pocket.

"Where you been, Swedy? Gosh! Thought you was dead. Us chaps are off the field. Milward's swamp—a devil of a place. Ever been there? Not in a season like this,



I reckon. The top's like a rock till you get down a bit, and then the gum's not much, eh, Lanky?"

The man addressed as Lanky was a cadaverous creature over six feet in height, with a thin uncouth beard. His forehead was of noble proportions. bulbous, massive, — the headpiece of a great thinker, a philosopher. The eyes were small and shifty, and beneath the eyes the face died away rapidly into boneless insignificance.

"The gum's not a great deal as you say, Chiffers," he returned with a curious harsh irony of tone, "but neither are the diggers. The solid gum comes from solid country, and the men who dig in swamps get corresponding results."

"Stow that," said Chiffers amiably. "None of your damned M.A. business among friends, James Oxenford, Esquire, Master of Arts."

Oxenford looked reflectively at his empty glass. "Have I had this drink," he asked, "or not?"

"Fill oop again," said the Swede, throwing some silver on the counter.

"That's the way to talk," said Chiffers enthusiastically. "Fact is, us chaps have touched bottom on this dive,"—he glanced quickly at his companions—"and things was getting unholy dry with us till you popped in. Mine's same again. We've lasted well howsomever, ain't we, boys, considerin' the quality of the gum?"

The hotel-keeper saw to the replenishing of the glasses, then with a glance at the clock went out and closed the hotel-door. When he returned he screwed down the hotel-lamp and opened the door of a room behind the bar.

"Get in here, chaps," he said, "and not too much noise. We've got a new broom up at the station, and the township's on short allowance till he's done sweeping. That's your style.

You won't mind, Andersen? Yes, thanks, a cigar."

The men filed into the room nursing their glasses. It was a small place, floored with cheap oilcloth and furnished with a horse-hair sofa, a table, and a few bent-wood chairs. A series of pictures of negroes performing fantastically with mules ornamented the walls. The table was covered with a leather cloth, more or less glass-marked; on it lay a triangular scoring-board and a few packs of soiled cards.

Oxenford shouldered his companions aside, and seating himself at the table ran his long skinny hands lovingly over the cards. "Who's for a game?" he asked. "Euchre, bluff, whiskey-poker? Come along."

"If we're going down this tide it's time we made a start," some one objected.

"Damn the tide," said Chiffers. "What'll you play, Swedy?"

"First we fill 'em oop again," Andersen announced. The salient lines of his face had dissolved, leaving an expression of fatuous contentment and goodwill.

"Mr. Andersen is a man of few words," said Oxenford, dealing himself a hand and looking at it; "and every one of them to the point. Mine's a plain whiskey without intoxicants. Take your seats, gentlemen. The lowest deals. Deuce? Rackstraw has it. That's always the way with these men who say nothing. Fortune always favours them. Yes, bluff. There's no game makes greater demand on the sterner qualities, nerve and endurance. It's easy to look a man in the eye and tell him the truth. You need attributes before you can shrivel him with majestic lying. None of that, Chiffers! A shilling in and I'll raise it a bob. What! All stiff? Take a deal, Rackstraw." And Oxenford poured

the contents of the pool into his palm.

Chiffers swore loudly, but more in admiration than in dudgeon; a glimpse of Oxenford's hand as he threw it down had disclosed its paltriness.

The game, punctuated by drinks, continued with varying fortunes for an hour, then the Swede began to lose steadily. The liquor after his long abstinence had muddled him and the muddling began to rouse his anger. He got good hands and failed to win with them, now one, now another beating him by the narrowest margin. At last Chiffers dealt him a flush sequence, king high, and Andersen raised the pool a pound. Every one retired but Oxenford, who raised again. The Swede swore savagely and raised the pool two pounds, and Oxenford, after a momentary hesitation, met him and raised it an equal amount. There was a dead silence in the room, the three non-players watching Andersen keenly but paying little attention to the other player. The Swede, his eyes fierce and blood-shot, pulled out three dirty notes and then a fourth—his last—and called. Oxenford smiled ironically and exposed his hand card by card. "A remarkable coincidence, Mr. Andersen," he said; "I beat you by a point." And he reached out his hand for the pool.

But Andersen, whether suspicious of a trick, or besotted by drink and rage, was before him, and a sudden scuffle ensued. The sound of falling chairs and breaking glasses brought the hotel-keeper hurriedly from the rear of the house. His quick eye took in the scene, and with judgment born of experience he at once ranged himself on the side of the four men who were endeavouring to throw Andersen to the ground. The Swede, a powerful man at any time, now

raged and fought like a madman, but in the end numbers prevailed, and he was forced backward on to the verandah and hurled incontinently on to the beach, his head, as he fell, striking heavily against a post used for mooring boats at high water.

For a few minutes he lay stunned, then raised himself to his knees. The house was closed and in darkness, but he had already forgotten it, and with it the events of the last few hours. His dazzled brain had returned to the earlier part of the evening, and he imagined himself still peering through the stems of the tree ferns at the home of his enemy. But with this difference, that his mood had changed, darkened, and assumed a murderous quality. It seemed that now he learned his wife's treachery for the first time. All the repressed doubts and forebodings of the past few months rose up and took concrete shape in his mind. He had toiled and struggled and denied himself in vain. Every hour in which he had conceived himself drawing nearer to her had only served to cement the bond between her and that other man. And with the thought of him the smothered fire that had revealed itself on occasion in fierce flashes of physical effort glowed into violent flame. He rose to his feet and looked savagely about him. A strong breeze blew off the river, bringing refreshment and with it a half remembrance. The slate-black waves rolled in, broke into phosphorescent ridges, and spread themselves in sheets of pale flame across the sands. He watched them dizzily, and slowly there came to him a clearer understanding of his whereabouts. He remembered coming to the township, the taste of liquor followed by some dim unpleasantness. What it was precisely he could not recollect, but that it had some connection with Beckwith he felt assured.

He scaled the sea-wall on to the road, looked frowningly at the closed door of the hotel, and went his way back through the silent township up the long ascent into the Bush. As he came, so he returned, gathering impetus as he went, conscious of nothing but the black impulse of hatred that drove him. Yet he had formed no plan of action. Drink and the thirst for vengeance had stormed and carried the enfeebled ruins of his better nature; he went forward blindly to do their bidding.

At the cutting on the hill-face below the last steep ascent he paused, as he had paused earlier in the night, and looked across the great hollow to the encompassing hills. It wanted yet an hour of dawn; nevertheless, in one direction, there was a faint glow in the sky, radiating upwards, and gradually gaining in intensity. The night and all within it never mistake the advent of the dawn. Come she concealed in cloud and storm or draped in clinging mists, ere yet her foot has reached the threshold, she is known and acclaimed, and all dwellers in the open,—plant and beast and man—know the expectancy that creeps into the face of night when the immortal event is at hand. But now, beneath that increasing radiance, the earth lay still and unresponsive, the wind breathed in fitful blasts as of old, nothing stirred in the rocked branches; and presently over the hill, red and distorted, in her last quarter, came the creature of the night,—the moon. And with her, as though an evil influence distilled from her into the mind of the solitary watcher, came for the first time a distinct and definite purpose.

The Swede felt hurriedly in his pockets, clutched something in his hand, and with a laugh, like the cry of an animal that sees its prey in

sight, began the ascent of the hill. In a few minutes he had reached the summit and entered the clump of bush which sheltered Beckwith's house.

The sea-wind came up the river, spread itself in the hollow, swept roaring up the hillsides and was gone. The night on its passing became deadly still; not a leaf stirred; so pronounced was the silence that the sudden cracking of a twig assumed extravagant portentousness. Then, again, with all the vigour and freshness of its long journey across the Pacific, came the breeze, a whisper, a flood, an ocean of sound. But with its passing arose a roar mightier than its own, a complex sound; an infinite assemblage of diverse noises, shrieking, cracking, rending, tearing,—a note of majesty and of horror. And with it the sky lightened, appeared to close in, to shut down, forming, as it were, a roseate chamber in the night within whose luminous walls titanic shadows fled hither and thither, assisting at the birth of some awful event. For awhile the doomed Bush stood darkling, expectant; then from the midst of it the monster the night had hatched sprang forth gorgeous, triumphant. With an unholy joy he danced and bounded above his prey, tossing his radiant locks to the four quarters of heaven. In his tremendous presence the Bush shrank all at once into insignificance. For here in his naked glory leapt the earliest and greatest of the primeval gods, more ancient than life, older than the earth and stars, the Creator, the Destroyer. Again, this time unmarked in the hubbub, the wind rolled up the river-floor, paused in the valley, renewed itself, and swept with wide pinions the faces of the hills. With an eagle's swoop it seized the glittering Fire-god, bore him back, hurled him hither and

thither, tore at his flaming hair, scattering it broadcast through the sky. For a while it seemed that the battle must go to the wind; the fiery monster withdrew, lay hidden, roaring angrily in the dry heart of the woods; then insidiously he stretched forth his glittering arms, first one, then another, and locking the shuddering trees in an irresistible embrace, sprang once again erect. In an instant the whole Bush from edge to edge became a seething, rocking mass of flames.

*Fire! Fire!*

Then, insignificant no longer, transfigured rather beyond all living possibilities of loveliness, the Bush stood revealed to its centre. It became less a fire than an incandescence, waxing in brilliance to the point when, as it seemed, it must perforce burst into indistinguishable flame. Every leaf and twig of that fairy forest was wrought and hammered in virgin gold, every branch and trunk was a carved miracle of burnished copper. And from the golden leaves to the golden floor, floating or swiftly, there fell an unceasing rain of crimson flame-petals, of gorgeous flame-fruits. Depth after depth stood revealed, each transcending the last in loveliness. And as the eye sought to penetrate those magic interiors there seemed to open out yet further vistas, beyond belief beautiful, as of the streets of a city incorruptible, walled and towered, lost in the light of a golden, incomparable star.

*Fire! Fire!*

In the face of that vision of glory the cry rang out with all the ineptitude and inappropriateness of the human weakling. On one side the titanic forces of Nature, inexorable, eternal; on the other the man, frail of body, the creature of an hour, matching himself against them.

*Fire! Fire!*

Sheltering his face from the insufferable heat, the Swede hammered madly at the solid house-door. At the back, now utterly unapproachable, the kitchen, the roof, and a part of the main wall were already in flames. A few minutes,—five at the most—would complete the demolition of the house. To right and left the great trees one after another went off like rockets, the roar of their burning foliage shaking the very earth. A deafening crashing of falling timber came at intervals from the Bush beyond.

Frenzied by the continued disregard of his efforts, the Swede turned from the door and rushed full face at one of the windows. Woodwork and glass shivered and splintered at the impact and he rolled bruised and bleeding into the room. Then at last sounds of movement arose in the house itself, and Beckwith, horror struggling with sleep in his eyes, came through a doorway to the sight of the house.

He stood still, staring at his companion. "You, Andersen! Save the boys! For God's sake save the boys! Quick—at the back!"

Like a man demented he turned and rushed back the way he had come.

Andersen darted into the hall and set wide the door; dense clouds of smoke were rolling forward from the back of the building. The first room he tried was empty. He dashed his fists into his eyes to rid himself of the scalding smoke, and penetrated further along the passage.

Was that a human sound, faint and smothered yet articulate, rising above the roaring pandemonium without?

The Swede made a final rush, found a door, opened it, and stumbled, half suffocated, into clearer air. Through the window the light of the blazing forest poured as bright as day, but every pane of glass was cracked and splintered by the terrific heat. On a

broad bed in one corner sat his eldest boy, sobbing aloud and monotonously shaking his three sleeping brothers. "They won't wake, father," he said piteously; "and this is the end of the world."

Andersen caught them up in his arms, bed-clothes and all, but the weight was beyond even his strength, and he set the eldest boy down. "I kom back, Sven," he said, looking into the child's eyes.

"Let me come with you father; I can walk."

"Ach, you can't walk on the burning floor; you got no boots, my poor one. You be a goot boy. I swear to mine Gott, I kom back."

"Oh, father, take me with you now! You will never come back; you never did come back."

The Swede looked through the window into the heart of the hell without, "Hear me, Christ Jesus," he said hoarsely; "dis I leave here is mine eldest sohn. With you I leave him."

Again he caught the three boys in his arms and dashed down the passage on to the verandah. The left side of the house was already in flames, and forks of light darted at him as he ran. Beckwith took the children from him and hurried with them back to the road, and once more Andersen turned to the burning building.

Whatever it had been before it was an act of sublime heroism now. Over the roof the flames were pouring in a living sheet that in a few minutes must envelope the whole house. From the passage, as from the mouth of a tunnel, the red smoke rolled acrid and insufferable. The Swede gathered himself, and with his arms before his

face dashed through flame and smoke to the room. He seized the boy, rolled him in the counterpane, and again turned to the exit. Nor was he an instant too soon, for even as he fled the flames broke through the partition walls and wrapped the right side of the house as the left in a cyclone of fire.

Choking, scorched, half blinded, he reached the verandah and leapt down. He saw a group of persons across the road, and Beckwith hurrying forward to meet him. All around the scene was brilliantly illuminated, he could make out the approaching man's face as clearly as if it were mid-day. And even as he caught sight of him he saw him pause and his face stiffen in sudden horror. Then he became aware of a stupendous roaring, of a dazzling light above, behind,—where exactly he knew not—and of voices calling to him warningly, supplicatingly, despairingly, from the group on the road. Of what was happening he had no knowledge, but in that instant there came to him an inspiration, and he acted on it. Drawing back his arms as he ran he hurled the boy forward full into Beckwith's breast. It was a feat of tremendous strength, such as none but a frenzied man would have attempted or succeeded in performing. And as the child left his arms there sprang up all around him a great and dazzling glory as of the kingdom of Heaven opened. For an instant he gazed into it, knew it as his heritage, and in that knowledge passed into eternal sleep.

But the agonised group on the road saw only the horror and splendour of the falling tree.

*(To be continued.)*

## HALTING JUSTICE

IN a recent number of this magazine I ventured to suggest an alternative to the proposal, emanating from high legal quarters, that more judges should be appointed in order to check the accumulation of arrears at the Law Courts.<sup>1</sup> My suggestion took the shape of a reform of the wasteful Circuit system, which would check the drain upon the judicial strength, and leave more judges available for the Courts. To the instances of flagrant waste of time on Circuit then produced others have since been added. For instance, Mr. Justice Lawrence has been called away to Beaumaris to try one case, and Mr. Justice Channell, at Maidstone, has been provoked to complain that half the cases in his Calendar might easily have been dealt with at Quarter Sessions. But my present purpose is not to produce fresh proof of a sufficiently proven fact; the Circuit system may be left to supply its own condemnation through such incidents as those afore-said.

The grievance of delay is due to no solitary cause. It is refreshed and fostered by many circumstances, of which the drafting away of judges on needless journeys is, nevertheless, the chief. For these additional causes search must be made not north, south, east, or west of the Metropolis, but within the precincts of the High Courts. Neither must they necessarily be looked for in the intricacies of legal procedure, confounding as they are. Without treading upon the perilous ground of contempt the view

may be ventured that there is such a thing as judicial lethargy, or sluggishness, or slowness, all varieties of the same ailment, and possibly also (which is an even more venturesome proposition) judicial incompetence, in the sense not of actual attainments but of the judicial instinct and faculty. Lacking these latter qualities your cleverest, soundest judge may be a drag upon the car of administrative law. It would be unreasonable to expect that every judge should have the lightning grasp of essentials, the quick digestion of legal documents, that distinguished Sir George Jessel, who never wrote a judgment, but made up his mind on the spot, and earned for the Rolls Court in Chancery Lane a reputation for legal rapidity. But surely it is not too much to require in every judge such a moderate degree of speed as a quick-living age demands. Yet it is by chance more than by intent that our Judicial Bench takes unto itself at intervals a man of quick decision; the quality has apparently no bearing on selection, even when likely candidates are equal in other respects.

The matter is by no means a trifling one. It is no answer to say that what one judge lacks in speed another makes up. For the strange thing that happens is this,—the slowness of an individual judge seems to set the stamp of slowness on a whole Division. In other words the strength of the chain is governed by its weakest link. It is of little use Mr. Justice Swift insisting that, "It's a case of rabbits; let us keep to rabbits," if Mr. Justice Slow demands that hares and part-

<sup>1</sup> MORE JUDGES? by Frederick Payler. February, 1905.

ridges shall also be subjects for argument. The cause lists will contain many untried actions at the end of the terms when such procedure obtains.

The state of things at the present time supplies an excellent illustration of this point, and, moreover, proves beyond dispute that sustained energy and boldness may go far to remove complaints of a hopeless state of litigation at the Law Courts. Two years ago the position of the Court of Appeal was deplorable. He was a fortunate appellant whose case was heard within twelve months of its being set down for hearing. Happily their Lordships saw the danger, framed a policy, and pursued it. What has been the result? Business in the Division was never in a healthier condition than it now is. At the commencement of Hilary Term there were forty-one cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act standing in the list. They were grappled with, and in a fortnight were all disposed of. As for the new trial and final papers, they are within measurable distance of being brought up to date. The Chancery and Admiralty appeals alone give cause for anxiety. In short, such progress has been made that towards the end of the term their Lordships felt justified in taking a few days' rest, for which no reasonable man will blame them. All this has been secured by commencing the term with a set purpose and adhering to it. The cases have not been on the whole simpler than before, but there has been a masterful spirit abroad, a disposition to make headway, and a not too great exactness as to adjourning the Courts on the stroke of four.

In the Chancery Division, once the symbol for delay, a still better state of things exists. Here there is no weak link in the chain, but the metal is solid throughout and more than

equal to any strain likely to be put upon it. Timorousness has no place on the bench of any one of the six Courts,—the timorousness that seeks to please all parties and succeeds in pleasing none, such as earned for Lord Keeper Bridgman his reputation for creating delay. Cromwell tried to remedy the delay which had made the Court of Chancery a by-word in his time by ordering that every case should be tried on the day it was entered. An authority states that in those unhappy times there were 20,000 causes depending in Chancery, some of thirty years' standing, and that there was absolutely no established practice, for what was done one day was undone the next. Although we have not yet realised Cromwell's blessed dictum, we have progressed a very long way towards doing so, and that without resorting to the device of Lord Enniskillen, who, having a dispute with an elderly lady about a strip of land, settled it with a toss of the coin. Whereas five or six years ago twelve months usually elapsed before a Chancery suit entered was reached, now half as many weeks is not an unusual interval, and one explanation is not to be found in a smaller number of suits.

For all practical purposes the Chancery Division is abreast of its work. Indeed it is ahead of its work, for during a considerable part of Hilary Term one or more of the judges were assisting their brethren of the Common Law Division through lack of work to employ them in their own Courts. It was not always so. At a not very distant date the Common Law judges were frequently called upon to assist the Equity side. But the experiment was not successful. The judge accustomed to dealing with verbal evidence became tedious with abstruse legal documents

before him; he was like a fish out of water. It is different with the Equity judge engaged upon non-jury cases at Common Law. He has the advantage of being familiar both with the evidence of witnesses and documentary evidence; he has the faculty of getting to the core of a matter at once; he knows when to skip and when to pause. The result is an expedition in the hearing of this kind of case by Chancery judges not always to be found in a King's Bench Court. Lists are thinned out with strange rapidity. Officials sitting in the Courts bear testimony to this facility; and none venture to suggest that the decisions entered are less just than elsewhere. It is not a case of "more haste less speed" or of that "swift injustice" attributed to Vice-Chancellor Sir John Leach. Glancing through the list of judges it cannot be alleged that those most expeditious in their methods are the least sound in their conclusions. Rather could evidence be cited to the contrary.

But it is only the sound judge who can afford to act decisively. So it is also the strong judge alone who can afford to rely upon himself rather than depend upon Case Law. Chief Baron Kelly was a conspicuous example of the man who may be a good judge without being a slave to precedents, which foster laborious argument, encourage delay, and sometimes lead to inequitable results. It was said of him that he had a lively contempt for the legal bookshelf, and preferred to trust to general, equitable principles rather than to decided cases which might have doubtful resemblance in essentials to the matter in hand. Unquestionably this consistent appeal to precedent is a sign of the mind uncertain of its own powers, and a fruitful cause of wasted time. With truth it has been called a vice of the time. It is a two-edged

weapon, dangerous to toy with, for though it serves to preserve something like uniformity in decisions, it operates also to perpetuate unjust decisions. Happily some of our best legal intellects are striving to dethrone Case Law from the position of arbitrary dominance in which some have placed it. Not very long ago a puisne judge decided a case in a certain way on the assumption that he was bound by precedent, but the Court of Appeal took a freer view and overruled him. This is evidence of a quickening intelligence tending in the direction of hastening business.

The tangible result, then, of astute minds bearing upon ordinary cases is a reasonable rapidity in clearing the lists. That much is obvious to all; but there is an even more certain result, not so patent to casual observers, yet often remarked upon by people professionally concerned. When it becomes known that a Chancery judge is dealing with Common Law cases there is a stimulated disposition to settle cases out of Court. Suits not reached one day mysteriously disappear from the lists before next day. It would seem that any lingering hope of pulling through a bad case receives a rude shock and is dissipated. Thus the Law gains in a double sense,—in reputation, and in relief from pressure. By no means must this be taken as a wholesale elevation of the Chancery judges to the disparagement of their brethren of the Common Law side. It is questionable whether similar results would follow were the Equity judges entrusted with jury cases. The facts really point to a failure to make the best use of the machinery at hand. Judges are apportioned to Divisions on a principle laid down in the Judicature Acts and based on the advocacy of Lord Brougham, namely, the principle that certain judges shall take



business of a certain character. It is a principle sound in theory, and possibly defective in practice only in this particular connection. That the Common Law judge is usually not so keen at fathoming intricate matters as his Chancery colleague is not his fault, but the fault of his training. The fact remains, however, that the Chancery judge on account of his training is not only unassailable in his own special department but, taken man for man, has the advantage of his Common Law brother in a class of case which is outside his ordinary purview. Lamentable as the delay in King's Bench litigation now is, one surmises with a shudder what it would have been had the Chancery judges not come to the rescue over and over again. It would really appear, indeed, that a judge permanently transferred from the Chancery side to the King's Bench Division would not be a bad disposition of strength as matters now stand, for while in the one branch their Lordships have not work enough to employ their time, in the other there is a chronic glut of business.

All the more desirable is it that the judicial mind should be alert in face of Mr. Justice Walton's statement at the recent Liverpool Assizes, after hearing a case which had lasted a week, "All trials are getting longer nowadays." This applies to civil and criminal proceedings alike, and among the chief causes are to be numbered the increasing subtlety of the legal mind, a deficient sense of proportion between the issues involved and the cost of the remedy, and the increase in the number of actions affecting wealthy Companies with well filled war-chests. All these things have a bearing on the length of a law-suit. Of late years Company matters have increased prodigiously, and no class of case is fought out more bitterly, or

with greater attention to detail. If one or two of these causes stand in the list during the Circuit periods, and the staff of judges at the Courts is small, the effect on other cases is disastrous. It is interesting to recall a few recent cases that confirm Mr. Justice Walton's statement as to the tendency of litigation in modern times, and the selection will testify that it is not to any particular Division, but to all alike, that his remarks apply so far as the High Courts are concerned. Take the Divorce Division. The *Hartopp v. Hartopp* and *Cowley* case occupied thirteen whole days, demanded the attendance of fourteen counsel, and entailed the calling of fifty-five witnesses. The *Pollard v. Pollard* intervention proceedings occupied eleven days, as a mere preliminary to prosecutions at the Old Bailey which ran away with many weeks. *J. and P. Coates v. Crosland*, a Chancery matter, employed Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady and sixteen counsel more than a fortnight. Ten days were absorbed in the King's Bench Division with the case *Denaby Main Colliery Company v. The Mines Association*. The slander action of *Siever v. Duke*, took a full week; and the huge bulk of time allotted to the *London and Globe* case may be gauged from the fact that it kept twenty-three lawyers busily employed, the largest number probably ever briefed in a single trial. But it is not only in these big cases that the leaning is towards prolonged hearings. The same tendency is noticeable in much smaller matters, and must be taken as one among lesser factors in the production of arrears.

One is tempted, when referring to business at the Law Courts, to stray somewhat on a wider and perhaps more generally attractive field of contemplation,—the love of litigation, which is, after all, the initial cause of

the discord created by arrears. Your average man of pugnacious temperament delights to "have the law" on his neighbour; and your woman, too, for there are hosts of Widow Blackacres, pertinacious as Wycherley's original. Take the case, for instance, of the confirmed litigant Mrs. Cathcart, now adjudged "incapable of managing herself or her affairs," of the late Miss Gertrude Jenner, familiar in the Courts for half a century, of Mrs. Druce, the irrepressible claimant to the Portland estates, and of Mrs. Weldon, who brought so many actions against public men that she was declared to know more law than most lawyers. There is a fascination about legal warfare difficult of comprehension by the quiet, retiring individual. It fixes only upon certain temperaments, and once established rarely releases its victim. Dissipation is not a more masterful affliction. Sir John Macdonell tells us in his latest judicial statistics that in the year 1903 one person in every twenty of the population found occasion to go to law.

No actuarial calculation should tell with even approximate exactness the actual financial cost of this indulgence. The full cost of an action never finds place in any public record, but such expenditure as comes within the cognisance of the High Court alone reached, in 1903, the enormous sum of £1,561,975. And how much real satisfaction to the litigants did this bring? A victory at law is often a poor thing, leaving many a sting behind. The wise man, unless his honour be assailed and calls for public reinstatement, fights shy of a lawsuit, even though he is assured of victory if he fights, and suffers slight damage by his reticence. None give heartier endorsement to this proposition than the judges themselves. While conducting an assize

case at Birmingham in January last, Mr. Justice Bucknill backed up an appeal to the parties to come to a settlement with these well-considered words: "I know a great deal more about the law than you do. I have been in the law since 1868, and I can tell you my own experience is this,—if you can meet your enemy half-way it is much better to do so than to fight to the bitter end, even supposing you are right." Other judges have propounded the same idea, and from such sources the words carry weight.

But the fighting spirit dominates and men fly to law on the slightest provocation, regardless of the cost of the remedy they are espousing, and knowing still less of its pitfalls. Not many months ago Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., applied for leave to appeal in a matter which involved the recovery of the modest sum of £50, and yet had cost at the first trial £1,000. The appeal would run away with little short of another £1,000. A few years ago £600 was spent in Chancery proceedings over a matter which with the exercise of a compromising spirit could have been set right for £5. The Law may be stupid, as some declare, or it may not be; it certainly is a ravenous consumer of hard-earned gains. Seven days trial in the Great Lake George Mines case cost the defendants alone £15,000, and the plaintiffs about the same figure. In *Cavendish v. Strutt* (the notorious *Planchette* case) £7,000 changed hands before a result was obtained. The Law ate up £20,000 in settling the disputes between Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Cohen, and a similar sum was necessary to satisfy justice in the action between Lord Suffield and the same defendant; while a *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court, which not long ago swallowed up £15,000, was so little decisive in

result that a new trial has been necessary, fortunately a more effectual and less costly one. These were all matters unquestionably in which a few thousands more or less did not much matter to the litigants, but to obtain the same results the poor man would have to face the same drain. People of moderate means, and people who are absolutely poor, would do well, before launching upon the troubled waters of litigation, to pause and heed the wholesome advice, given with studied conviction, by the General Federation of Trade Unions, when reporting upon the second Taff Vale trial, which had cost between £15,000 and £20,000: "We are perfectly satisfied that litigation is too expensive a luxury for working men, either acting as individuals or in association." There is Mr. Justice Bucknill's declaration fortified by concrete experience!

An overlapping and delicate question arises consecutively in relation to this very interesting subject,—how far does the lower branch of the legal profession perform its duty in regard to the advising of clients? The question is an extremely pertinent one, and need be put under no stigma of impropriety. It is often raised in the Courts; judges not infrequently question the soundness of the advice which brings matters to public trial. Of solicitors as a body it cannot be gainsaid that their advice is honest and impartial; but it is equally incontrovertible that many a client sanctions the issue of a writ without having had the benefit of that disinterested advice as to his prospects of success which he pays for and is entitled to receive. There is admittedly a class of adviser whose mind is applied more to the question of costs than to the interests of the client. A well-worn story illustrates the point. In a small country parish was an old practitioner,

the only one of his profession. From being fairly lucrative, his business had diminished until it brought in hardly any revenue. Depressed and disappointed, he communicated to a friend his intention of quitting the place as he had nothing to do. "Don't do that," said the friend. "Wait a bit; there's another solicitor coming to settle here; you'll soon have plenty of business." The suggestion was, obviously, that clients would be turned to mutual profit through being urged to fight each other. The story may lack veracity, but it serves to point a well-known fact in professional ethics. Unnecessary and vexatious litigation is too common to be overlooked, and although there are clients who from pique or pride will insist upon it, there is no question that they sometimes receive encouragement in quarters where it should by all the rules of fair dealing be withheld. "The parties should never have been allowed to come here," sternly remarked a King's Bench judge very recently; and it was plain to all observers that he was right.

That matters are capable of amicable settlement is proved over and over again by incidents that do not meet the eye, or escape the observation, of the public. An action that would readily have been submitted to the tribunal of one judge, is hastily withdrawn on terms should it be transferred to another judge of different methods and reputation. Reference has already been made to the singular facility displayed in settling Common Law actions that have been transferred to an astute Chancery judge. Clearly these cases are for the most part of a class that ought never to have been entered at all; but they continue to swell the lists and are a factor in creating arrears. To decry litigation as a

whole would be as foolish as useless. No age ever did without it, or ever could. But it is too often forgotten that the right application of legal assistance consists in smoothing away friction and not in increasing it, in relieving the Courts of as much work as possible and not in thrusting it upon them. The bearing of this topic upon the subject of the present paper is, therefore, not inconsiderable. Arrears would be fewer if clients were wiser and their advisers sometimes more candid with them. And candour in this connection would be all but universal were there a certainty that the matters at issue would, if contested, come up for adjudication before men keen-witted and wise by instinct and by training. Can all our judges accurately be said to conform to that description? When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor his dispatch of business was so marked

that it was facetiously said of him :

When *More* some years had Chancellor been  
No *more* suits did remain;  
The same shall never *more* be seen  
Till *More* be there again.

Chancery speed has wavered a good deal since that electric period, and although no ghost of More has sprung up to point the prophesy, the advancement made has been remarkable. On April 8th, 1902, a writ was issued in a Chancery suit, and not only were all the forms gone through but the action was tried and decided by May 12th. Such despatch would not have been dreamed of half-a-dozen years ago. When it spreads to the King's Bench Division two of the severest pains and penalties bred of litigation will have been removed,—prolonged anxiety and ruinous cost.

FREDERICK PAYLER.

## THE COTTAGE BY THE WATERS.

THERE is a small village lying three miles off the great highway which runs northward through the eastern counties. It is not a Highland village, for the hills are behind it, and before it are the fields of the garden of Scotland; but it is remote from towns and sequestered from their turmoil in an unbroken Sabbath calm. And the people are not unlike the place, men of simple manners and speech whose modest destiny is unclouded by ambition and after quiet years of honest labour is finally accomplished in peace. In the village itself there is nothing to detain the eye or excite curiosity, though the country-side is as famous in history and tradition as any in the land. In days long passed away the wild hillmen visited its fertile plains with fire and sword, descending like a vagrant and destroying tempest upon the white fields of the south country. Within its borders are a few of the great houses of the old nobility and gentry, some of them fallen now into neglect and buried from sight in the confusion of impenetrable thickets and the rank misgrowths of a hundred years. Here, too, is the very ground on which were pleaded not in vain the great causes of religion and liberty, pleaded with the eloquence of the sword and the persuasion of heroic example. But not a trace of these tumults and embroilments remains to memorialise the bitterness of the past. They are recorded in history and not written across the face of the land, though it may well be that they to whom the land has passed as a heritage still keep some record of bygone

struggles in the quiet independence and simple nobility of their lives; but looking (it seems only yesterday) upon this angle of the great valley of Strathmore under the stars of a night in summer I fell in love with the fancy that in such a habitation God rested from His labours, and that the primal blessing of peace has never since departed beyond its gates.

The cottage by the Waters is distant from the village about one quarter of a mile. It stands by the road-side, but it does not stand alone. The more pretentious dwelling of the exciseman is exactly opposite to it, and less than a stone's throw farther along the road there is another cottage not unlike that which I am about to describe. These three houses grouped together form a kind of outpost from the village. On both sides of the road the ground rises steeply to a considerable height; in fact the road follows the course of a small stream running between the wooded slopes of the hills, and this little outpost of houses in the valley the villagers call the Waters. From the Waters nothing is visible of the village itself except the kirk and manse which are built upon the hill; but if some magic were to transform this upland village into a city then assuredly the Waters would become a suburb. The little road-side cottage at the Waters I have known now for many a year. My earliest recollections of it date back to the misty antiquity of childhood. Before circumstances made the existence of an exciseman necessary in the district, I often lived under the roof which now shelters him and a large and rapidly accumulating

family. To me the cottage by the Waters was always something of a mystery. It was mysterious then; and after a lapse of many years, during which I came to an intimate acquaintance with its inmates, I doubt if the charm which it wove round my childhood has been altogether dispelled. Not that the cottage itself possessed any special charm, for a more commonplace dwelling of its kind could not be found from end to end of the land. Its whitewashed walls are naked and not, as might have been the case, embowered in roses or covered with trailing plants. It falls far short of the ideal, even such an ideal as De Quincey worked into his vision of perfect happiness, a cottage which was not only charming to the eye but restful to the heart. Without, it was fair to look upon; and within it boasted a drawing-room or library in which the master sat at ease by the blazing logs with a volume of German metaphysics and an eternal teapot, the liquid comforter administered from the fair hands and with the radiant smiles of beauty. Such was the cottage of a scholar; but not such is the cottage by the Waters, the cottage that I know.

No, there was nothing in those bare walls which captured my early fancy; and once I had won a welcome within there was still less which pertained to a reasonable ideal. But this lowly and somewhat unprepossessing habitation screened from the public gaze the private life of two people whose history and habits made full amends to me for the uninteresting appearance of their dwelling-place. The sole inhabitants of the cottage were a mother and son whose contrasted characters and manners of life would have furnished the leisure of a philosopher with ample employment. Much of a philosopher I, who had not come into my 'teens, could not

have been, but I watched the movements of my unknown friends on the other side of the road with absorbing interest. Even then the mother was an old woman, very old with a little brown face and a brow upon which age and care had ploughed deep furrows. When she walked she stooped as one far gone in years to whom the additional lease of life entailed naught but labour and sorrow. I used to see her moving about her garden and leaning heavily upon her staff. Never once from the first time my eyes rested upon that little bent figure did I see her beyond the garden gate; and my acquaintanceship with her lasted for at least a dozen years. A great part of the summer day she seemed to live in her garden, dividing her attention between the poultry at the back of her dwelling and the gooseberry bushes in front of it. She was out early in the morning feeding her fowls and muttering the while to herself or to them; and after sundown she was still there, always alone, always moving restlessly about, and nearly always talking to herself, though scarce above a whisper. She was always dressed alike, morning and evening, week-day and Sabbath. She wore a kind of black mutch which entirely covered her head except the little brown withered face. For all her great age her eyes were as bright as a young girl's. Time, which had humiliated the pride of youth, which had bent her body almost to the ground and written the language of decay across her forehead, which had turned her hair white and thin and wasted to ashes the vital fires, time, I say, had yet left her eyes as dark, as keen, as lustrous as when in the heyday of youth they had looked out upon the world some seventy or eighty years ago. The figure of this aged woman, with the bright eyes lighting up under her mutch the old

shrivelled face, wrapped round the shoulders with a shawl, bowed almost to the ground under a great burden of years and supported with a staff, this figure as it hirkled about the garden from the morning dews till the sunset was what commended itself to the speculation of my earliest years.

The other inhabitant of the cottage was her son ; the relationship, when I first heard of it, struck me dumb with astonishment. To judge by his looks, one would warrant him already an old man, though well set up for his years. In stature he was tall, and his carriage had something of stateliness. His hair was turning from grey to white, but else his face and brow were unruffled by age. His demeanour was grave, grave, I fancied, almost to sternness, but his eyes (they were his mother's eyes) were kind as well as keen. He, too, affected only one fashion of dress, but the dress was of a man belonging to a different life from that which his mother and his neighbours knew. He always wore a black coat and a soft felt hat ; and this dress, unknown to others except on a Sabbath, made his figure singular in the street and surrounded him with much rustic awe and reverence. He had no vocation which called him from home, or even beyond his own door. He was neither clergyman nor physician, and that puzzled me much. With the peddling industries of the village he had not a shadow of concern. He sat alone in his pew in the parish kirk, though he was often absent. To scarcely anyone did he talk, for there were few people to talk to, even if he had been minded to do so ; but the wish, I think, he never entertained. His speech was not of a quality to be acquired in that neighbourhood, and could never have been learned from his mother. She

spoke nothing but the plain Scots in unaffected purity, while her son spoke like a man who had been bred far beyond his native hills.

At first I knew nothing of them but what I saw with my eyes. What was the manner of their life, what kind of house they kept, I had no means of knowing. But a day came when the mistress of the cottage invited me into her garden. After that I went often, and one day she invited me into her house. So my acquaintanceship with her ripened, and through her with her son. My recollections of them are hazarded upon visits paid to the cottage during a considerable number of years ; but from the first there was something about the mother of this son so unlike herself which, like a magnet, attracted my steps to the cottage by the Waters. Her age was indeed great even when I knew her first. She had been born some years before the battle of Waterloo, and at the time of my first conversation with her it wanted less than a decade of the twentieth century. 'Twas a marvellous age, I thought, and to me she became more sacred and venerable and full of wisdom than was ever the holy oracle of Delphi to the Greeks. It was this air of antiquity which fascinated me and made the kitchen of her cottage like a temple of ancient days. Here, in the kitchen, I never saw the master. He lived apart in what he called the other end, whither I went to find him when my business and inclination lay that way. But it was in the kitchen that she always entertained me, for there I suppose she lived. She used to dust a chair and place it in a good light, bidding me sit down while she stood before me like an ancient priestess, leaning always upon her staff and watching my face with her keen dark eyes. Not up to the very last did her mind fall

into dotage ; but there was always a haunting note of melancholy in her voice, and that though her life had been singularly uneventful and happy. It was a melancholy which was not querulous, but which was inseparable from old age. She seemed to feel that the candle was burning low in the socket, and that between the mortal twilight and the immortal dawn the distance for her was swiftly ebbing away.

So she used to stand before me and talk while I listened. The interior of such a room as she inhabited has often furnished a theme for the brushes of the best masters, and is familiar enough even to those who have no personal acquaintance with the original. A perpetual twilight seemed to linger there, so that the firelight danced and played upon the walls in shuddering gleams. A bed screened off with red curtains, a few wooden chairs and a table, a dresser covered with some ancient pieces of crockery, a few prints on the walls,—these homely articles made all but the full tale of furniture. The floor of the room was paved with sandstone, and a huge pot swung across the hearth. There was nothing else that I remember, except an ancient eight-day clock which ticked mournfully in a corner with the rhythm of an Ionian elegy. It used to keep time with a line of Simonides which would go marching through my head with its threnetic burden of prophecy, that the race of man must fade like the leaves of the forest. I can remember most of her speeches, though to quote them might be a thankless task, and to translate them from their native Scotch would mar them sadly. She repeated herself so far as to recount the same tales on every occasion that I visited her, but the effect of their repetition was to invest them with the solemnity and impressive mono-

tony of a ritual, and to touch them with an indescribable quality of pathos. She had only one grievance, and the telling of it was the inevitable preface of all her conversation. She had once been injured by the calumny of a friend, and the undeserved taunts had stabbed the old woman's heart with mortal pain. It was ancient history when I came to know her, but she never forgot the injury, though her caluminator had long since gone to her account. She always closed the narrative with an absolution pronounced upon the woman who wronged her. "But she's deid noo, yea, yea," as if death had brought their differences to a final adjustment. "Yea, yea," were the words with which she ended all her speeches, and her *yea, yea* was as much a benediction as a sigh.

The master lived apart in the other end. The room in which he spent his days might have passed for the chamber of an ascetic, and such indeed it was. It was meagrely furnished, and what furniture it did contain was none of the most comfortable. Upon the walls there were two pictures that kept very ill company. They were both portraits, one of a famous Moderator of the General Assembly, the other of Robert Burns ; and they stared at each other across the breadth of the little room with mutual animosity. The mistress of the cottage was a kinswoman of the national poet, whose family had migrated from the north-east country to the west land ; and so the portrait of Robert the rhymmer was counted among the *imagines* of the household. But neither mother nor son seemed to pride themselves much upon the advantage of such a connection. The room was, in fact, the museum and laboratory of a man of science. Instruments of various sorts lay upon the table and every avail-



able space in the apartment was filled with huge volumes containing diagrams and cryptic scriptures to which my eye was a blind and undiscerning stranger. Had it not been the splendid sunset of the nineteenth century that shone upon him, had it been the light of the Dark Ages in which this retired scholar pursued his studies, he would have been reckoned a dealer in magic. If not an astrologer, certain he was an astronomer; and his telescope often stood in the garden aiming at the sun or stars. His aged mother, I think, had grave doubts about those attempts to decipher the mysteries of the Infinite, though they were suffered to slumber in silence. She had been bred up in the knowledge of one book, and had got no tincture of carnal learning. Sometimes she would steal upon us unobserved while the mysterious charts were outspread before us. All the scientific apparatus with which her son employed himself, his telescopes, microscopes, instruments of measurement, diagrams, charts, and so forth, she knew not how to name. To her without discrimination they were simply the "things," for the prouder designations with which they had been baptised her tongue had never mastered. And after a covert glance at the things and at us she would retreat hastily to her own quarters, talking softly to herself and closing her spoken meditation with a mournful *yea, yea*.

The things occupied the chief place of honour in the master's room, and besides them there was little else. His books were uniformly upon topics relative to abtruse learning, and my heart seldom warmed at the sight of them. Only one friend did I find among them, an old copy of good Sir Thomas Browne, to whom the hermit of the cottage was entirely devoted. His life was as solitary as his mother's,

although he went further afield. He had little intercourse with the minister of the parish, who strayed indolently among the luxurious pastures of literature, or wandered at his ease across the quiet fields of philosophy,—and those not the most rigid. Perhaps my friend was proud of his learning, which raised him above the gross rusticity of his environment; and if he were challenged to a debate he might have proved something of a dogmatist, if not absolute in his opinions. I was his sole audience, and out of the chancery of his wisdom he dispensed in my ears secrets of the stars, and of the rocks, and of the myriad life that peopled the floors of the primeval seas, until finally he entered upon the diviner conclusions of his philosophy deduced from the universal manuscript which Nature had unrolled before his eyes. I know not if he loved, as his mother did, the great book in which she read in the evening, when the lamp was lit and the shutters closed against the gathering gloom. Sure I am that he revered her in the white and feeble winter of her years even more than when, out of that same book, she laboured over his first lessons upon which, as a foundation, he had raised that quiet edifice of knowledge to be the comforter of his solitude and the pride and stay of his life.

In this fashion they lived together in the cottage by the Waters. One of them had passed all her days in that quiet strath, seldom journeying into the southern towns, and resting well content with the simplicity of her surroundings. The century was young when she was young: it and she had grown old together, and were now fallen upon the last decline; but her world knew little that was changed. In her childhood the trumpets of war were ringing over other lands, and the smoke of battle was drifting across their fields; but it was upon the same

peaceful strath under the shadow of the unchanging hills that the sun in those far off days rose in the fresh mornings out of the eastern sea, and at his setting crowned with his expiring fires the dark brows of Cloch na Ben. In only one particular was there a change against which there was no remedy; she had outstayed the last of her friends in the scenes of her youth. Some had crossed the seas to far countries and had passed beyond her ken; most had travelled to a still further country from which no tidings ever came. 'Tis no wonder if her voice was wistful, when every memory had its burden of regret and her present was peopled with spectres of the past, while she herself stood upon the brink of the last things.

With the other it was different. He had been abroad in the world and learned much, though what he learned he thought it well to keep to himself. What he wrote and said he never intended to travel beyond the walls of his cottage. He was contented that the remainder of his days should be lived where they had their beginning, where he would inherit his mother's last blessing, and enjoy the companionship of his books, those stout friends, unobtrusive and human too,

which are peace and plenty to those that love them. I remember well the last I saw of them both before the inevitable separation. It was in the spring of the year when the bitter breath of the winds blew kindlier from the hills, and the fields and woods of the low country were gently unlocking themselves from the cold embrace of winter. As she bade me farewell her trembling hands pressed into mine a small package of eggs which she always liked me to take with me to the south. Then, with the privilege of more years than fall to the lot of most, she pronounced in my ears the solemn words of remembrance from the Preacher, to be mindful of the better life while the evil days come not and the years when man shall take no pleasure in them. Not long after came her release under that Royal Hand whose writs visit the outermost shores of life. I never saw her again, and the master lives kithless and kinless now in his cottage by the Waters. But he told me that in her second childhood she had looked to him as to her mother, until among the wet violets of early summer, when the grave has no dishonour, he gently returned her to the common mother of us all.

DANIEL JOHNSTON.

## HENRY HUDSON, NAVIGATOR.

EVEN homekeeping Englishmen can understand something of the fascination of the East. It has so much that the West has not; colour and spicy smells, an older civilisation and older religions than ours, and an immemorial leisure wherein life passes slowly and nothing is ever sudden or hurried, save only death. These are attractions beside which our drab lives of toil and haste seem sordid, petty, undignified. But who shall analyse the stranger fascination of the North? Who can explain why the man who has once been touched by the frozen breath of the Pole must needs return to its white solitudes—

Where no man comes,  
Or hath come since the making  
of the world?

Are the souls of men subject to the same magnetic attraction as the needle of the compass, or is there some secret, elusive charm in living in the midst of lifelessness such as could only be likened to the dawn of creation, before the earth became fertile, or the beasts brought forth after their kind? What else should induce men who have endured the dreary changelessness of the long Arctic day, or seen the long Arctic night flicker with the fantastic flames of the Aurora Borealis, to return again and yet again from the homely English sea-port towns, only to wander in such bleak misery as would have stayed the hungry heart of Ulysses himself, and sent him back to gaunt Ithaca, to roam no more?

Of all the men whose veins have been filled with the chill fever of the

North, none has become more legendary than Henry Hudson. Washington Irving, and the story of Rip van Winkle, have woven around his name something of horror and mystery that chills the blood. The thunder that rolls and crashes among the Kaatskill Mountains gives warning that Hudson and the men who died with him are playing at bowls to while away the long ages of their waiting, till the sea gives up its dead and they may find rest. The grim Dutch imagination has fastened upon Hudson and Vanderdecken and made them the heroes of the two grimmest legends of the sea; yet in their actual lives Hudson was only a great seaman, and Vanderdecken an unlucky one. It is somewhat hard upon them that they should come to be regarded as unquiet ghosts burdened with a curse no less pitiless than that which was earned by the Wandering Jew.

Hudson must have been at least forty when he died, but nothing is known of his life before the last four years of it. A certain Henry Herdson, or Hudson, alderman of London and one of the founders of the Muscovy Company, has been suggested as his grandfather; and the relationship is the more likely because it is certain that some of his name and kin were interested in the Company. It may have been upon their recommendation that he was first appointed to the command of a ship in the Company's service in 1607. Of his early training and previous voyages nothing is known; the beginning of his history is as mysterious as its end. He was born, no one knows where, and he

died, no one knows how. He comes into our knowledge on the quarter-deck of a ship bound for the Pole; he goes out of it in a crazy boat manned by eight sick men, and so fades away into the dim haze that hangs about the desolate ice-floes.

The spirit of exploration that awoke with Columbus at the end of the fifteenth century never slept during the sixteenth. There had always been a vague tradition of a continent to the West. The mythical stories of St. Brandan, of Maeldune, and Madoc; the legendary voyages "to Vineland" of Biorn, Leif Ericsson, and Karlsefni; the tradition of Friar Nicholas of Lynn, and the doubtful voyage of the Venetians, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, in the fourteenth century, all pointed to the existence of a Western land. Greenland was fairly well known, and had been at one time colonised. There was a considerable trade between England and Iceland early in the fourteenth century. If the stories of Thylde and William Canyng of Bristol are to be relied upon, Columbus was not the first seaman of his day to sail across the Atlantic; and there were others beside John Cabot who sought the new land in northern latitudes and believed they had discovered a passage through it to the western ocean beyond.

Already the quest had had its tragedies. Master Hore, a tall lawyer who was learned in geography, sailed in 1536, with a hundred sailors and thirty gentlemen from the Inns of Court, to seek the passage to the north-west. Captain Wade was in command of the expedition, and the ships were the *TRINITY*, of 140 tons, and the *MINION*. They reached Cape Breton, where they found thousands of the now extinct Great Auks. They revictualled their ships with these rare fowl, but the unlucky expedition ended in starvation, assassina-

tion, and cannibalism. They ate one another; but as neither Great Auks nor lawyers sufficed for the subsistence of the survivors, they resorted to piracy. It was then so much the rule at sea that it was scarcely regarded as a crime; they plundered a French ship on the high seas, and so made their way home.

In 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby sought a passage to Cathay by the north-east. This route was first suggested in 1527 by Robert Thorne, an English merchant long resident in Seville, who wrote to Henry the Eighth to advocate short routes to the Islands of Spicery by the north-east, the north-west, or even directly across the Pole. He estimated that either of these would be 2,000 leagues shorter than the Portuguese road round the Cape, and he offered to make the attempt himself, declaring his belief that Labrador, sighted by John Cabot in 1497, was "all one with the Indies." Willoughby was the first to attempt the north-east route, and with his seventy men was frozen to death in Arzina Bay on the coast of Lapland; but Richard Chancellor, his pilot, reached the mouth of the Dwina and made his way thence to Moscow. The foundation of the Muscovy Company was one of the results of that voyage.

The four voyages of Hudson, of which we have record, were not therefore directed to absolutely unknown waters, but the observations made by his precursors were so untrustworthy that they were of little service except to mislead him. The object of his first voyage in the service of the Muscovy Company was "to discover the Pole, and to sail across it to the Islands of Spicery, or Cathay"; and on April 19th, 1607, he, with John Hudson, his son of sixteen years old, and the ten men who made up the crew of the *HOPEFUL*, took the Sacra-

ment together at St. Ethelburga's in Bishopsgate, "purposing to go to sea four days after."

Hudson's own journal of this voyage is lost, though Captains Edge and Fotherby of the Muscovy Company quoted from it some years later. The existing journal, included in *PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMES*, is said to have been kept by John Playse, one of the crew. Hondius's map, published in Amsterdam in 1595, contained the observations made by Barents of the coast of Spitzbergen, and this was the latest information that Hudson possessed. He made the east coast of Greenland on June 20th, in  $67^{\circ} 30'$ , and was inclined to identify it with the *Engroneland* described by Zeno two centuries before. Till the end of June they worked northward, but the ice-barrier between Greenland and Spitzbergen stopped their progress, and they were obliged to skirt along it to the eastward. They made Prince Charles Island (in  $78^{\circ} 53'$ ) on June 28th, and on July 13th they were off the northeast coast of Spitzbergen, still groping their way to the north. Here they named a cape Hakluyt's Headland, in compliment to Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Westminster and geographer, whose *VOYAGES* have been described by Froude as the "prose epic of the English nation." On July 23rd they reached  $80^{\circ} 23'$ , the highest latitude to which Hudson ever attained. They stood north through the ice-floes for three days more, and, being unaware of the south-going current which was steadily setting them back, reported land trending north beyond  $82^{\circ}$ , though the northernmost point of Spitzbergen is in  $80^{\circ} 45'$ . Then, being satisfied that Robert Thorne's easy road across the Pole was utterly impracticable, Hudson returned home, giving the name of Hudson's Touches to an island since identified with Jan

Mayen; and on September 15th the *HOPEFUL* anchored in the Thames.

In the following year Hudson sailed again, still in the service of the Company. This time his purpose was to attempt the road where Willoughby lost his life. Since then it had been tried by Burroughs in 1556, by Pet and Jackman in 1580, by Heemskirk and Barents in 1596. Hudson sailed from St. Katharine's by the Tower on April 22nd, 1608. His mate was one Robert Juet of Limehouse, a man who was destined to witness the tragedy of his death and to follow quickly after him. They reached the Lofoden Isles in a month and rounded the North Cape on June 1st. A fortnight later they encountered one of those wonders of the deep which the seamen of that time were so often privileged to witness and describe. On June 15th,

One of our company looking overboard, saw a mermaid; calling up some of the company to see her, one more came up, and by that time she was close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men. A little after a sea came up and overturned her. From the navel upwards her back and breasts were like a woman (as they say that saw her); her body was as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long hair hanging down behind, of colour black. In her going down they saw her tail, which was like the tail of a porpoise, and speckled like a mackrel. Their names that saw her were Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner.

The only really incredible part of the story is that no more than two men thought it worth while to go on deck to look at her.

On June 19th, being in latitude  $75^{\circ} 22'$ , with much ice in sight, they sounded in one hundred fathoms, and Hudson records the "dip": "the needle inclined under the horizon  $89\frac{1}{2}$  degrees." On the 26th, in fair sunshiny weather, they had sight of Nova Zembla; and Robert Juet and John

Cook, the boatswain, went ashore and found "footings of deer and foxes." They also saw morses in the sea. The seal seen under favourable conditions might be a mermaid, but the marked features of the walrus could never belong to any other than himself. They found something stranger still: "There was a cross standing on the shore." Where did that cross come from? Barents had seen several such, both on Nova Zembla and on the opposite coast of Russia, thirteen years before. What manner of men would be likely to carry cross or crescent beyond 70 degrees of north latitude? Heathen races have been known to use that symbol, and there were traces of camp-fires to be seen near them; but the mystery is still unexplained.

On June 28th it was flat calm, yet they were still being carried northward by a tide or current which they did not recognise as the Gulf Stream. Next day they anchored in a river-mouth where many morses were sleeping on the ice. On July 1st there occurs this entry.

When by the means of the great plenty of ice the hope of passage between Newland [Spitzbergen] and Nova Zembla was taken away, my purpose was by the Waygatz to pass by the mouth of the Ob [Obi], and to double that way the North Cape of Tartaria; or to give reason wherefore it will not be.

The report of Sebastian Cabot and the map of Ortelius would confirm Hudson in the idea that if he could only get round Cape Chelyuskin (the North Cape of Tartaria) the rest would be easy; but both Cabot and Ortelius placed the cape too far to the south. The voyage as far as the Lena has been made quite recently by Captain Wiggin, but its difficulties and dangers are far greater than any that were anticipated by Robert Thorne or Hudson.

Next day there was much ice, which they fended off with beams and spars. On July 5th they lay at anchor, waiting for a fair wind, and Juet and five more going ashore found flowers and saw some deer. It has been asserted that neither grass nor herbivorous animals are to be found in Nova Zembla, but Hudson and others have seen them.

Here the ice became impassable; they could find no navigable passage, though it was the height of the summer, so on July 6th they stood westward with the intention of looking for Willoughby's Land, which was believed by Purchas to be part of Spitzbergen; but it is almost certain that the land to which Willoughby gave his name was no other than the Goose Coast of Nova Zembla.

Naturally Willoughby's Land as a separate entity could not be found; and on August 7th Hudson abandoned the voyage.

I gave my company a certificate under my hand [so runs the entry] of my free and willing return, without persuasion or force from any or more of them; for at my being at Nova Zembla on July 6th, void of hope of a north-east passage except by the Waygatz [Kara Strait] for which I was not fitted to try or prove, I therefore resolved to use all means I could to sail to the north-west, considering the time and means we had, if the wind should friend us, to make trial of that place called "Lumley's Inlet," and the "Furious Overfall" by Captain Davis. But now, having spent more than half the time I had and gone but the shortest part of the way by means of contrary winds, I thought it my duty to save victual, wages, and tackle, by my speedy return.

He anchored off Gravesend on August 26th, 1608.

The North had fairly got hold of him now. During the winter he entered into negotiations with the Dutch East India Company to enable him to follow once more the will-of-the

wisp that pointed to a northern trade route to the East. The account of the voyage which he undertook in their service is written by Robert Juet; the original intention was to make another attempt at the North-East passage by sailing direct to Waygatz and trying to force a way through the Kara Straits. Hudson sailed from Amsterdam in the *HALF MOON*, with the *GOOD HOPE* in company, on March 25th, 1609. The wind seems to have been persistently unfavourable; they failed to get round the North Cape, and on May 21st, the crews, of whom the majority were Dutch, insisted on returning. The *GOOD HOPE* returned to Holland at once, but Hudson carried out the idea, which he had entertained on the previous voyage, of sailing to the north-west. Making a fair wind out of a foul one he made for the Faroe Islands to take in water. From thence he sailed on June 1st, to seek for Busse Island, reported in 1578 by the *BUSSE OF BRIDGEWATER*, one of Frobisher's ships. He failed to find it after spending the first three days of June in the search (there is nothing thereabouts but Rockall), and then the *HALF MOON* crossed the Atlantic, passing a great fleet of French boats fishing on the Banks. Hudson anchored in a fog off the coast of Nova Scotia, or perhaps Maine, and a canoe came off with six natives, who were extremely friendly and assured him that there were mines of gold, silver, and copper within easy reach. Hudson traded with the French fishing-fleet, but he would not trust the friendly savages. He may have been pardonably shy of them as mining experts; but there was no sufficient reason for the fear of treachery which led him and his crew to land, as they did, and drive the savages from their houses and take the spoil, "as they would have done of us." On August 3rd they landed

near Cape Cod and there they found grapes and rose-trees; then they sailed north, and landing again were again welcomed by the savages. This time they were less apprehensive, for they took one aboard to eat and drink with them. This landing (in  $41^{\circ} 45'$ ) has been identified with the south side of Stage Harbour, Massachusetts. After this Hudson went south as far as Virginia, which was then under the governorship of the celebrated Captain John Smith, who eighteen months before had been saved from death by the intercession of Powhattan's daughter, Pocahontas, she who afterwards married Master John Rolfe and died young in England. Smith and Hudson were personal friends, and from him Hudson learned that the old and sometime discredited theory of a strait through the continent about latitude  $40^{\circ}$ , had recently received strong confirmation from certain Indian reports. These native stories were probably highly-coloured descriptions of the Great Lakes; but John Smith attached much importance to them, and in August Hudson sailed north again out of Cheseapeake Bay to seek for the strait. Six weeks afterwards Smith was accidentally blown up by gunpowder and invalided home.

Hudson landed on September 6th, either on Long Island or Staten Island, and got into trouble with the Indians, John Colman, an Englishman, being killed by an arrow in the throat. Still seeking for the mythical strait, Hudson sailed up the river which now bears his name, and on September 21st, being near where Albany is now, they entertained some of the native chiefs on board the *HALF MOON*. The wife of one of them was of the party, and it is pleasant to learn that she behaved nicely, being merry but modest; but Indian chiefs were at that time un-

accustomed to the fire-water of the pale faces and one of them got exceedingly drunk. The symptoms were strange to his companions and "they did not know how to take it." It is said that the tradition of this unaccountable seizure survived among the Delawares and the Mohicans until the end of the eighteenth century; we can only regret that Fenimore Cooper has omitted to give us Chingachgook's version of the story. For a month Hudson explored his river; then, satisfied that there was no way through the continent by that road, he returned. On October 1st, off Manhattan Island, the intercourse with the Indians was roughly interrupted. A native made his canoe fast under the stern of the *HALF MOON*, then lying at anchor. Climbing up the rudder he got through the cabin window and stole a pillow, two bacheliers, and two shirts; but before he could carry off his loot the master's mate saw him and shot him. The rest of the Indians jumped overboard, swam to their canoes, and fled. A boat was sent after the dead man's drifting canoe, and the plunder was recovered. One of the swimmers caught hold of the boat; the cook, believing that he was trying to upset it, severed his hand with a sword-cut, and the Indian was drowned.

Soon afterwards the *HALF MOON* sailed for England and arrived at Dartmouth on November 7th, 1609.

Hudson had no more to do with the Dutch after his experience of their unwillingness and lack of discipline while trying to round the North Cape; he was now to learn that an English crew could be no less mutinous, and far more murderous, than the Dutchmen. For eighteen months he remained at home; but the fever of Arctic discovery was strong upon him and he had little desire to rest, or to spend more time

than he could help in idleness in England. He had no doubt of the existence of a North-West passage, and his conviction was contagious. He induced Sir Thomas Smythe (the first governor of the East India Company), Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir John Wolstenholme, great merchants of London, to fit out an expedition to seek the passage where he had always hoped to find it, by way of that strait which had been called by John Davis the Furious Overfall. This is near the mouth of what is now called Hudson's Strait. It had been seen again by Captain George Waymouth in 1602, and would have been explored by him had not his crew mutinied. Throughout all the voyages of the early explorers the lack of discipline and the obstinate temper of the crews was an obstacle no less formidable than the ice-pack, no less dangerous than the reefs and tide-rips of the unknown seas. Now it was Hudson's fate to encounter them, and on April 17th, 1610, the *DISCOVERY* dropped down the river from his old loading-berth at St. Katharine's. This was her crew: Henry Hudson, master; John Hudson, his son, then in his nineteenth year; Robert Just, mate; Robert Bylot, second mate; Edward Wilson, surgeon; Thomas Woodhouse, "mathematician"; Henry Greene (a friend of Hudson's who was given a berth because he was destitute); these made up the after-guard. Then came John Williams, gunner; Philip Staffe, carpenter; Francis Clements, boatswain; Silvanus Bond, cooper; William Wilson, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrach Fanner, Adam Moore, Nicholas Simmes, John King, Michael Perse, Andrew Motter, John Thomas, Michael Butt, and ——— Cooper, seamen; Abacuc Prickett (landsman, a servant of Sir Dudley Digges), Bennett Mathews (landsman), "trumpeter."



On May 5th the *DISCOVERY* was off Orkney, and here Hudson made an entry in his log which I confess I do not understand: "Here I set the north end of the needle and the north of the fly, all one." Here too he found that the north of Scotland, Orkney, and Shetland were placed on his chart nearly a degree too far to the north. On June 4th they sighted Greenland, and five days later they were off Frobisher's Bay, which in Hudson's chart appeared as an open strait dividing Greenland in two parts; whereas it is really a bay on the coast of America and no strait at all. On June 15th they sighted land in  $59^{\circ} 27'$ , "called by Captain John Davis 'Desolation.'" This could scarcely have been Cape Desolation on the Greenland coast, which is near  $61^{\circ}$ , but wherever it was (Hudson's course is difficult to follow) there was much ice and overfalls. On July 11th, the weather being threatening, they anchored near three rocky islands, having irregular soundings from two to nine fathoms. Next day they found themselves in the midst of a maze of sunken rocks, whereof one was now two fathoms above water; and in gratitude for their escape they named them the Isles of God's Mercies. They passed through the strait which bears Hudson's name, and on August 2nd they sailed out of it into Hudson's Bay, passing between the island to which they gave the name of Digges, and the cape on the south shore which they called Cape Wolstenholme.

Here it is well to let Abacuc Prickett take up the tale; the landsman's journal is less technical but much more dramatic than Hudson's log. For nearly three months they were occupied in exploring the great bay, by which Hudson is best known. Six hundred miles from east to west, and twice as much from north to

south, "a labyrinth without end," there was room enough in it and to spare for three months' cruising. But the nervous tension of Arctic exploration was beginning to tell on all the company. There was ill-feeling throughout the ship, and there were quarrels among the crew. It may be that Hudson, upon whom the strain was heaviest, was becoming morose and suspicious; it is certain that some of the people were disaffected and mutinous.

There was reasoning concerning our coming into this bay, and going out, and our master took occasion to revive old matters, and to displace Robert Juet from being his mate, and the boatswain [Clements] from his place, for the words spoken in the first great bay of ice. Then he made Robert Bylot his mate, and William Wilson, boatswain.

They sent a party on shore in "North Bay" (Fort Albany?) in the south-west part of James Bay, which is the southern arm of Hudson's Bay. There they saw "the footing of a man"; and in going out of the bay they got the *DISCOVERY* on the rocks and remained fast for twelve hours. By this time the season was too far advanced to allow them to return home by Hudson's Strait, which lay 800 miles to the north, and they looked for a berth to winter in. At a place which is supposed to be identical with Moose River, at the south-west corner of James Bay, they hauled the *DISCOVERY* aground on November 1st. Ten days later she was frozen in, and there Hudson, with a jarring, half-mutinous crew, prepared for his first and last winter in the frozen sea. Yet the Moose River is no further north than the Thames, and were it not for the Gulf Stream there would be little climatic difference between them.

The *DISCOVERY* was victualled for no more than six, or perhaps eight

months, at full rations; though "if our master would have had more he might have had it at home, and in other places." It is impossible to acquit Hudson of extreme negligence in this vital matter. Now, when it was too late, he endeavoured to accumulate supplies. Rewards were offered to any man bringing in beast, fish, or fowl; but at that season there was little to be found. It is said that Hudson's log comes to an end on August 3rd; and it was so reported to the Trinity House when they held their enquiry. If it is true that he kept no journal whatever after that date, the omission affords a painful indication of his condition. That so eager an explorer should deliberately cease to record his discoveries at the very time when he was investigating that great bay which he was the first white man to enter, is inconceivable except upon the supposition that he was no longer able to record them, or had lost all interest in them from mental decay. It is possible that the survivors might have found it to their interest to destroy some of the later entries; but the log was evidently produced, and any mutilation must have been discovered; yet there is no mention of any attempt to tamper with it.

About the end of November died John Williams the gunner: "God pardon the master's uncharitable dealing with this man; out of whose ashes the unhappy deed grew which brought a scandal upon all." That was the view taken by Abacuc Prickett, but it is possible there might be another and a different way of looking at it. "Not to wrong the living or slander the dead, I will, by the will of God, deliver the truth as near as I can." In all the many histories of sea-mutinies the truth is the thing that is hardest to come by. The stories, as told, are all alike: read

one, and you know the rest; but only the actors know if that story be the true one. It was Prickett's business to make out a good case for himself and the surviving mutineers, not to furnish a faithful history of events. It was to his interest to represent Hudson as no longer fit for command, and to lay the blame of the mutiny upon the men who, being dead, were beyond the reach of punishment. He had every inducement to distort the truth; but since his story is the only one we have, we must make the best of it.

We are indebted to him for a most unflattering delineation of the character of Henry Greene.

You shall understand that our master kept in his house in London a young man, Henry Greene, born in Kent of worshipful parents; of lewd life and conversation; who had lost the goodwill of his friends, and spent all. Our master took him to sea because he could write well. By means of one Master Venson, with much ado he got £4 from his mother to buy his clothes; Venson would not trust Greene, but laid out the money himself.

Greene's name was not in the owners' books, nor was he entitled to any wages; before they left Iceland behind them he had quarrelled with Wilson the surgeon. Hudson bade the rest let be, saying the surgeon had a tongue that would wrong the best friend he had. Juet declared that Greene was only brought in order that he might bear witness against any that should displease Hudson. In a note found in the desk of Woodhouse, the mathematician, after his death, it was stated that Bennett Mathews, "our trumpet," had accused Juet of misdemeanours and threatening bloodshed, also of slanders against Hudson; and it was for this reason that Juet was deposed and Bylot appointed. Altogether, the

DISCOVERY could never have been described as a happy or comfortable ship, but up to November at least, Greene "was very inward with the master, and a serviceable man for manhood."

When the ship was laid up for the winter Hudson bade Staffe, the carpenter, build a hut ashore, though it was then too late in the season and time was lacking. Hudson had refused to give the order when there was time and opportunity; now Staffe said he could not, and would not, because of the frost; he knew his own business best, and he was not a house-carpenter. Hudson dragged him on deck, struck him and threatened hanging; then the house was built with much labour and to no end. Afterwards Greene and Staffe went off together on a hunting expedition, and Hudson, being annoyed, bethought him how to punish his protégé. Among the effects of the dead gunner was a certain gown which was much coveted by Greene, and he had been promised that he should have it. Now Hudson said Bylot should have it; he abused Greene, as a man whom his friends would not trust with twenty shillings, and threatened to pay him no wages, though he had promised that he should have as good wages as any man in the ship. "The Devil out of this wrought with Greene"; and the Devil had an easy task, for by this time the poison of ill-will had done its work throughout the ship, and mutiny was only a question of time and opportunity. It was now the turn of Robert Bylot to be disrated, and John King was made mate in his stead. Hudson had no longer an officer whom he could trust. Even then, if he had possessed sufficient courage and energy to deal with Greene, or any other man who disputed his authority, as Drake dealt

with Thomas Doughty at St. Julian's Bay two and thirty years before, the mutiny might have been averted, though he would still have had to reckon with famine. But Drake was a great captain, Hudson a great navigator who had already given signs of mental disturbance; he only threatened hanging, and so the tragedy moved on to its grim conclusion.

They contrived to accumulate 1,200 "fowls," — partridges, teal, geese, and swans — but as the winter advanced these were harder to come by. They found turpentine in a tree, and used it for medicine with good results. The carpenter had built a boat in which they went seining and got good store of fish, so there must have been open water not far away. As the misery of that terrible winter deepened, and food grew ever less and less, Greene and Wilson laid a plot to steal the boat and net, and go off to shift for themselves among the Esquimaux, some of whom had visited the ship; but before they could put their plan in execution Hudson took the boat himself for a foraging expedition among these same Esquimaux. He failed to find them and returned empty-handed. The long strain had worn him out, and, if Prickett's tale be true, this last disappointment was more than he could bear; he broke down utterly and wept before the men who had already ceased to respect him. He threw open the bread-room and its scanty contents to the starving crew (there was only one pound for each man) and he gave the last signal of despair when he signed a "bill of return" to justify all hands, should any of them succeed in making their way home.

The dreary winter was nearly at an end, and already there was a softer breath in the bitter wind, a loosening of the icy fetters that bound them to that hateful, barren shore. They

tried the seine again and made one or two successful hauls, getting about eighty fish, "a poor relief for so many hungry bellies." On June 12th they got the ship afloat again, and starving and frost-bitten they dropped anchor outside the bay. Greene and Wilson had already eaten their share of the bread, and the allowance for each man was no more than three-and-a-half pounds of cheese for a week. They got the ship under way and sailed north towards the strait which was their only road to freedom, but six days later the pitiless ice brought them up again. Then Hudson ordered every man's chest to be broken open to search for hidden stores of bread; whereupon Nicholas Simmes made a virtue of necessity and produced thirty biscuits in a bag.

On June 21st, when Prickett was lying "lame" (probably frost-bitten) in his cabin, Wilson and Greene came to him and told him that they "and the rest" were determined to "shift the company"; to turn the master and all the sick men into the shallop "and let them shift"; for there was not fourteen days' food left for all the company, and to save some from starving they were content to put some away. They complained that the ship lay there for no other reason than that the master did not care to move; they had eaten nothing for three days, and they were fixed to mend it or end it, to go through with it or die. Prickett, always strong on the side of discipline and stern in virtue, marvelled to hear married men with children (we have not hitherto been told that Greene was either a husband or father) talk of committing a deed which would banish them from their native country. Greene bade him hold his peace; it was better to hang at home than starve abroad; if Prickett thought otherwise, he might take his fortune in the boat. Then

he put forth his final argument, and promised that any man who interfered should have his throat cut. Yet the next moment Greene and Wilson, hair-splitting casuists both, swore upon the Bible that they meant harm to no man. Here Juet of Limehouse came in, an ancient man, and an old officer of Hudson. From him Prickett expected good discourse and virtue; but he went even further than Greene and Wilson and swore not only to do the deed, but to justify it at home. Then to all present, with John Thomas, Michael Perse, Andrew Motter, and Bennett Mathews, was administered this oath: "You shall swear truth to God, your Prince and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand; you shall do harm to no man."

The familiar words had a righteous sound which was soothing to their puritanical souls. To them it was a cabalistical formula possessing some mysterious virtue quite apart from its meaning. Let us see how they proceeded to glorify the God whose name they profaned.

Prickett asked Greene the momentous question: "Which of the men would he have put out with the master?" "All the sick," said Greene, "the carpenter, and John King because he had been made mate in Bylot's place." So it was arranged. It was already dark, and they were ready to put the deed of darkness in execution. Prickett (always Prickett!) prayed Greene to stay till the morning, "but wickedness sleepeth not." Greene went to keep Hudson company as was his custom, and all was quiet fore and aft.

They lay close in the cramped 'tween decks of that little ship. Hudson had a cabin to himself. At that date ships no larger than the *DISCOVERY* were built with a quarter-

deck, and his cabin would most likely be under it. Bennett Mathews and Bond the cooper were in the cook-room, "lame"; starboard of the cook-room lay Woodhouse the mathematician, sick; and next to him Sidrach Fanner, lame; then Wilson the surgeon, and John Hudson with him; next to them, Wilson the boat-swain and Arnold Lodlo. In the gun-room there were four berths; Robert Juet and John Thomas were on the starboard side, and Michael Butt and Andrew Motter berthed to larboard. Forward of the gun-room lay John King and Robert Bylot; then Prickett and Francis Clements. Amidships, between the capstan and the pump, lay Henry Greene and Nicholas Simmes. Forward of them were Staffe, Moore, Perse, and Cooper. Sound men and sick, true men and mutineers, were all mingled together.

Just before day King and Bylot came off watch and went to their cabin. Then came Mathews (who seems to have been cook as well as trumpeter), seeking water for the kettle. King went down into the hold, where the water-casks were, to fill it, and the two shut the hatch over him. Mathews ran up on deck while Bylot stood on the hatch to keep King down. Greene, and another man unnamed, went to the carpenter's berth and held him in talk till Hudson came out of his cabin on the upper deck. Then John Thomas and Bennett Mathews ran in on him and held him, while Wilson tied his hands behind his back. Hudson cried out to know what they meant; they told him he should soon know that when he was in the shallop.

That sudden outcry alarmed the ship. It awoke the surgeon, who ran up and found Hudson already pinioned; the frightened crew huddled together, but made no attempt to interfere. They knew that some

were to be sacrificed but they knew no more; which among them were marked for victims?

Juet went down into the hold to seize King; but it was a tougher job than he expected. King had provided himself with a sword, and made such good use of it that Juet would have been killed if other mutineers had not come to his assistance. King was overpowered and brought on deck: Lodlo and Butt railed at the mutineers, telling them that their knavery would show itself; but railing was of little use, and they were not left long in suspense. The shallop was hauled alongside, and the sick and frost-bitten men were bidden to crawl out of their cabins and get into her.

Prickett says he prayed the mutineers upon his knees to remember themselves and their duty; they would not suffer Hudson to speak with him and sent him below. Hudson, standing pinioned on deck, spoke to Prickett, "through the horn which gave light to my cabin," saying that Juet would overthrow them all. "Nay," said Prickett loudly, "it is that villain Greene."

The poor carpenter's chest was put into the shallop, and he took leave of Prickett with tears. "No one in the ship," said he, "knew how to carry her home, so he thought they would soon be glad to take them aboard again."

Meanwhile a dispute had arisen among the mutineers. Thomas pleaded for Francis Clements, Bennett Mathews for Cooper. Both had been condemned by Greene, but their friends declared that if they were to go, there should none go; the plot should go no further. For a few minutes their fate hung in the balance. Then Greene bethought him of the railing of Lodlo and Butt, and consented to spare Clements and Cooper if the other two went in their place. So far the plot had gone

forward without opposition or interruption. While the victims were unspecified every man might believe that he was too useful to be sacrificed; now that the decree had gone forth there were some who refused to accept their doom. Sick and starving as they were, they would not be decorously turned adrift, but drew together and fought for their lives. For a time the deck was a battlefield where cruelty and despair grappled foot to foot, and Prince and Country and the Glory of God were alike forgotten. When the fight was done there were four mouths less to feed, four men who had found a swifter and more merciful death than starvation; the survivors have not recorded the names of those who were thus fortunate.

Poor Woodhouse the mathematician, being sick and too feeble to resist, was put into the boat "in great distress." Hudson, either dazed with misery or resigned to his fate, followed him, with young John Hudson, Lodlo, Fanner, Staffe, Moore, King, and Butt. Hudson's chest was sent down after him, with a musket, powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, a small quantity of meal, and some other things. Then the mutineers made sail on the *DISCOVERY* and stood out through the ice floes, towing the shallop behind them, while they rummaged the ship for provisions. They found some meal, two firkins of butter, twenty-seven pieces of pork, half a bushel of pease; and in the master's cabin was a little hoard of 200 "biscuit-cakes" and a peck of meal. The scanty provision was insufficient even for themselves, so they cut the shallop adrift; and the *DISCOVERY*, hoisting her topsails, fled from her and her doomed crew as from an enemy.

Henry Greene, landsman and rascal, took command; and we learn

without surprise that no log was kept. They groped their way to the north-east by dead reckoning alone, till July 15th, when a party, landing to try if they could kill some deer, quarrelled with some Esquimaux. Greene, Thomas, William Wilson, and Perse were mortally wounded. Greene was flung overboard; Wilson "died cursing"; Perse and Thomas followed him two days later: "These four were the only lusty men in the ship." Bylot took command of the ship and kept his log written up. About the end of August or beginning of September the *DISCOVERY*, with her crew of starved skeletons, was assisted into Berhaven by a fishing-boat belonging to Fowey; but within sight of the Irish coast Robert Juet died "of mere want." Of the twenty-four men who had sailed from St. Katharine's seventeen months before, there returned only eight. On their arrival they were at once imprisoned; but they exonerated themselves by laying all the blame upon the dead men who were beyond the reach of punishment.

On October 24th, 1611, they gave their evidence at the enquiry held by the Trinity House. They denounced Henry Greene as the ringleader of the mutineers, but they brought a number of charges against Hudson. It is curious to observe how nearly these charges correspond with those made 130 years later against Captain David Cheap of the *WAGER*, by the officers and crew who mutinied after the ship was lost on the Patagonian coast during Anson's expedition. Hudson had "wasted victuals by a scuttle made from out his cabin into the hold"; Cheap had divided his stores unfairly. Hudson had fed his favourite, the surgeon, and kept others at ordinary allowance; Cheap had fed his favourite, the surgeon, at the expense of the others. It was to save some from starving that Greene "was

content to put the rest away"; it was to save the rest from starving that Cheap abandoned four of his marines on a barren beach. There is a deadly monotony in mutiny.

Prickett and Bylot must have been free from the ordinary superstitions of the sailor. Though the *Discovery* had as evil a record as any ship that ever heaved her blood-stained planks over the sea that hid her victims, yet they did not hesitate to sail in her in her second voyage to the North in 1612. Bylot commanded her in her third voyage in 1615. His mate was William Baffin, and it was in Hudson's Strait that the great navigator took the second lunar observation that had ever been recorded at sea. The first was taken by Pedro de Sarmiento in 1580. Bylot and Baffin took the old ship north again in 1616 (she must have known the road by heart), and in her they discovered Baffin's Bay, Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, Lancaster Sound, and Bylot's Island; but they never risked her through another Arctic winter.

The discoveries of Baffin and Bylot

confirmed the conclusions arrived at by the Trinity House after their enquiry into Hudson's last voyage. They considered that he was never so far to the west as to recover the South Sea (the Pacific); the Great Bay must be fed from an ocean, but as the current drove perpetually from the east it must be from the ocean on the north-east side of the Continent; and they conjectured that the long-sought-for passage would be found "between the west and north-west, and not more northerly."

None can tell the fate of Hudson and his companions, or in what form their ghastly doom came upon them. The Kaatskill Mountains, where their legend still survives, lie more than 1,000 miles south of the place where they disappeared. Hudson wrested from the jealous guardianship of the North some hidden things, and told them to all the world. When he was famine-stricken, worn-out, and betrayed, the North avenged itself and slew him; but it keeps the secret of his resting-place well.

W. J. FLETCHER.

## CATHEDRALS OLD AND NEW.

It is somewhat remarkable that, with the enormous increase in the population of modern England as compared with the England of the Middle Ages, there has been no corresponding increase in the number of cathedrals. The men who in the middle of the thirteenth century sent the glorious spire of Salisbury soaring into the heavens were the last of the medieval cathedral builders, and it seemed as if their art perished with them. When St. Paul's was built, four hundred years later, entirely different artistic ideals and an entirely different method of building prevailed in the land. A certain amount of cathedral building, mostly of slight importance, went on during the nineteenth century in Scotland, Ireland, and the colonies, but Truro Cathedral, which has only lately been completed, is the first example of a newly founded cathedral being built in England since the Reformation (St. Paul's of course was a rebuilding), and Liverpool Cathedral, the building of which is just beginning, will be the second. One or two cathedrals have also been built by the Roman Catholic Church, but only the latest of these, that at Westminster, is of any real importance in an architectural sense.

It is not surprising, then, that the building of a cathedral, being so rare an event in our times, should arouse the interest of a larger section of the public than usually concerns itself with architectural matters. It is true that the building of a cathedral is no longer regarded, as it was in the age of faith, as an event of supreme

interest and importance in a city's history; it is the affair of the Church, not as formerly of the whole population. Yet the citizen of the twentieth century is not wholly indifferent to the character of the great monumental buildings which adorn his city. Certainly the Liverpool citizen is not indifferent; he is justly proud of his public buildings, and the long and sometimes acrimonious discussions that have arisen respecting the site of the new cathedral and the style of architecture to be chosen are clear testimony to a wide-spread interest in the project.

Apart from local and personal considerations, with which we are not concerned, the project suggests an enquiry of very broad and general interest. Must we admit that our forefathers in the Dark Ages, as we foolishly call them, reached a standard of skill in building to which we cannot now hope to attain, or may we reasonably hope that the new Liverpool Cathedral will rival the glories of Canterbury and Lincoln? It would no doubt be unduly pessimistic to deny the possibility of supremely beautiful buildings being erected in our own time, but it is certain that the beauty they possess will be different in kind from that which captivates us in the old Gothic buildings. Between any cathedral of the Middle Ages and any cathedral of the present or a future day there must be vital and fundamental differences.

We may say that Truro is a Gothic cathedral after the exact model of the ancient builders, and that Liverpool also will be a Gothic cathedral, though



with a more modern note. But Gothic is a matter of spirit and essence, as well as of outward form. Pointed arches and flying buttresses and crocketed pinnacles do not alone make a Gothic building. These things we may have any day, but they are but the dry bones of Gothic; its living spirit fled long ago from our English life, and is not to be recovered.

It is impossible in a brief article like this to expound the true nature of Gothic architecture. It is the less necessary as this has been done once for all in Ruskin's *STONES OF VENICE*. The reader who turns to the chapter in that book on the nature of Gothic will find the whole subject comprehensively treated with as near an approach to finality of expression as human speech may hope to achieve. And it is not unlikely that, after reading that chapter, the reader will reach a conclusion which Ruskin himself was unwilling to admit, namely, that modern Gothic at its best cannot be anything but a quasi-Gothic, — a lifeless, unemotional, imitative thing, as compared with the warm and living Gothic which arose, grew to perfection, and died under conditions of life so widely removed from our own.

It is, perhaps, a commonplace to say that a great building reflects the characteristics of the age in which it was erected. But while this is almost universally true in some degree, it is more true of some nations and some epochs than of others. In English medieval architecture, for instance, the national life found singularly vivid expression. The buildings which have come down to us from the Middle Ages are an open book, — mutilated indeed by iconoclasts, and with many a fair page defaced by those who vainly thought to restore its ancient beauty — in which we may read of the faiths and fears, the joys

and sorrows and humours of our ancestors.

The characteristics of medieval England which found expression in building, especially in ecclesiastical building, were chiefly these: the life of the time was religious, and it was æsthetic. If any prefer the term *superstitious* to *religious*, the argument is in no way affected. The land was united in its adherence at least to the outward forms of religion, and all social and industrial life was permeated with religious feeling. There was but one Church and one creed, and the methods of expressing religious devotion which the Church sanctioned were universally recognised and widely adopted. Among these church building took a leading place.

To clergy and laity alike the building of a cathedral or abbey, and to a scarcely less degree of a small parish church, was no mere side issue in their lives, but a supreme religious duty, and in times of peace the leading event in a locality. The religious sentiment of the whole countryside would of course be strongly felt by the workmen actually engaged on the building, and could not fail to affect their work.

In the elder days of Art

Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere.

Solomon's temple itself was not regarded with greater veneration or more intense solicitude by pious Israelites than were some of our English cathedrals and abbeys by the generations which saw them rising. There is a curious illustration of this in the picture given by a contemporary chronicler of the frenzied emotion aroused at Canterbury by the burning of the choir of the cathedral in 1174.

The people were astonished [says the writer] that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and His Saints, the patrons of the church. And many, both of the city and the monks, would rather have laid down their lives than that the church should have so miserably perished . . . Bethink thee, now, what mighty grief oppressed the hearts of the sons of the church in this great tribulation. I verily believe the afflictions of Canterbury were no less than those of Jerusalem of old, and their wailings were as the lamentations of Jeremiah; neither can mind conceive, or words express, or writing teach their grief and anguish.

Again, it was an æsthetic as well as a religious life which found expression in the church building of the Middle Ages. They were leisured and imaginative times, with much in them that was gross and brutal, but free, at any rate, from the twin foes of æstheticism in modern England,—commercialism and the scientific spirit. How wonderfully developed and pervasive was the artistic sense of the people is abundantly shown by the buildings that have come down to us, among which are some that rank with the noblest architecture in the world.

When we remember the successive storms that have swept over these medieval churches,—the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the iconoclastic activities of the Puritans, and the more friendly, though scarcely less destructive, activities of the restorers of the nineteenth century, till what we see to-day is but a fraction of what the builders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries left us; when we reflect further, that at no time during this golden age of Gothic art was the population of England equal to that of modern London, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that England

was at that time a nation of artists, whose artistry was none the less real because it was unconscious.

There was also another factor making strongly for good workmanship in the lives of the medieval workmen. They were all organised in trade guilds, which concerned themselves very actively with the maintenance of a high standard of workmanship. To the workman of the Middle Ages good work was a duty he owed to his craft, and excellence as a craftsman was the road to honour among his fellows as well as to improved position and higher pay.

The modern architect can rely neither upon a constraining sense of religion in his workmen, nor upon their artistic sensibility, nor yet on a tradition and trade sentiment favourable to good craftsmanship. The degeneracy of the British workman as a workman can hardly be denied. But before we lay upon his shoulders the blame for that degeneracy we must consider how it has come about, and probably a just judgment will say that the workman has been the victim of circumstances he could not control. Let us consider how a medieval cathedral was built, and how great a contrast is presented by the modern system of architectural competitions, tenders, contracts, and Trade Union labour.

What of the medieval architect? The question suggests one of the most vital of the differences between ancient and modern methods of cathedral building. Few people could tell off-hand who was the architect of Canterbury or Lincoln, Peterborough or York, and even after much searching in ancient records the personality of the architect might remain to a very great extent a mystery. The fact is, of course, that the days which saw the building of the great

medieval cathedrals knew nothing of any such person as an architect in the modern sense. A search into the origin of any of the ancient cathedrals of England would probably show the name of an ecclesiastic,—a bishop or an abbot, associated with the work of building and the various stages of rebuilding through which it may have passed. What was the precise part he played in the work it is not always possible to determine. Sometimes, perhaps, he was responsible for the design, so far as there was a design, and personally superintended its execution by monks and lay workmen. More often, probably, he would determine the dimensions and disposition of the parts, and entrust the execution of the scheme to a skilful master-mason, with whom would be associated other master-craftsmen,—carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers.

The designing of buildings on paper is a comparatively modern art, and it is probable that when the old cathedrals were built, the design was to a great extent evolved under the workmen's hands. It must be remembered that at any given time in the Middle Ages there was but one way of building known. The architect had not to sit down and consider in what style he should build his cathedral; for him there was but one style,—the national and traditional style which had been handed down from the last generation and was practised by all his neighbours. Modifications would be introduced to meet special needs, and each master-builder, each individual workman even, freely exercising his fancy and ingenuity, would add his quota to the common stock of constructional and decorative tradition, thus helping in the evolution of a new style.

The master-mason, by virtue of the paramount importance of his craft,

would be *primus inter pares*; but the masters of other crafts would be his coadjutors rather than his subordinates. Thus the cathedral was the co-operative product of many master-craftsmen, indeed of the whole body of workmen, for there were no hands, as we call them, employed in rearing these mighty monuments; all brought their intelligence and conscience to the work, and found in it a common interest and a common delight. The master-mason was but a more skilful craftsman than the rest. All were artists, respecting themselves and each other; every man's individuality had full scope, and every man built, as it were, his life into the church.

Among the early Gothic builders there was little of that division of labour which is so characteristic of modern industry. The man who one day was digging a trench would later on be erecting a column, and when that was done his delight in the work would find free expression in the carving of the capital. The conditions under which the old craftsmen worked were the secret of the living interest their work still has, just as the absence of those conditions is responsible for the lifelessness of all modern Gothic. For generations we have treated our workmen as little better than machines, and it is useless now to look for any great manifestation of human feeling in their work. The emotions of the old craftsmen, which they had the skill to express in enduring stone, awaken still an answering emotion as we look upon their handiwork. The lifeless, unemotional work of the modern carver, copying with mechanical accuracy the design set before him, leaves us cold and unmoved. Even so noble a design as that of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott for the Liverpool Cathedral must necessarily lack, when carried out, the element of life to which the old cathedrals

owe so much of their charm. Ruskin long ago pointed out that the creations of architecture "depend for their dignity and pleasurable in the utmost degree upon the vivid expression of the intellectual life which has been concerned in their production." So far as the mass of the workmen are concerned we can hardly hope, under modern conditions, that their intellectual life will find much expression in any building upon which they may be employed. There are indeed some enthusiastic souls who look for the day when we shall eliminate the architect, or reduce him to the position of a clerk of works, and build again in the old co-operative way. But to the present writer it hardly seems that salvation is to be sought in that direction. We cannot set back the hands of the clock. We must accept such conditions as arise out of the very structure of modern society, and make the best of them. But it is still possible to obtain in our building a large measure of co-operation between workers in different spheres of art, and thus to gain considerable vividness and variety of intellectual expression.

There are already examples of modern buildings in which this ideal has been to a great extent carried out. The most notable example is the new building in Fenchurch Street for Lloyd's Registry, which contains the sculptures of Mr. Frampton and the Brothers Pegram, the metal work of Mr. Lynn Jenkins, and the decorative paintings of Mr. Gerald Moira in perfect harmony with, and in subordination to the architecture of Mr. Colcutt. If we cannot have the old beautiful co-operation of all the workers in inventive work, we must make the most of such restricted co-operation as is possible. And if Mr. Scott has his way in regard to the embellishment of Liverpool Cathe-

dral, there is no doubt that we shall see an effective co-operation of many distinguished artists, which cannot but produce the most notable results.

It is probable that, as the recognition grows of the impossibility of true Gothic ever again being seen in England, there will be less keenness to retain the Gothic forms. Already there is a great falling away from the strict tenets of the Gothic Revival. From Truro to Liverpool is a considerable step. Standing in Truro Cathedral one might fancy oneself, were it not for the newness of the place, in a building of the thirteenth century, so true is every detail to the precedent of a past age. Liverpool Cathedral, so far as one may judge from the drawings, will have a more individual and a more modern note; though Gothic in form, it cannot be referred for its inspiration to any particular period of Gothic architecture.

The gifted young architect who, at the very outset of his professional career, has had the remarkable good fortune to win the most important architectural competition of the new century, is by no means a rabid Goth. He has indeed confessed to dreams of a cathedral which should not be Gothic at all. He feels that there is much in medieval Gothic which is unsuitable for modern needs. The traditional church plan and the broken vistas are ill adapted for the general uses of a modern cathedral, which differ so widely from those of the Middle Ages. But Mr. Scott has decided, no doubt wisely, to follow the beaten ways until he has had more experience and wider opportunities for study. Meanwhile to him, and to many other young architects, Mr. Bentley's remarkable work at Westminster, — the new Roman Catholic Cathedral — stands as a beacon light pointing to a new field of experiment and effort from which

great things may be expected in the future.

And what, it may be asked, will the Liverpool Cathedral tell to future ages of the generation that saw its building? In its vast scale it will speak of the pride of a great commercial city influenced by its close touch with America, the land of colossal things. In its freedom from mere imitation and archæological exactness it will speak of the breaking, or at least the straining, of the Gothic fetters,—of a transition, perhaps, between the veneration of ecclesiastical precedent and the untrammelled adaptation of architecture to the needs of a new time. Some indications we may hope it will afford of the standard of artistic attainment reached by the sculptors and the

window-painters of the early years of the twentieth century. But of the great multitude of the workmen who will labour day after day and year after year in rearing its mighty bulk it will perforce be silent. Of such interest as any modern building can have Liverpool Cathedral will have an abundant measure. But men will look at it in vain, as they would at any building erected under modern conditions, for the element of deep human interest which makes the stones of the old cathedrals and abbeys eloquent with memories of the past, for the touch of Nature which obliterates the distinctions of time and condition, and makes the observer of the later day feel himself akin to the man who wielded hammer and chisel five or six centuries ago.

HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

## THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

HASTINGS, Sandwich, Dover, Romney and Hythe,—the five Cinque Ports—have suffered many a sea-change since the days in the far off long-ago when their freedmen, or barones, constituted the strongest bulwark of defence that England could oppose to the attacks of a foreign foe. It was mainly due to their enterprise and daring that our shores were preserved through many centuries from the horrors of foreign invasion. "It was the courage of the sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports," says Macaulay, "that made the flag of England terrible on the seas."

It is an old and honourable institution, this confederation of the five Cinque Ports,—we say five, for the title at a very early date became a technicality and ceased to be a numeral—so old that in the time of Richard the First it was already being described as ancient in legal documents, and so honourable that some of the most illustrious names in our history are to be found in the long roll of its Wardens. No one who was not a knight or a member of the king's council could hold the appointment. As all the world knows, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is to be the next Warden. He has for predecessors in office Earl Godwin, Harold, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux (half brother of William the Conqueror), the great Earl of Warwick (of kingmaking fame), the good Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and five of our kings who occupied the position before ascending the throne, namely, Edward the First, Richard the Third, Henry the Fifth,

Henry the Eighth, and James the Second.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports originally occupied somewhat the position which in the time of the Romans had been held by the Counts of the Saxon Shores, whose business it had been to protect the south-eastern shores of Britain from foreign invasion. It was the Northmen they feared most, who used to arrive in countless hordes and ravage the coasts, destroying everything they could lay hands on, and spreading desolation on all sides. When the Romans retired from the island, the Northmen had no difficulty in establishing themselves permanently in the country, and nothing is heard for some time of the Counts of the Saxon Shores, their occupation having gone. It was not until England was united under a single king and the island was in a comparatively settled and prosperous condition that any necessity for some similar institution arose. The particular stretch of coast on which the Cinque Ports were situated was peculiarly exposed to attack, and it is probable that in the first instance they joined forces for mutual protection, mainly with a view to guard their commerce. But the combination proving a strong one, successive kings were glad to avail themselves of its services and to grant them certain liberties and privileges, so as to be able to count upon their support in any emergency. It is said that even in the reign of Edward the Confessor the Barons of the Cinque Ports were in possession of charters securing their liberties, and that they used

even then to hold their courts at Shipway under the presidency of their Warden, which were attended by representatives of all the ports, and when all matters relating to their common interest were settled. Although united for purposes of mutual defence, whether against hostile attacks from abroad or against encroachments on their privileges and immunities at home, in the management of local affairs each of them enjoyed the most absolute freedom and was perfectly independent of outside control.

The freemen of the Cinque Ports have from a very early age borne the title of baron, which was universally acknowledged to be a distinction enjoyed by them in virtue of their position as joint tenants of baronies held by special military service done to the crown, unlike the barons of London and other places who were merely municipal representatives of a body of citizens.

It is curious that no opposition should have been offered to William, Duke of Normandy, by the Portsmen when he invaded England. An attack was indeed made by the men of Romney on some re-inforcements which were on their way to him; but he appears to have landed the main body of his troops without encountering any resistance, and when, after his victory at Hastings, he marched on Dover it surrendered to him almost without striking a blow. Earlier in the year Harold had called together a land and sea force to guard the coast against the Normans. It was a formidable array for those times, and for many weeks he waited at Sandwich, looking always for the enemy who never came, and all the while, across the water, on the south shores of the Channel, William of Normandy's fleet with 14,000 men (some say 60,000)

lay in the mouth of the Dive, praying for a south wind. Then provisions began to run short in the English camp, and the men, weary of the long weeks of inaction, clamoured to be allowed to return to their homes. Harold was in despair. He had only managed to keep them there so long by the sheer weight of his personal influence, and when at this difficult moment news came to him of the landing of Tostig and he had to hurry northward with all possible speed, he knew how great was the risk he ran. So soon as his restraining influence was withdrawn the force melted away like snow, and when the Normans did actually arrive, the coast was unprotected.

William's first act after Hastings was to secure the allegiance of the Portsmen. He marched on Dover before proceeding either to Winchester or London. The Cinque Ports did not merely constitute the most important Corporation in the land but they were the most populous towns. The Conqueror thought it prudent to conciliate such powerful subjects, and he offered compensation to the men of Dover for the excesses of his soldiery. He created his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle; and the appointment was evidently made with tact and with every endeavour to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the Portsmen, for, when in 1069 the Danes made a descent on the coast of Kent, they were loyal to the new rule and the invaders were beaten off; nor do they ever appear to have given William any trouble.

The title borne by the Cinque Ports is of a quaintness befitting its antiquity: "The Barons of the Cinque Ports, the Two Ancient Towns and their Limbs." The Two Ancient Towns were Winchelsea and Rye,

which were admitted probably about the time of Richard the First, and the Limbs, or Members as they are sometimes called, were the smaller and less important seaports on the same coast which ultimately entered the Confederation. The Warden held a somewhat curious position, which was, however, a very clearly defined one. He was a king's officer, unconnected with the Ports and merely commissioned for the purpose of seeing that they were maintained in a state of efficiency, so as to be always ready to render to the king the services in virtue of which they held their charters. Such an ancient and powerful institution was always to be conciliated rather than coerced; and even in later days, when the power of the Sovereign was more consolidated, the Wardens seem never to have been forced upon an unwilling community, but were selected with care as officials who would require to exercise much judgment and tact in the performance of their duties. On their appointment they were always received with much ceremony by the Barons, and at their public installation the ancient *Serement* of the Confederation was submitted to them. "Sir," it ran, "ye shall keep inviolate and maintain all the franchises, liberties, customs and usages of the Five Ports, in all that ye may do, by the allegiance that ye owe unto our Lord the King of England and by your Knighthood."

The privileges which were secured by charter to them were briefly, exemption from military service on land, freedom from taxation and from the payment of customs and tolls, the custody of the property and the persons of their minors, the bestowal of their wards in marriage, and representation in parliament. Further, they could not be cited against their will to appear in any court outside their own boundaries, and they had the

honour of rendering certain services at Court, which consisted in supporting canopies over the sovereign and his consort at the coronation, and they were allotted the distinction of dining at a table set on the king's right hand at the feast in Westminster Hall. They are mentioned as supporting the the *umbraculum* over Richard the First at his coronation, and it is alluded to even then as an ancient privilege. The claim, which was allowed at every succeeding coronation, was to support upon four silver staves a canopy of gold or purple silk, having four corners and at each corner a silver-gilt bell. Four Barons were appointed to each staff, and they were to take the canopy with its staves and bells as fees for their services. In cases where the king was married, sixteen other Barons were also to attend to support the canopy of the queen. They accompanied their Majesties from Westminster Hall to the entrance of the choir in the Abbey, where they waited while the ceremony took place. When at the the actual moment of the king being crowned, the peers put on their coronets, the Barons of the Cinque Ports alone of all the commoners in the church wore their velvet caps. When the king and queen passed out of the choir on their way back to the palace at the conclusion of the ceremony, they were received by the Barons again, who escorted them back in the same manner. In their hoods and gowns of scarlet and richly embroidered sleeves, the Portsmen gave an additional touch of colour to the central group of the pageant.

In return for all this they were required to furnish for the king's use, whenever called upon, fifty-seven ships ready for sea, and manned by crews of twenty able and well-qualified seamen and one boy, who was called a *gennet*. Forty days' notice was given



them, at the end of which the ships were to be ready for the king's use. For fifteen days they were to be maintained by the Ports at their own cost, reckoning from the time when the sails of the ships should be hoisted ; after that the king undertook to pay all charges in connection with them.

After the Norman Conquest the English Channel became practically an Anglo-Norman arm of the sea, for the kings of England ruled one half of France, and the services the seamen of the Ports were called upon to render consisted chiefly in providing ships for transport purposes, or for the conveyance of the Sovereigns and their attendants to and from the Continent. It was not until John's reign, when the French provinces were lost to England and the fears of foreign invasion once more revived, that they were called upon again to defend the coast. John frequently had recourse to them, and we hear of their charters being renewed over and over again by him. No less than six were granted in one single year, 1205. They were conspicuously loyal to him in the struggle which, at the close of his reign, he made to regain his position. When the English barons offered the throne to the Dauphin of France they would have nothing to do with such an arrangement, and held Dover Castle for the King. The French King heard with much satisfaction that Louis had overrun Kent and taken possession of London ; but when he enquired whether he had captured Dover Castle and was answered in the negative, he is said to have exclaimed, "Then my son has not obtained one foot of English ground." When it was rumoured from across the Channel that the French were fitting out a fleet to reinforce the Dauphin and bringing troops to his aid, the seamen of the Ports made ready their ships and laid

in wait for them. Presently the Frenchmen hove in sight and they forthwith sailed out to meet them. "Forty tall ships," says Jeake, "put out to sea under the command of Hubert de Burgh (then Warden of the Cinque Ports and Commander of Dover Castle), who meeting with eighty sail of French ships coming to aid Louis, the French king's eldest son, gave them a most courageous encounter, wherein he took some, sunk others, and discomfited the rest." The prizes were triumphantly towed into Dover. The battle had been fought so near to the shore that the people on the cliffs had been able to watch its progress. The victors were met on their return by a grand procession of bishops and clergy in full canonicals, chanting praises and thanksgivings. The spoils, consisting of much gold, silver, and silk vestments, together with weapons of all sorts, were collected. The prisoners were loaded with chains and sent into safe custody, while messengers were despatched in all speed to the young King with the joyful intelligence. The effect of the victory was instantaneous ; Louis relinquished all hopes of the English crown and gladly effected his escape to France.

During the next two centuries the fleet of the Cinque Ports constituted in the main the only naval force on which the Sovereign could place any dependence. They did the work which in later times has been done by the royal navy, for of course then a standing fleet was as little known as a standing army. The king's galleys performed the duties of local guard and revenue service and were requisitioned in time of war, but only as auxiliaries, never as principals. The Cinque Ports were frequently called upon to furnish vessels for convoy duty, not only for the transport of ships but also to convey the

kings and their suites to and from the Continent. It sometimes happened in the case of a large body of troops waiting for embarkment, that the Ports could not furnish enough ships. Then the Sovereign used to resort to the simple expedient of requisitioning all the shipping of the kingdom. Mandates would be issued forbidding the sale of any vessel to a foreigner, and the export of all timber suitable for shipbuilding purposes would be prohibited for the time being. A general embargo would be laid on all shipping, and no vessel would be allowed to put out to sea without a licence, it being a very serious offence for a master to sail to any port but the one indicated in his licence, or to remain at sea beyond the prescribed limit of time. If all this did not suffice to obtain the required number of ships, the fleet of the Cinque Ports was sent to bring into harbour any ship they might fall in with, whether English or foreign. Should these refuse compliance, they were to be considered as the king's enemies and to be treated accordingly. It sometimes happened that in spite of all these measures the king's expeditions were delayed for want of sufficient means of transport. It occurred, for instance, in the reign of Henry the Third. On his arrival at Portsmouth, where his troops were assembled, he finding that there were only enough transports to convoy half his army, he flew into a royal passion and sending for Hubert de Burgh, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, swore at him lustily. So furious was his Majesty that he drew his sword and attempted in the blind fury of his passion to run him through on the spot. It was with great difficulty that de Burgh was rescued from his violence by the bystanders, and it was a long time before the King forgave him or received him back into favour.

Among the duties which occasionally devolved upon the Barons of the Cinque Ports was that of guarding the Straits of Dover. In times of political danger orders would be issued that all ports were to be closed for the time being, and that no ships were to be allowed to leave or enter until the prohibition was withdrawn. At these times Dover was made the only port of passage to and from the Continent, and the men of the Cinque Ports were strictly enjoined to keep a sharp lookout that no suspicious person made good his escape from England, or that any undesirables from abroad should effect a landing.

They must have been queer-shaped little boats in which the men of those days used to put to sea. Curiously small and unseaworthy do they appear to our modern ideas, and one only wonders at anybody having the hardihood to entrust their lives to them. It was before the days of the mariner's compass, be it remembered, and the use of the magnet for navigating purposes was only in its infancy. Up to the end of the thirteenth century the boats rarely exceeded 240 tons burden. They were for the most part rudderless, the steering being done by a huge paddle, called a *clavus*, which was worked from the side of the ship, and no mention is made anywhere of their being fitted with pumps. Even in the fourteenth century two masts were unusual, and where they did occur they were single poles and similar to each other, excepting that while the mainmast was perpendicular, the foremast was often raked considerably forward. Each carried a single lug sail, and each had apparently a fighting-top formed of a large barrel. There is no sign of a bowsprit supporting a fore-and-aft sail. A sea-voyage in those days must have made a demand upon a man's courage and also on his powers

of physical endurance, for it is doubtful whether the ships were even provided with cabins, so that passengers must have had a most uncomfortable time. In the records of Henry the Third's reign mention is made of the sum of 4s. 6d. being paid for making a chamber in a ship which was to convey the King to France, "to place his things in"; and a few years later, when the King and Queen went to Gascony, "decent chambers were ordered to be built in the vessel in which they were to sail, and these were to be properly panelled." One of the King's personal attendants held a grant of land in Kent in return for the services he rendered during the royal journeys to and from the Continent, his special duty being to hold his Majesty's head should he chance to suffer from sea-sickness.

From the twelfth to the fourteenth century the English Channel appears to have been infested with pirates of many nationalities. In England piracy does not appear to have been regarded with any disfavour by those in high authority. Licences were frequently granted to the Barons of the Cinque Ports and others to harass the shipping of other nations, especially that of France, and the only condition attaching to them was that the king should receive one half of the booty. Such expeditions were actually protected by royal authority, and any one molesting a vessel which carried such a licence was liable to a fine. The seamen of the Cinque Ports were absolutely impartial in their marauding expeditions. It was all the same to them whether the ships were French, Spanish, or belonged to the Hanse Towns; they plundered them all indiscriminately. At one time these ports were regarded as the headquarters of piracy in the Channel, and it is stated that owing to their depredations the prices of all

foreign goods rose enormously, and that there was a positive scarcity of such commodities as salt, iron, and cloths.

Under a weak king like Henry the Third they appear to have been exceedingly lawless. In the dispute between him and his barons they ranged themselves on the side of the latter. When the Pope, who supported the King, sent a Cardinal Legate to mediate between the two parties, the Barons of the Cinque Ports would not even allow him to land. When Urban heard of it he was so incensed at their presumption that he formally excommunicated them. The Portsmen did not care a whit. They found out when the dread mandates were expected, boarded the vessel, tore them into shreds, and threw the pieces into the sea.

But despite their occasional excesses they were a real power in the kingdom, and it was generally recognised by the nation at large that in the main their efforts were always in the direction of establishing constitutional liberties and preventing interference from foreign Powers. A proof of this is seen in the fact of Simon de Montfort, when he assembled his famous parliament, summoning no less than four Barons from each of the Cinque Ports and from the two Ancient Towns, which was an exceedingly generous representation; and they were moreover allowed to rank above the knights of the shires. In later times they used to return fourteen members to Parliament. Before the separation of the great council of the nation into two houses the members were summoned in the following order. On the first day the burgesses and citizens were called, on the second the knights of the shire, and on the third and last the Barons of the Cinque Ports and the peers. They seem to have held

a place midway between the superior clergy and the baronage on the one hand, and the inferior clergy and the knights, citizens, and burgesses on the other.

In the reign of Edward the First the Portsmen rendered very signal service to the King in his conquest of Wales by blockading the Welsh coast and holding Anglesey. With Edward's army in his rear holding all the mountain passes and the seamen of the Cinque Ports on the coast, Llewellyn's cause became hopeless, and the subjugation of the Principality followed. In Edward's Scotch wars they were called out again, and they scoured the seas so effectually that no succours ever reached the King's enemies in Scotland from abroad. Just about this time a deadly insult was offered to the Portsmen. Some Norman vessels appeared off the coast, from the yards of which were hanging the bodies of some Englishmen who had been slain recently in a fight, alternately with the carcases of dogs; a dog and an Englishman, another dog and another Englishman, and so on all the way round. The fury of the Portsmen can be imagined. This kind of thing was not settled by arbitration in those days. The Barons flew to their ships and started off in frantic pursuit. They came up with the Normans and an engagement was fought in a blinding snowstorm and the French came so badly out of it that, according to Jeake, "France was thereby for a long season after in a manner destitute of both seamen and shipping."

Froissart has given us an account of a great sea-fight in which the seamen of the Cinque Ports assisted Edward the Third against the Spaniards.

The King of England hated these Spaniards greatly [he tells us], and said

publicly, "We have for a long time spared these people, for which they have done us much harm, without amending their conduct; on the contrary they grew more arrogant, for which reason they must be chastised as they repossess our coasts."

Three days the English ships waited for them in the narrow seas between Dover and Calais. On the third evening the King was in the front part of the deck, dressed in a black velvet jacket and "a small black beaver hat which became him very well." He "was never more joyous in his life," says Froissart. The minstrels were playing to him and Sir John Chandos, one of his knights, was dancing on the deck for his entertainment. In short it was a very merry company. Suddenly the watch aloft called out, "Ho! I see a sail." The music came to a dead stop, and Sir John stood stock still in the middle of his dance and a great silence fell on them all. "I see two, three, four, so many that, God help me, I cannot count them," sang out the watch again, and shortly afterwards the Spaniards hove in sight.

They had forty vessels and of such a size and so beautiful it was a fine sight to see them under sail [says Froissart]. Near the top of their masts were small castles full of flints and stones and a soldier to guard them, and there was also a flagstaff, from whence fluttered their streamers in the wind so that it was pleasant to look at them. . . . They might have refused battle had they wished, as they were well freighted, in large ships, and had the wind in their favour . . . but their pride and presumption made them act otherwise. They disdained to sail by and instantly bore down upon them.

He gives a vivid account of the fight, how the ships grappled and what deeds of valour were performed, how the King's ship received rough treatment and began to leak so badly that it is a wonder that he and his

knights were not all sent to the bottom ; but after a terrible hand-to-hand struggle they boarded the ship to which they were grappled, flung overboard every body they found in it, and thus saved themselves. "It lasted a considerable time," adds Froissart, "and the Spaniards gave the King of England plenty to do." At last the enemy, having lost fourteen ships, made off and the English vessels anchored for the night off Rye and Winchelsea, where the King thanked his Barons for their services and they "took their leave and returned every man to his home."

"In the reign of Henry the Fourth," writes Jeake, "the navy of the Cinque Ports conducted by Henry Page (Arripay the Spaniards call him) surprised two hundred and twenty ships all laden with no worse merchandise than oil, iron, and salt." Henry the Sixth called upon them frequently for service, and they fitted out their whole fleet of fifty-seven ships for him in 1445 ; but by this time their glory was past, and they were never called upon to furnish their full quota of vessels again. Their harbours had begun to decay and could no longer accommodate the larger vessels which had come into vogue ; other ports rose into prominence, and the limits of their service no longer sufficed for the national defence. Finally when England, imitating the example set her by France, began in Henry the Seventh's reign to construct ships specially designed for purposes of war, the fleet of the Cinque Ports sank into comparative insignificance.

We still hear of them from time to time, however. Henry the Eighth called upon them on more than one occasion for special service ; and at the time of the Spanish Armada they furnished five stout ships and a pinnace for her Majesty's service for two months, though in fact they kept the

sea four months at their own cost ; and we read further that it was their mariners who being, of course, well acquainted with the channels and shallows of the opposite coasts, were enabled to allure some of the enemy's huge galleons to certain destruction, and thus put them out of action for the rest of the engagement.

Before the sailing of the Invincible Armada, Philip, confident of victory, bestowed the office of Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports on one of his favourites, a man of some distinction, who proceeded to expend the whole of his substance on fitting out a vessel for the Armada in which he held a captain's command. At the last moment illness prevented him from sailing with the rest of the fleet, but so soon as he had recovered he followed in a pinnace, and nothing doubting that by that time the conquest of England was an accomplished fact, steered his course direct to Dover to take up his appointment. Instead of being received, as he had anticipated, with abject submission by a cringing and servile population, to his utter astonishment his vessel was boarded, he himself seized, forcibly dragged before the Constable, and clapped into prison to wait, in one of the dungeons of the castle in which he had expected to rule as governor, until the terms of his ransom could be arranged. One can imagine the delight of the Portsmen at his discomfiture. Some seven years later, when the attack on Cadiz was being organised, they came forward with alacrity and provided five ships of 160 tons each, all at their own expense, and placed them at the Queen's disposal for the space of five months. We hear of their sea-service once more after this, and once only. In Charles the First's reign they furnished him with two ships for

three months, at a cost to themselves of £1,825 8s.

During the coronation feast of Charles the Second news was brought to the Barons that the royal footmen were attempting to appropriate the canopies, which with the silver staves and bells had from time immemorial been considered the property of the Barons of the Cinque Ports. On hearing this news the Barons rose at once from their seats and went out to protect their property. A very noisy scene ensued, and the King sent out to know what it was all about. The royal footmen were placed under arrest and were dismissed the King's service next day. An incident which occurred at the coronation of James the Second was by many regarded as an evil omen. The King was returning to Westminster Hall after the ceremony, and walking in his royal coronation robes under a canopy borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, when suddenly it tore across. "Twas of cloth of gold," says Aubrey, "and my strength could not, I am confident, have rent it, and it was not a windy day."

At the coronation of George the Third, no table was placed for the Barons in Westminster Hall. They protested, but in vain, and when they arrived at the Hall and found that the table which should have been theirs was already occupied by several peers and ladies, they were extremely indignant and, refusing to sit anywhere else,

stood in a group at the high table on the King's right hand until past nine o'clock, when they retired. A formal protest was addressed to the Earl Marshal later, and at the coronation of George the Fourth their table was placed in its ancient position. But the Barons were not entirely satisfied even then, for they complained that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London were allowed to sit nearer to the King than they were. At the coronations of William the Fourth and Queen Victoria the usual procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey was omitted, as was also the feast, so no opportunity was afforded to the Barons of performing their usual offices. At the coronation of King Edward the Seventh they were present in the Abbey but did not attend personally on the King and Queen.

Of the ancient and honourable corporation of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, the two Ancient Towns and their Limbs, very few signs remain at the present time. In one place only does the name still appear, and that is on the rolls of Parliament. The Man in the Street may be ignorant of their claims, yet the page which records the brilliant service which they rendered the country in the far off past, and also the leading part which they played in helping to establish the constitutional liberties of England, will ever keep its place in the annals of our history.

MINTO F. JOHNSTON.

## HOSPITALS AND MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

THERE are many reasons why London with its great size, wealth, and peculiarly varied population should be one of the greatest, if not the greatest school for medical education in the world. That it is not so can be easily shown, and at the present time when an earnest effort is being made to establish a medical institute and to organise the various branches of medical education it is as well to examine some of the causes of the failure. The report of the Committee which was appointed on behalf of King Edward's Hospital Fund to enquire into the financial relations between hospitals and medical schools in London has dealt with this subject to some extent, and their findings are alone sufficient to indicate the gravity of the present position. From the point of view of the general public, who are asked to subscribe large sums of money to London hospitals, it appears that much money is wasted on the education of medical students, and as some of the money comes out of the coffers of the hospitals it follows that it also comes out of the pockets of the British public.

There are twelve medical schools in London, yet none of them occupies such a position of authority in the medical world as does Edinburgh University. The number of medical students in London has decreased during the past thirty years by about one-half, and the present tendency is for the number to sink

still lower. The annual entry of fresh students for all the London medical schools has declined from an average of 679 in the years 1879-1883 to an average of 424 in the years 1900-4. Edinburgh has students who hail from various parts of England, Ireland, Wales, and the Colonies, and these students form about one-half of the total number on the books. Even Birmingham, which is the proud possessor of a fine university, is slowly beating London.

The twelve medical schools, some of them fairly good in their way, are not sufficiently adequate to cope with great opportunities. They lack the advantage which one or two big centres would possess. Their teachers, on account of the comparative smallness of the schools, are underpaid. There are, of course, some very distinguished men teaching in the London medical schools, but when opportunity offers they go elsewhere. Many of the schools would have to close their doors if it were not for the support they receive out of the funds of the hospitals to which they are attached. Such schools are known to lack in many respects the complete equipment which big medical centres possess. Consequently they are somewhat inefficient; but they are also expensive, and it is this question of expense, together with the pitiful fact that London as a medical centre is ceasing to exist, that possesses a vital interest just now.

Out of the twelve medical schools there are only four where contributions are not made out of the general funds of the hospitals to make up the deficit on the working of the schools. These are Guy's Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, King's College, and University College. For the rest, Charing Cross, London, Middlesex, St. Bartholomew's, St. George's, St. Mary's, St. Thomas's and Westminster Hospitals, the amount of money which has to be given by them to the schools annually is a very large one; though, of course, owing to various circumstances, such for instance as an increased number of students and more fees, it fluctuates to a certain degree. A well-known official connected with St. Bartholomew's Hospital recently made a private calculation of the amount of money which passed from the hospitals to these schools during the course of a year and for which no adequate return was given. He arrived at the conclusion that the average yearly sum was at least £10,000. As this amount goes to bolster up schools which lack a good many requirements, and which are far below the standard of what the leading medical schools in London ought to be, it can only be viewed as money wasted,—wasted in the sense that the object and the expenditure do not give anything like a fair return. There is also another view. The sum of £10,000 is a very considerable one, and in the hospital world of London it could do a vast amount of good if applied judiciously.

Here are the amounts which in 1903 were paid by hospitals to the various schools which are connected with them. These figures, I may explain, are taken from the material laid before the Committee appointed by King Edward's Hospital Fund and they may be regarded as accurate.

<i>Hospital.</i>	<i>Amount Paid to School.</i>
Charing Cross ..	£1,156 17 0
London ..	2,588 1 6
Middlesex ..	701 10 7
St. Bartholomew's ..	1,122 2 8
St. George's ..	1,225 0 0
St. Mary's ..	652 1 8
St. Thomas's ..	788 5 11
Westminster..	472 10 0

In fairness to the medical schools it must be explained that in some instances pecuniary returns were made. In the case of Charing Cross Hospital the school paid to the hospital one-fifth of its gross receipts, which in 1903 amounted to £626 8. 1. With respect to the London Hospital certain amounts have from time to time been paid by the hospital to the schools on which the latter pays interest, but taken altogether the money passing from the hospital to the school is considerable. For certain loans the school of St. Bartholomew's paid to the hospital in 1903 £778 19. 9., but against this it may be pointed out that the hospital has expended on the school-buildings since 1865 a sum of £59,694 18. 6. The land occupied by the college belongs to the hospital, and the residential college occupied by the students of the school belongs to and is maintained by the hospital, which has incurred a loss under this head averaging £86 13. per annum during the last thirty-four years. St. George's Hospital received from the school £359 17. 1., which however was rent and interest due. In the case of St. Mary's Hospital the original accommodation of the school was paid for by the founders of the hospital. Since then part of the accommodation has been taken by the hospital and a sum of £11,000 advanced to the school for new buildings. Up to and including the year 1900 four per cent. interest on this sum was paid; in 1902 three and a



half per cent. was the interest; in 1903 no interest was paid. In addition to the amount given by St. Thomas's Hospital to the school the rates and taxes of the school-buildings were paid by the hospital. The Westminster Hospital school pays a rent of £160 per annum to the hospital.

These particulars clearly show that the hospitals derive no direct benefit from the schools; it is the schools which have the advantage. On behalf of the present system it is claimed that the hospitals obtain a certain amount of valuable prestige from the presence of the schools. No doubt this is so to some extent, but this consideration certainly does not carry very far. Of course in the case of students who have nearly finished their course of training, and who are on the verge of taking their degrees, there is some real advantage. The presence of such students in a hospital can be positively helpful to the ordinary medical staff. Two minds are often better than one, and a student may often assist a busy physician, and in fact may take off his hands a certain amount of work which can be performed quite as well by an embryo doctor as by the full-fledged practitioner. And a student doing this obtains much valuable experience which forms an important part of his medical education. There is experience which can only be obtained in a hospital or a similar institution, and this, in the view of those who favour a continuance of the present expensive methods, forms a case in favour of hospital medical schools.

It is my purpose to show that though there may be some gain in prestige it is not equivalent to the undoubted pecuniary loss, and that a scheme might very well be put into working order which would retain for the hospitals the benefit of the senior students' services, but which would at

the same time abolish at least eight of the medical schools as they at present exist.

The remedy lies in a system of amalgamation by which the hospitals would be relieved of the great expenses of supporting schools where new students would commence their studies. As, however, hospital experience is now absolutely necessary before a student can acquire any practical knowledge of his profession, the hospitals should admit students who have passed the preliminary and intermediate stages of the training which might be as well passed from a hospital as in one. These preliminary and intermediate stages, it should be explained, consist of such subjects as chemistry and biology and the properties of the various medicines. These could very well be studied away from a hospital. To teach them means the expense of a department which is practically useless so far as the hospital is concerned; it also means the employment of teachers quite apart from the ordinary hospital staff. The last stage of the student's career could be passed in a hospital where the actual work of the regular doctors and nurses would afford the student every chance of learning the more practical side of his profession, and there would really be no expense to the hospital under this head. In fact there would be a gain. The student in the pursuit of knowledge and experience would, as I have said, often be useful. Thus the hospital would retain its medical school but in a limited sense only.

There was a period,—some sixty years ago—when the hospital schools were limited in this way. That was the time when young men were apprenticed to various doctors and merely came to London to "walk the hospitals" and obtain practical knowledge in chemical medicine, surgery, and midwifery. Since that period a

doctor's course of education has been greatly extended, and the hospitals have made desperate attempts to provide facilities for covering the whole course. As the figures given show, the result has been most unsatisfactory from a pecuniary point of view, and as has been pointed out by one of the organs of the medical profession the greater part of the annual income derived from student's fees for the whole course goes in many schools to defray the cost of instruction in the preliminary and intermediate subjects; even so, the teachers of these subjects receive very inadequate salaries while the teachers of chemical subjects,—the working hospital staff—receive little or nothing for their teaching. The moral is that the hospitals ought never to have made the attempt of covering this vast amount of ground; they should have been content, as they were in the days when walking the hospitals was a recognised custom, to impart instruction only in the latter stages. Something like financial disaster has attended their endeavour to cope with the complete curriculum, and as this is a matter of public importance in view of the subsidies made out of the general funds of the big public hospitals a remedy should certainly be applied.

By the amalgamation of the schools which cannot pay their way, or, what is practically the same thing, by the establishment of one or more big centres of medical education in the Metropolis and the abolition of the smaller schools, the evil would be removed.

At such a centre students could receive training in the preliminary and intermediate subjects and then revert for practical experience and surgery to any of the hospitals. Obviously the hospitals would gain by this. They would be relieved of a

large expenditure and considerable trouble, and the public would gain inasmuch as the money which at present goes to these schools could be spent on making the hospitals larger and more efficient. The students would gain also, and would not lose a single advantage. They would have the advantage of being able to prosecute their studies in more complete laboratories than the struggling hospitals are able to afford, and they would have more and better teachers. I do not wish to throw any reflection upon those gentlemen who are at present teaching in the hospital schools, but a prosperous centre would be able to pay on a much more liberal scale and would consequently be able to secure the very best instructors. It is the lack of a well-paying centre which is responsible for the exodus of the best teachers from London to Birmingham and elsewhere. The students would also gain by being brought into contact with other influences than those which immediately surround a busy hospital; and it may be claimed for such a scheme as this that it would introduce into the education of the young doctor some of that mysterious but nevertheless very beneficial atmosphere which is generally admitted to be an important factor in the education of a young man at one or the other of our ancient universities. Dr. Headlam, the present Dean of King's College, who speaks with undoubted authority and with considerable experience behind him, assured me that he believed that not only would the establishment of such a centre as I have described be advantageous from the point of view of learning and public convenience, but that it would be a gain, to the student in rescuing him during the early days of his career from the peculiar atmosphere of a hospital. Dr. Headlam holds the view that

there are great advantages in a raw student not being introduced to the practical work of a hospital, which he would not comprehend before he had received the ground-work of his medical education. After the preliminary courses the student would approach the practical work of his profession with a larger understanding and in a broader and more serious spirit.

The real and immediate difficulty is the establishment of this centre for the preliminary and intermediate studies. The value of amalgamation is becoming generally recognised, though certain of the hospital authorities say they prefer the present system. The preservation of their independence is what they desire, though it is difficult to see, when under such a scheme as has been mentioned they would gain much more than they would lose, why they should raise any serious objection. Recognising the advantage which might follow partial amalgamation negotiations have for some time been taking place between the Westminster Medical School authorities and the heads of King's College. At the time of writing it is impossible to say what the ultimate result may be. It is an important fact that King's College is in a position to provide a centre to which many of the students now pursuing their early studies at the smaller and struggling medical schools could come and have all the advantages of complete laboratories and first-rate teachers. By a Bill which has been introduced into Parliament the University of London will probably incorporate University College, and this will bring into existence a large centre where medical students could go through their preliminary studies. Whether these two centres would be sufficient is not quite certain. The fear is that it would not be sufficient;

and if London is to take its place as the premier city for medical education something more elaborate will have to be attempted.

A short while ago an appeal was issued for funds to establish a large medical institute at South Kensington under the control of the University of London. The proposal, which was supported by his Majesty the King who takes a very vital interest in any question affecting the hospitals of London, was put forward in a convincing way in a letter to *THE TIMES* by Dr. Fowler, the Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of London, who has demonstrated ever since the need for such an institute. There was no immediate response to the appeal of any great value, but there is every reason to believe that the scheme is to be persevered with. It may be that an impetus will be given by the significant speech delivered by the Prince of Wales as recently as March 29th. His Royal Highness announced that in future none of the money given to the hospitals by the King Edward's Hospital Fund would be allowed to go for the support of the various medical schools.

But whatever views may be held as to the best remedy for the present condition of things there is no doubt that large sums of money, often subscribed by the public, are not being used to the best advantage at present; that London is losing its place as an important centre for medical education; and that London by virtue of its peculiarities, is naturally the finest city in the world in which to pursue medical studies. Its wealth and population are immense, its inhabitants comprise people of every nationality, and the variety of its diseases is consequently greater than that of smaller towns.

EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.

## SPORT IN THE HINDOO KOOSH.

It is only in a few of the remotest recesses of the rugged Hindoo Koosh that the old sport of driving with hounds still lingers, and this mostly in glens where the foot of few white men have trod. In other places the arrival of the Englishman has been followed by game-laws, the necessary concomitant of modern rifles. These all condemn driving, and rightly, for the man with the weapons of to-day stands in no need of four-footed assistance to make things easy for him. It is otherwise with the indigenous sportsman armed with his old matchlock of prehistoric design. With the crude weapons carried by Chitrali or Washigam *shikaris*, not all the hunter's craft at their disposal, nor the ownership of the best breeds of hounds, would enable them to exterminate game.

The theory of the sport is based upon the fact that markhor and ibex, when escaping from their natural foes, leopards and wolves, fly to precipices where no other animal, be it cat or dog, can venture; and when followed by the hunter's hounds, they pursue exactly the same tactics. Arrived at their supposed refuge, they are so intent on staring at the baying hounds, that they pay little attention to their deadlier two-footed foes, who can approach close enough to use their antiquated pieces with effect. It is said that whole herds are sometimes wiped out in this way; but this must be very rare, or one would not find all grounds new to the European sportsman as full of game as they usually are.

The sport is conducted in two ways. There is the royal drive, as managed for the benefit of the petty kings of

the Hindoo Koosh, in which a large number of beaters with dogs drive the game up to posted guns, much as chamois are driven in Austria. And there is the humbler but more sporting way followed by the professional hunter, with his leash of hounds, frequently entailing toil which few but born mountaineers could endure. One's sympathies, however, are with the princes and mighty ones of the earth in this matter; for here, as in other places, they are rarely allowed the pleasure of doing their own hunting. Poor kings who miss the real enjoyment of sport, though themselves ignorant of their loss, one cannot but feel sorry for them!

Let me first try to describe a royal drive as arranged for the Mehtar of Chitral, the premier chieftain of the Hindoo Koosh.

Early one winter morning I found myself following a Chitrali guide up a gorge, where the sheer sides of rock in places almost met above us. Every few hundred yards the torrent impinged against one rock wall or the other, necessitating a crossing by means of a pine pole flung across the foaming water. The night's frost had glazed such of these as were touched by the spray, with a film of ice, which had to be dusted with sand before even my light-footed guide could trust himself on them. But for these, and occasional anxious moments at points where a crossing of the stream had been deemed unnecessary in local opinion and we had to creep gingerly round difficult rock corners where the water below roared a most uninviting summons, the track was monotonous enough, as one could

see but a short way in front owing to the turns of the gorge.

The king, whose shooting-box lay some way up the valley, had gone up the previous evening, by a zigzag path over the mountain, along which (on a Chitrali pony) it was possible to ride.

The valley, which, like most others in this part of the Himalayas, was a gorge for a few miles above its embouchure into the main Chitral glen, presently opened out and the shooting-box came in sight, a little wooden structure built on a plateau overhanging the stream and surrounded by pines and junipers. A crowd of retainers was lounging about outside, a picturesque crew of good-looking ruffians, carrying all manner of arms, from matchlock to Mannlicher, and like all Chitrali crowds full of jokes and laughter. The *shikaris* and beaters had all been out since long before daylight. It was now about nine o'clock and so far no news had come. The Mehtar came out to meet me, a pale young man rather below middle height, with a quiet dignified manner, the difficulties of whose position it is unnecessary to dilate on here. Having not yet breakfasted he asked me to join him, an invitation I found no difficulty in accepting, as the keen morning air had long since made my early breakfast a mere remembrance. It fortunately proved to be not the Oriental repast of ceremony, with its interminable courses, but a comparatively light meal, consisting of but four enormous dishes or rather trays of *pillaus* and such like, from which the king and I ate direct without the unnecessary formality of separate plates. He ate delicately with his fingers, as the Easterns say "with discretion," while I had the use of the only spoon and fork.

As to the prospects of sport, I learnt that a herd of markhor had been seen on the previous evening

with one big buck, and the *shikaris* with some two hundred beaters and the royal pack had gone out to surround them on three sides for the purpose of driving them towards the hunting-ground. Breakfast over, our hands were sprinkled with rose-scented water from a great brass *aftaba*, and we set off on foot. We soon began to climb up a path newly cut in the steep hill-side, and in half an hour found ourselves on a little platform with a low wall in front, some four hundred feet above the stream. Looking across, the opposite slopes deep in snow were visible to a height of two or three thousand feet above us; they were not excessively steep and were scantily covered with junipers and holly oaks. Immediately opposite us, at a range of perhaps ninety yards, was a precipitous face of rock, going down almost sheer into the water. This was the point to which the markhor were to be driven, and where it was hoped they would stand long enough to be shot.

We had now to keep as still and silent as possible and sat ourselves down behind the wall at points from which we could get a commanding view. An attendant flung over the Mehtar a magnificent fur robe which had come straight from Bokhara, and others wrapped themselves in sheep-skin pelisses and cloaks, for the wind was bitterly cold. Only a few of the Mehtar's intimates had accompanied us to the butt, but in glancing at the array of modern rifles with which they were armed and at the rocks opposite where the beasts were to be shot down, I half regretted coming to what seemed likely to end in a butchery; for the combination of ancient strategy with modern arms seemed a trifle unfair to our quarry.

The Mehtar was beguiling the time by telling me of some wonderful battues at this spot in the time of

his ill-fated predecessor, when faint confused sounds of shouting came from high up the opposite mountain, mingled with the yelping of dogs. Presently some black dots appeared moving far away in the snow; then a man perched up on a rock behind us said "Big markhor coming this way," and we saw a big beast come bounding down alone, pausing after each spring to see where the danger lay, and heading straight for the rock face opposite. The men in the butt all seized their rifles and crouched close to the wall. I declined the Mehtar's pressing invitation to take the shot, so he got ready. The markhor was now within two hundred yards of us and I was watching him through the glasses. A kingly fellow he looked, with his head thrown back, his great black spiral horns standing grandly out and his long beard sweeping the snow. Suddenly, seeming to scent danger in front, he turned half left and up the glen. A few gigantic bounds brought him with an avalanche of snow and stones to the bottom of the valley, across which he dashed and was lost to view. Two or three shots had been fired as soon as it was seen he was not going into the rock face, but he was not touched, and I was glad to think he might live to add a few more inches to his magnificent spread of horns, enjoy a few more seasons of courtship, and then die in a more befitting manner.

Of course the grumbles in the butt were loud and not less sincere, and everyone blamed everyone else for having moved or shown themselves at the critical moment. The big markhor of the herd had escaped, and it now became apparent also from the shouts and yelps getting fainter and fainter, that the rest of the herd had somehow managed to break through the line.

But stay, here comes something

down the opposite slope. It is a doe markhor, going as if a pack of demons were after her. On she comes and reaches her supposed refuge on the rock face. The cause of her haste is soon evident, for a long Badakshan hound is close on her tracks, not a couple of hundred yards behind and giving tongue in short excited yelps. As the hound reaches one side of the precipice and begins to creep cautiously along a snowy ledge, the doe wandering on and invisible to him, has reached the further side and turns round again towards the centre of the rock. I signal to the Mehtar not to shoot, for it is evident that hunter and hunted are going to meet nose to nose on a ledge about an inch wide and the solution of the problem will be interesting. Only a corner of rock now separates them and both reach it simultaneously. A chorus of *ya allah* burst from the spectators in our gallery, as the doe without one moment's hesitation, sprang straight out into mid air and went down. A gallant bid for life it was and suitably rewarded, for, leaning over, we saw her recover her footing in deep snow two hundred feet down, dash on to the stream, across, and away to safety on the line her lord and master had taken before. The hound could do nothing but extricate himself from the precipice, which done, he sat down and barked foolishly.

There was nothing more, and we returned, the Mehtar full of apologies at the poor sport he had shown, though, as I told him, the leap for life that doe had shown us, was a sight I would have gone far to see.

The beaters came in in groups, some not arriving for hours afterwards. The tale they told was that the body of the herd were first making straight for our rock, but something

had turned them and they had gone right through the line of beaters. Tracks of two snow leopards had been seen and that was supposed to be the cause of the fiasco.

Now let us transfer ourselves to one of the higher valleys, nearer the main axis of this mighty belt of mountain land, where the mysterious ibex in his haunts of snow and ice forms the quarry of humbler votaries. Here we are in the midst of romance and legend.

There is, even to materialistic Westerns something almost supernatural about the ibex. When, during the fearful winters of high regions, his summer companions, markhor and oorial, bear and marmot, either seek lower and warmer levels, or hibernate in comfortable underground dwellings, the ibex remains alone among the snows and drifting mists. What enables them to defy the terrific elements, and escape the constant avalanches that thunder down the mountain sides in the spring time? How do they exist? The ordinary mortal will explain it by saying that they crowd together under rock shelters and subsist on grass roots and juniper sprays while the winter is at its height, and that instinct teaches them to keep to ridges and *arrêtes* during the avalanche season, and that they are protected from the intense cold by a thick under coat of wonderful soft wool. But every Chitrali knows well that ibex are under the special protection of the mountain fairies, the chief of whom lives among the icy pyramids and high turrets of the great mountain Tirich Mir. They know that when the earthquakes pass along these valleys, those specially gifted can see hosts of fairies streaming across the sky, riding on ibex and long-maned ponies. Men and women are now living who have been

transported to the gleaming palaces of Tirich Mir and seen their inhabitants and the ibex that wander freely among them. Does not history also relate how, when the country is in urgent danger, fairies are seen by many with their ibex squadrons, riding to the Mehtar's assistance? Does not every Kohistani know that it was by their aid alone that the army of the famous Sikh general, Bhup Singh, was surrounded on the Gilgit road and every man of them either killed or sold to the slave-dealing Mirs of Slighnan and Roshan?

The slaying of an ibex therefore is no light matter. No *shikari* would venture to start on a hunting trip without having first propitiated the protecting powers. Otherwise his foot would slip on the edge of some dizzy precipice; stones would hurtle through the air, impelled by unseen hands; he would fall through into some deep ice well in the groaning glacier; or may be he would wander bewildered like the Ancient Mariner, seeing fearful sights:

And through the drifts the snowy  
cliffs,  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

But whether lying under hills of green ice, or kept in bondage by the fairy folk of Tirich Mir, certain it is that he would never again be seen alive.

So the *shikari* omits none of the customary ceremonies before leaving home. His good woman first bakes him an enormous cake, which is stuffed into the folds of his gown above the girdle. He cleans his brass-bound matchlock and slings it over his shoulder and hangs round him bullet-pouch, powder-horn, knife, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of the chase. Then, after warn-

ing his wife not to allow unpurified man or woman to cross his threshold, he starts off with his leash of hounds.

At the mouth of the selected valley, he flings four pieces of his loaf north, south, east, and west, invoking the special fairy of the place. "Oh guardian of this golden glen, this slave has approached thy abode. Look on him with kindness. I have come under thy silken sleeve and the hem of thy skirts. Of thy flocks, grant me but one beast. Let him be such as has no wool, has no milk, and is unable to keep up with the herd, that is thin, weak, lame, and even blind. Give keenness to my eyes and power to my limbs, so that I may slay one animal. Safeguard me from all dangers."

For the hunter of the Hindoo Koosh the year is divided into numerous seasons, known under different names. There is the rutting season, when the sexes mingle in the early winter; the dead of winter, when all the ibex grounds are fathoms deep in snow; the avalanche season when the roar of cataracts of snow is almost continuous under the morning and mid-day sun; the season when the lower slopes with a southern aspect form brown streaks in a white ocean of mountains; the season when the fresh green grass begins to appear, and slowly spreads up the mountain to the lowest limits of eternal snow; the summer, when all the mountain sides where earth can lie are carpeted with grass and flowers, and game animals have their widest range to wander over; and lastly, the season when the higher slopes take autumnal tints of red and yellow, and ibex are found comparatively low down taking advantage of the last of the summer grazing. This is the time when the old bucks are in pride of grease, and it is consequently perhaps the favourite shooting time among *shikaris*, though of course

their work is easiest of all in the spring, when the ibex, ravenous after their short winter commons, come low down for the first blades of fresh green grass and wormwood.

Ibex having been seen, there are two methods of proceeding, according to the excellence of the hunter's hounds. If they are of the best breed, staunch and well trained, he can, as the saying is, slip them at the bottom of the *nullah* and then go and breakfast at leisure, certain that the early morning's downward flowing air will have brought news of the ibex to the hounds, and that by the time he has finished, he will find one or two of the herd rounded up into some precipice, to which he will be attracted by his hounds' baying. This is the ideal.

The real is more often something like this. The hunter, after picking up his ibex, takes his hounds well above them and sights them before slipping. A long chase follows, the hounds hunting their game from precipice to precipice, the *shikari* keeping them in sight or hearing as best he may. A long day's hunt in deep snow and frequently the most appallingly dangerous ground is the usual thing, the end of which may be a shot or may not. Much of course depends on the suitability of the valley for this kind of hunting. The best *nullahs* which have been pointed out to me all have the same characteristics; the greater part of the ground is comparatively easy, but somewhere in the middle is a great scarp of naked rock, from which it would be impossible for the hounds to move a beast which has once taken refuge there.

Imagine the scene at such a moment: the ibex standing on a ledge or niche in some sheer cliffs of rock, turning this way and that; the exhausted hounds lying at the bottom



with lolling tongues, baying as they lie and taking snatches at the snow. Enter the *shikari* from above at a dizzy height, peering over the edge. The range is too far for his rude weapon. He examines the ground with the eye of a cragsman born and bred, to whom giddiness and nerves are unknown. His feet, wrapped round with strips of untanned hide, will stand firm on rock which would appear as impracticable for one in nailed boots as the dancing of a horn-pipe on the dome of St. Paul's. But the risks of rocks glazed by ice, stone shoots, all the hundred and one perils that beset one who would climb on rock, all these he knows and appreciates. Alone and encumbered with his hunting-gear, he lets himself down and trusts himself step by step with infinite care on ground where none but the most adventurous Alpine climbers, roped and in company, would venture.

The shot he takes lying down with the muzzle of his weapon resting on or against a stone. Lucky he deems himself if the beast goes head over heels, whizzing down to the anxious hounds, for his agate-cored balls leave as much to be desired in point of efficiency as his old musket in point of accuracy. Perhaps the finish only comes at the end of a wearisome chase after a wounded beast, the termination of which may be success or failure.

With the *shikari* as with the Sheikh Sadis' dervish, "His inn is wherever darkness may find him"; but if the rigours of a night under the stars are mitigated by the skin of a freshly killed ibex for a covering and his bread helped down with morsels of roasted liver, he is as happy as a king.

In this sport very much depends on the hounds, and a good pair are very highly prized. Like the ponies of these highlands, the best breeds come

from Badakshan and look like a cross between a Borzoi and collie. Before the hunting-season comes on, *shikaris* harden and condition their hounds by pitching them into some icy torrent several times a day,—a course which I was once recommended to follow with a favourite spaniel somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*.

The successful *shikari*, on his way home, sings the quaint hunting-song called the *ghoru*. As he nears his village, men and boys run out to relieve him of his kit and load of meat and horns,—the latter destined to grace the nearest saint's shrine. The whole hamlet joins in the chorus, those not helping with the loads sitting down on the roofs of their houses and with little fingers in their ears (like a huntsman) rendering the song at the highest pitch of their voices.

Oh valley opened for me, *hé ho*,  
Blood-stained are my hands, *hé ho*.

Deer-like are thine eyes, *hé ho*,  
Seeing after death, *hé ho*.

Rise I in the night, *hé ho*,  
Crouching I await thee, *hé ho*.

Thy feet they leave a trail, *hé ho*;  
Thy horns they graze the sky, *hé ho*.

Food from the unseen, *hé ho*,  
Thou art given by God, *hé ho*.

From ridge to ridge I spy thee, *hé ho*;  
I would know thee again and again,  
*hé ho*.

I see thy various shapes, *hé ho*;  
I track thee from ledge to ledge, *hé ho*.

In the midst of the herd I strike,  
*hé ho*;  
Face to face I slay thee, *hé ho*.

Thou the ibex of my kitchen, *hé ho*,  
Thou the guest of this evening, *hé ho*.

Thou the high and unattainable, *hé ho*,  
Now descend through my smoke-hole, *hé ho*.

The meat is actually taken into the *shikari's* house through the hole in the roof which serves for a chimney, and there received by the members of his family, he himself entering in by the door.

The usual quarry in the Hindoo Koosh is, as has been said, markhor and ibex, but when the snow is deep and a herd of oorial has been marked down in a suitable place, that is to say, low down on flattish ground, a whole village will turn out and mob the poor beasts to death with their dogs, and there is a recorded instance at Gilgit when a big herd were so wiped out. As a rule, oorial, who trust for safety more to speed and activity than getting into inaccessible places, say good-bye to hounds and hunters. My old *shikari* used to

tell of a herd of these animals that escaped him by swimming the Indus, an extraordinary feat. "But ibex too," he used plaintively to add, "used to give my hounds a lot of trouble."

Really big battues, as a matter of fact, are now, and always have been, extremely rare, though old sportsmen of the Himalayas love talking about them. I once asked an old grey-beard, after hearing one of these gory tales, how it was that so many animals still remained. "Sahib," he said, "the more the seed the heavier the crop, is it not? And the more blood spilt on the ground this year, the larger the herds of ibex next." And this is the common belief, especially among the Kafirs.

R. L. KENNION.

## THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

### IV.—GRIMM.

THE great Encyclopædia of Diderot and d'Alembert was to bring light to the people; the CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE of Melchior Grimm was to bring light to kings. The Encyclopædia brought the French Revolution, and the CORRESPONDANCE could not stop it. The first was the conception of those who knew that they were preparing mighty changes, but who did not live to see them; the second was the work of a man whose shrewd eyes foresaw little, but who lived to see all. The Encyclopædia is dead, as a great man dies, having finished his work. The CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE,—which could not cure those royal maladies, blindness, ignorance and hardness of heart—still lives a gay little life as the most perfect contemporary record of any literary epoch in history.

In 1753 the sensibilities of sentimental Paris were most agreeably touched by the pathetic story of a young gentleman who, having had his suit rejected by a charming operadancer, Mademoiselle Fel, straightway took to his bed and to a trance in which he passed whole nights and days, as if he were dead. Abbé Raynal (a most garrulous, good-natured old bore) and Jean Jacques Rousseau constituted themselves his nurses. They were both too romantic, and too much the children of their time, to try the common-sense expedient of leaving the rejected lover severely alone, or of throwing a bucket of cold water over him. But when Rousseau

saw a smile on the doctor's face as he left the patient's room, his heart began to harden a little. And, sure enough, one fine morning up gets the invalid, dresses, resumes his ordinary course of life and never again mentions his malady to his nurses,—even to thank them.

Frederick Melchior Grimm was, however, no sentimental fool. He was indeed one of the shrewdest and most keen-witted of his great nation, though, like many other children of the Fatherland, he had on the surface of his worldly wisdom a fine layer of Teutonic sentimentality. If the sentiment is nauseous to the British mind, it was not so to the French. Grimm's extraordinary disease became his passport into the most exclusive circles in Paris.

Born in Ratisbon on September 26th, 1723, with a poor Lutheran pastor for a father, he had always known that he must make his own way in life, and had always made it. At school he found a useful friend in one of Baron Schomberg's sons, and continued the friendship at the University of Leipzig. When he was still a student there he wrote a play, BANISE, which, before he left, he was a sufficiently just and astute critic to find "pitiable." On leaving Leipzig he went to live in the Schomberg's house, as tutor to his friend's younger brother. Frederick the Great had already made the French language the fashion; and, as at the Schomberg's Grimm heard nothing else, he soon learnt to speak and read it. In 1748

came the first opportunity of his life ; he took his pupil to Paris, and remained there after the boy had returned to his family.

To say that Grimm throughout his life always fell on his feet, would be a misleading idiom. He always fell on his head. The moment he found himself thrown into a new set of circumstances, his calm judgment skilfully arranged them to the very best advantage. At this time he was twenty-five years old, rather tall and imposing looking, something of a dandy in his dress (his enemies declared that he powdered his face and scented himself like a woman), with very little money in hand, no prospects, and a retrospect of that dismal failure BANISE, and that poorly paid travelling tutorship. In a very short time he got himself appointed as reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. The salary was poor enough here too ; but the Duke was a great person, and the Duchess was the friend and the correspondent of Voltaire, and to be for the rest of her life the friend and correspondent of Melchior Grimm as well.

He was not long in finding a situation much more lucrative and responsible. In 1749 he became secretary, guide, and friend to a certain dissipated young dog of a Count de Frisen, who was always borrowing money of his famous uncle, Marshal Saxe, and certainly needed a prudent Grimm to look after him.

If Grimm was only, or principally, honest because honesty is the best policy, if he did his duty because in the long run (only the run is often so long it stretches into the next world) duty is the surest road to happiness, yet the facts remain that he did act uprightly, and that he had settled principles, a strict course of conduct, and a strong line of action, in an age when no motives, good, bad or in-

different, produced such happy results in his friends.

Beneath that veneer of German emotionalism he was perhaps something cold and selfish, stern and reserved. But if he was never ardent, he was always faithful ; if he was not generous, he was just. He occupied in his life many positions of great trust and responsibility, and came out of them all with honour. One can love a Diderot, but one must needs respect a Grimm.

He had plenty of work to do in Paris. Besides the impossible task of keeping Frisen in order, he had his own way and fortune to make and his own friends to cultivate. His passion for Mademoiselle Fel was not his only introduction to Parisian society. Jean Jacques Rousseau (then a brilliant pauper of a genius copying music for his support and dreaming masterpieces of which he had not yet written a line) introduced him to d'Holbach and to Madame d'Epinay. He soon became fast friends with Madame Geoffrin (to whose tranquil common-sense his judicious and well-ordered mind particularly appealed), with Helvétius and with Marmontel : he began a life-long friendship with Diderot ; and once a week at Frisen's house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, he gave the most delightful bachelor dinners to his friends, played exquisitely on the clavecin for their benefit, took their amusement at his German-French in perfectly good part, and was entirely witty and agreeable while keeping always a certain reserve, and remaining entirely master of the situation.

In two years the poor German tutor was one of the most sought-after persons in Paris, fêted and petted by all the great people, and minded to live no longer as bear-leader to boys, but by his own head and pen.

His taste for music gave him a golden opportunity. Shall we have French music at the opera, or Italian? Paris was as hotly divided on the question, said Rousseau, as if the affair had been one of religion. The French side had all the money, the mode, and the women, and the Italian side a very little party of real connoisseurs. Grimm joined the Italians and wrote on their behalf a pamphlet called *THE LITTLE PROPHET OF BOEHMISCHBRODA*, in which the style is profanely imitated from the prophets of the Old Testament. As Madame de Pompadour was on the French side, which she protected by force and by summarily dismissing the Italian singers on the spot, the pamphlet did no harm to French music; but it made Grimm famous. Voltaire read it, and asked how this Bohemian dares to have more wit than we have? And this Bohemian, having made so successful a literary venture in a small part, now looked round with his clever eyes for a larger one.

In 1754 he travelled for awhile with d'Holbach, who had just lost his first wife; and in the following year Frisen, whom Grimm's guardianship had not been able to save from the fatal consequences of his depravity, died, and left his mentor a free man.

In 1755 he began what was to be the work of his life and is his true title to glory, the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*.

The idea of communicating to the sovereigns of Europe by letter news of the literature, science, and philosophy of Paris, that centre of the world's cultivation, was not a new one. In limiting the freedom of the Press sovereigns had limited their own freedom. Newspapers were official bulletins, not daring to utter unacceptable truths or unpalatable opinions on any truths. Kings, as well as their

subjects, yawned over journals of this kind. So King Frederick the Great originated the idea of paying an intelligent man in Paris to write him direct the news and the gossip of the capital. Theriot, Voltaire's friend, filled the post very unsuccessfully, and Frederick complained bitterly that Theriot never had a cold in his head without scribbling four pages of rhodomontade to tell him about it. La Harpe occupied the same position to the Czarevitch Paul, and Suard and the Abbé Raynal, Grimm's nurse and friend, to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha.

The idea was good, but it had been badly worked out. As Diderot and d'Alembert quickened into mighty life the little *Encyclopædia* of Chambers, so Grimm breathed vitality into the languishing *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*. He saw in it first of all the germ of a great career; but he saw in it too an influence which, by informing the minds of kings, might change the destiny of kingdoms. To teach the people was difficult in those days; but to teach their rulers was well nigh impossible. Here then was a chance, the one splendid chance, of showing them the progress of the world, the ominous advance of knowledge and of the old order towards the new. Raynal handed over to Grimm the correspondence he had established with the Courts of the north and south of Germany; and with this small connection Grimm began his work.

The *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE* remains to-day the only literary review which has survived the passage of time, and is still not merely a great name but a great living work. The *SPECTATOR* and the *TATLER* of Addison and Steele are kept eternally fresh by an exquisite charm of style; but they rarely aspired to serious criticism, and are mainly a record of modes and manners, not of literature and of

science. The CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE is as much to-day as on the day it was written the guide to the letters, the art, and the drama of the eighteenth century; the open door to its society and to the mind of cultivated Paris; a book which is equally indispensable to the scholar, or to the novelist, writing of its period; and which is certainly one of the most instructive and amusing literary compilations extant.

Of no settled length, and in manuscript, it was despatched to its subscribers twice a month. It had no fixed price, its readers paying as much as they chose for it, or as much as Grimm could make them pay. His old friend, the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, was, as has been seen, one of his first subscribers. The Landgrave of Hesse, the Queen of Sweden, and Catherine the Great of Russia soon joined his select and limited connection. Stanislas Augustus, the Margrave of Anspach, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany joined later. Frederick the Great, after his unlucky experience with Theriot, was extremely dilatory and vacillating in having anything to do with it; when he did add his name to the list of subscribers he never paid his subscription, and harried Grimm to insert the scandals and the whispers of the *cafés* and the Court, which Grimm entirely declined to do.

For greater security the sheets did not go through the post, but through the legations of the various countries. The thing was in fact a secret, and a well-kept secret, for more than half a century, and never knew the danger of print until it was published in 1812, under the Empire, with many cautious Napoleonic omissions. In the meantime its secrecy, and the limited number of its readers, gave the discreet Grimm, who declared that the most enlightened reasoning was not worth a night in the Bastille and who

was cautious to the very fibre of his bones, the opportunity of being at once candid, impartial, and safe.

He set forth a flaming prospectus, promising an "unlimited candour." The sheets were to be "dedicated to truth, confidence and frankness"; and they were. To those distant Courts and Kings there went forth every fortnight the inimitable criticisms of the most bold, just, and cool critic who ever breathed. He not only analysed, with extraordinary brilliancy and fairness, the writings of Voltaire, of friend Rousseau, and of Buffon, but he sat in impartial judgment on the works of English novelists and poets. He criticised books which have not lived, in criticisms which are undying. As to the value and the longevity of the productions, he was sometimes, naturally and inevitably, mistaken; but as a rule his opinions have been confirmed by posterity and have weathered the test of time.

Then he described to his readers the condition of the drama, the plots of the plays, the art of the players. Of course he was clever enough, if the season was rather a dull one, to fill out his pages with quotations from a tragedy or from a novel; sometimes, it is said, the ingenious man gave extracts from works which had never been written.

He dealt also with medical questions, and did not think it beneath his dignity to examine the merits of a mouth-wash. He wrote many pages on Tronchin, the great physician, and on inoculation. Here surely was one of the chances to enlighten kings, kings who, more than any other class of men, suffered and died from the ignorant tyranny of their physicians, and who had to wait eighteen centuries before any man told them that fresh air was a valuable property, and health a kingdom to be taken by temperance, soberness, and chastity.

If there was a scientific marvel in the air, such as ventriloquism, why of course Grimm must tell his rulers about that; and the music, French or Italian, of the capital must also receive its comment. Then there was the news of the day, of Academical disputes, and, though Grimm had declared he would not report them, occasional piquant anecdotes with a sufficient spice of scandal in them to have pleased King Frederick.

Then he must draw a portrait of some celebrity. Nothing is more fair and shrewd than Grimm's character-sketches. He solves in them the supreme difficulty,—how to be at once honest and charitable.

Next there is an epigram to be reported. And a charade that has amused a Parisian fine lady is surely good enough for a German duchess.

Politics were supposed to be excluded, and they were excluded in the sense that there were no remarks on public events until those events had become so public that the CORRESPONDANCE did not add to its readers' knowledge of them. But though, or because, he wrote for governors, Grimm adduced his theories on government, he himself believing in the divine rights neither of the SOCIAL CONTRACT nor of kings. To his views on tolerance, finance, and education, he gave utterance soberly, judiciously, and at length. He had a subscription-list in his paper for Voltaire's unfortunate *protégés*, the Calas; and if his pen was to flow freely, as he had promised, how could he stay his indignation against the suit and the sacrifice of the Chevalier de la Barre?

To the friend and intimate of the philosophers the most ordinary event suggested philosophical reflections. His religious views could hardly help appearing; but Grimm's was a quiet agnosticism, and had nothing in common with the excited certainties of

Diderot's unbelief. He had of course his theories on women, on art, and on languages; and he aired them all. He brought out, in the same tantalising fashion in which serials are now produced in weekly illustrated newspapers, Diderot's two novels.

He was himself, not only the first critic of his day, but he was thinker as well as chronicler, worldling and scholar, reporter and philosopher. Foreigner though he was, he had learnt to write the French language in a style inimitably clear, supple, and forcible. His command of irony alone should have been a fortune to him. Add to this, his singularly wise, cool head, his unrivalled position as the friend of the women of the *salons* and the nobility of Paris as well as of its writers and politicians,—the facts that this critic of music was himself a musician, this judge of authors himself an author,—that he lived in one of the most momentous and thrilling periods in the history of this earth, and in one of the most stimulating of her cities,—that he was able to write wholly without fear of consequence for readers of whose intelligent interest he was sure, and that he had before him the magnificent hope of so opening the hearts and feeding the knowledge of those readers that they might turn and do good unto their people and be a blessing and not a curse to their lands. Consider all this, and it is not marvellous that Grimm remains the first journalist and the CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE the first newspaper in the world.

It is hardly necessary to say that it gave its editor an enormous amount of work. *Chaise de paille*, his friends called him in allusion to his diligence; later, when he began to travel, Grimm suggested the nickname should be altered to *chaise de poste*. He had many secretaries working under him. One, Meister, was attached to him all

his life, and benefited largely under his will. When he was away from Paris the good-natured Diderot made a brilliant substitute; and Madame d'Epinay took up a delicate pen to become the first, and surely the most charming, of female journalists.

Only a few months after his arrival in Paris Grimm had been introduced to this little black-eyed, black-haired, and all too seductive wife of a worthless husband. In 1752, at Frisen's table, he had heard her name, her light little name, insulted, and had fought a duel for its honour. By 1755, on his return from his journey with d'Holbach, he became a familiar figure in her *salon*. First her wise and masterful friend, he was soon her despotic lover.

It is always a vexed point of morals to determine how far right can come out of wrong, how far a cause initially bad can be said to be good in its results. It must certainly be conceded in Grimm's case that, having put himself into a false position and remaining there, he acted not only sensibly and discreetly, but even honestly and conscientiously. He found Madame d'Epinay silly, as are so many clever women, and he insisted on her behaving with judgment and discretion. One of his first acts was to demand that her old lover, Francueil, whom she still permitted to visit her as a friend, should be given his dismissal. With Duclos, man of letters, and of character rough, dissipated, and unscrupulous, he bade her break entirely; while as for Rousseau,—it has been justly said of Grimm that he never lost a friend save Jean Jacques. In 1756 Madame d'Epinay, acting on one of those excessively foolish impulses, which she herself felt to be wholly fascinating, and which had already more than once shipwrecked her life, gave Rousseau the little hermitage in the forest

of Montmorency, close to her own country-house of La Chevrette. Grimm had not known Rousseau for six years without knowing his heart. He looked up suddenly from the CORRESPONDANCE. "You have done Rousseau a bad service," he told Madame d'Epinay sternly, "and yourself a worse." Still, it was done. In 1757 Madame d'Houdetot, Madame d'Epinay's sister-in-law, also had a house close to La Chevrette, and being a lively, natural, and engaging person, she attracted the notice of Rousseau. After a brief summer day of delight Madame d'Houdetot grew tired of her vehement admirer, or her lover, Saint Lambert, grew tired of him for her. At any rate, there burst over those three houses in the Montmorency forest a storm of fierce passions and scurrilous recriminations. All Paris stood watching. Diderot plunged impulsively into that angry sea. Rousseau accused Madame d'Epinay, in terms which no self-respecting woman could have forgiven, of being the writer of a certain fatal anonymous letter; and she forgave him. Grimm had been appointed secretary to the Duke of Orleans and was away with him in Westphalia. He did not spare his little mistress's pusillanimous weakness. "Your excuses are feeble . . . you have committed a very great fault," he wrote. Hurrying home, he dealt with Rousseau in terms of unmistakable plainness. He made Madame d'Epinay cast him off then and there, at once and for ever, and carried her off to Geneva on the excuse, a just excuse in every sense, of her health.

But the consequences of her folly were not ended. Rousseau defamed her character in the *CONFESSIONS*, and in that unique masterpiece of scurrility he speaks of Grimm as "a tiger whose fury increases daily." Diderot declared that Jean Jacques made him



believe in the existence of the devil and of hell. But Grimm wrote an obituary notice of Rousseau in his CORRESPONDANCE of admirable justice and moderation, and spoke of him as "embittered by sorrows which were of his own making but not the less real," and as "a soul at once too weak and too strong to bear quietly the burden of life." It must be allowed that Grimm could be magnanimous.

Having saved Madame d'Epinay from her friends it remained to him to save her from herself. At Geneva he put her under the great and good Tronchin; he made her help him in the CORRESPONDANCE; he helped her to manage the miserable remains of the fortune her husband's mad extravagance had left her; he supervised the education of her children, and he even showed her the harm she did them by speaking disrespectfully of their father. His love was not fervent perhaps, but it corrected her follies and her weakness; it made her do and be her best; it had at least some of the unmistakable tokens of a good and noble feeling.

These visits to Geneva were undoubtedly the happiest time in her life. On this first one, which lasted eight months, she and Grimm often saw and talked with Voltaire; and Grimm greatly appreciated the society of the solid and sensible Genevans and the cultivated Tronchins. Made-moiselle Fel was staying at Délices, and when Grimm saw her there he proved convincingly the truth that the man's love, once gone, never returns. But his real passion was not even for Madame d'Epinay. His dominant taste was his ambition; his dearest mistress, his career.

Already secretary to the Duke of Orleans, on the last evening of his stay at Geneva, he heard the satisfactory news that he was made Envoy

for Frankfort at the Court of France. True, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, as Diderot called him, soon lost his post by joking in a despatch at the expense of an official person; but none the less he was rising in the world. Presently he was busy settling M. d'Epinay's bankruptcy and helping Madame to arrange a satisfactory marriage for her daughter. *Tyran le Blanc* he was called by her and her circle. But, after all, no woman is happy till she has met her master. Well for her if she find one as judicious and upright as Melchior Grimm.

He was less with her as the years went by, though not in any sense less faithful. In 1762 the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha made him her *chargé d'affaires*; and when she died her husband made him Councillor of Legation, with a pension.

He met Frederick the Great when he was travelling in Germany in 1769; and Frederick, forgetting his grievance that Grimm would not turn the CORRESPONDANCE into a scandalous society newspaper, fell under the spell of his fellow-countryman's encyclopædical knowledge and dignified affability. Grimm, said Meister, had the rare talent of living with great people without losing any of the freedom and independence of his character.

In 1771, when he was nearly fifty years old, he resumed an employment of his youth, and, at a very large salary, consented to be tutor to the Hereditary Prince of Hesse, a boy about nineteen. The pair went to England and were well received at its ultra-German Court. Grimm was delighted with "the simplicity, the naturalness, and the good sense," of the English character. The Landgravine, young Hesse's mother, sold her diamonds that her son might prolong his visit in so delightful a country. And then Grimm brought

him back to Paris and formed his mind and manners in the society of d'Holbach and Diderot, of Madame Necker and Madame Geoffrin.

In 1773 tutor and pupil went to St. Petersburg to attend the marriage of Wilhelmina, the Prince of Hesse's sister, with the Czarevitch Paul. In a very short time the skilful Grimm had gained the great Catherine's interest and consideration. Even Diderot's warm heart and glowing genius (he was staying at her Court when Grimm arrived there) did not win her so well as the German's delicate tact and keen perceptions. Herself before all things a great statesman, how should she not respect the shrewd judgment, the strength, and the determination of a Grimm? It is so rare to be clever and wise; it was most rare in the eighteenth century. Two or three times a week Grimm dined with her Majesty *en petit comité*, those dinners at which all men were equal, and at which no servants appeared to hamper the conversation. Afterwards she talked alone with him by the hour together. He told Madame Geoffrin how, when he left her, he would pace his room all night with the splendid ideas she had suggested coursing through his sleepless brain: "The winter of 1773 and 1774 passed for me," he said, "in a perpetual intoxication." But when Catherine would have permanently attached him to her service, his stern good sense helped him to refuse. There is no such deadweight on genius as a post at Court,—be it the Court of a Catherine or a Frederick—and Grimm knew it. "I have never seen you hesitate about anything," Madame d'Épinay had written to him; "and when you have once decided with your just, strong mind, it is for ever."

His refusal was unalterable, and he returned to Paris. He was sure

enough of his firmness to visit his royal friend again, two years later, in 1776. He had been acting tutor again, to the two Counts Romanzoff this time. He had taken them to Naples to embrace Galiani, to Ferney to see Voltaire, and to Berlin to see Frederick. They arrived in Petersburg in time for the second marriage of the Czarevitch, of whose first marriage, with Wilhelmina of Hesse, Grimm had been the principal promoter. Catherine received him with the same flattering interest, and offers; but he was as deaf to them as before. Then she gave him the title of colonel,—to the intense amusement of King Frederick—and appointed him her general agent in Paris at a salary of ten thousand livres.

After his return to the capital this appointment formed a very large occupation in his life. His frequent absences had naturally not been the best thing in the world for the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*; but it would have been a much worse thing if Diderot,—Grimm's "patient milch-cow whom he can milk an essay from, or a volume from when he lists" wrote Carlyle—had not been there to do his work. The *CORRESPONDANCE* rightly appears with Diderot's name as well as Grimm's on its title-page. In these latter years, indeed, its readers often had to be content, not with Diderot, but with a mere Meister; and when Grimm did write himself it was not seldom carelessly and in a hurry. Not quite the first, or the last, perhaps, to commit that literary enormity, he sometimes reviewed books he had not taken the trouble to read.

His letters to and from Catherine were, after the first few years, not conveyed through the post but by special messenger, and are therefore delightfully outspoken. Grimm's contain indeed a good deal of flattery

and exaggeration ; but Catherine's are spontaneous enough. She used to say she was as "frankly an original as the most determined Englishman." The pair wrote sometimes in French and sometimes in German. They had nicknames for most of the crowned heads in Europe. Of Brother George of England Catherine had always spoken with contempt, and considered his loss of the American colonies as a State treason. But much of the correspondence was devoted to mere homely details. As her agent Grimm bought the imperial rouge for the imperial cheeks, pictures, books, and bon-bons. He took long journeys in her interests : he supplied her with architects when she caught a fever for building ; and presently, having been discreet matchmaker for the Hesses and the Czarevitch, he was commissioned to play the same delicate part for the Czarevitch's daughters.

He was living now in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. His love of music was still strong, and on young Mozart's visits to Paris Grimm was his kindest and most influential patron. The next few years saw the deaths of many old friends,—of Voltaire, of Diderot, of Frederick the Great, of d'Holbach,—and of Madame d'Epinay. For ever trying to conciliate all men, poor little bright-eyed, bright-witted deceiver, under Grimm's masterful influence the best qualities of her nature had come to the fore and the worst receded. She was to the last true to him as she had never been true to anyone else. Grimm adopted her granddaughter, and married her to the Comte de Bueil.

So far, his own life had been singularly happy and successful. If he had loved unwisely, he had taken care that the affection should never be of that inordinate kind which is its own punishment. He had, too, one of the dearest solaces of declining life in seeing young

people growing up about him. As to his career, he was not only attached to the royal house of Orleans, but he was by now Catherine's Councillor of State, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and Baron of the Viennese Empire. He was a rich man, with a fine collection of books, pictures, and *vertu*. He should have died before 1789.

In that year came the stunning fall of the Bastille. Of liberty Grimm had talked easily enough, but he had also been shrewd enough to doubt its promises. He had at least nothing of the calm confidence of the fine ladies of the old *régime* who drove out from modish Paris through the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to look at the ruins of the great prison, as at a sight prepared for their amusement. To the wary German the destruction of the Bastille spelt the ruin of France. The Revolution sped on,—a madman rushing through the night with a drawn sword in his hand. In 1790 came the great emigration of the nobles. Who should be suspect if not this correspondent of kings ? Grimm fled to Frankfort ; but in two months' time, he plunged again into the whirlpool of Paris, to rescue the Comtesse de Bueil, his dear adopted grandchild, then in sore straits. He took her to Aix la Chapelle ; but in October, 1791, he returned himself to the capital, to get the Empress's letters out of France if he could. He found he had already been denounced in the committees as carrying on a correspondence with her little favourable to the Revolution. His only chance of safety lay in extreme circumspection, "a perfect immobility." He had both qualities, by nature, to the full ; but none the less, stirred by a generous pity, history tells of an interview he had with that royal saint, Madame Elisabeth, in which he tried to assist both her and Marie Antoinette.

He could do nothing; fate and the fatal Bourbon character were too strong for the Bourbons to be saved. In 1792 Grimm, who had loved Paris long and owed it much, left it for ever, leaving behind him, he said, the fruit of the wisdom of his whole life and his entire fortune, and finding himself as naked as when he came into the world. He and Madame de Bueil lodged over a chemist's shop in Düsseldorf, or slept in the Natural History museum of that town. Grimm's whole income was Catherine's pension of two thousand roubles; her generosity, indeed, often added to it, and in 1796 she made him Russian Minister at Hamburg. This was one of the last acts of her life, and when she died, she left her friend and servant yet the poorer for her loss. At Hamburg he had a disease of the eye which necessitated its removal, after which he retired to Gotha and lived with the Comtesse de Bueil in a house given him by the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, the munificent Duke providing furniture, linen, kitchen utensils,—everything. The Countess's two young daughters acted as Grimm's secretaries. The music he had loved was still a resource to him; and he seems to have kept to the last something of his old power and mastery over others. Goethe found him, when he saw him in 1801, still an agreeable man of the world and rich in interest and experience, but unable to conceal a profound bitterness at the thought of

his misfortunes. Under the Directory some of his sequestered property was restored to him, but it could hardly benefit him; he no longer lived, he only existed. He, who had been born when the Regent Orleans ruled France and the old order was at the supreme height of its magnificence and depravity, was roused from the dotage of his last days to hear the thunder of the cannon of Jena and Austerlitz, or the story of the peace concluded between Catherine's grandson, Alexander, and Napoleon Bonaparte upon the raft at Tilsit.

Grimm died on December 19th, 1807, aged eighty-four.

No unpleasing contrast was this methodical, adroit, managing man, with his cold uprightness and steady prudence, to a reckless out-at-elbows Diderot or a mad, miserable Rousseau. Thriftiness and caution are unromantic virtues perhaps, and even accounted selfish; but, after all, the world would have no beggars to relieve if every man laid by for himself.

If it was the Encyclopædists' mission to teach the people to reform their kings, it was Grimm's to teach those kings to reform themselves, to be as careful and judicious as he was. He tried; but from long and close association with them he himself caught at last that disease epidemic among rulers, oblivion to unpleasant consequences and a relentless future, and he never recovered from the fearful shock which opened his eyes at last.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1905.

## THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

A VACILLATING man or a jealous woman stands at every turning-point in the world's history. The combination of the two offers as good an invitation to disaster as this planet affords.

Geoffrey Hernshaw, a prey to irrational scruples, Eve Milward, as unreasonably jealous of a past episode in her lover's career, had succeeded in irretrievably muddling their lives; and they had accomplished this result, as was natural to their dispositions, the one by delay, the other by precipitate action. But while the consequences of delay are frequently remediable, those of impulsive action are far less so; thus it was finally not the man but the woman that tied the skein of their lives in an insoluble tangle. And in any attempt to undo the knot the girl had to deal with a nature stronger than her own, with one, moreover, for whom all scruples, whether of honour, or conscience, or humanity had alike ceased to exist. For with the strong nature there is no half-way house where he may break his journey and juggle with things good and evil in the hope of deluding himself, his world, and his God; he goes at once to the end of the road and there demands his price, cost what it may. And while the girl had no knowledge of the toils in which she had become enmeshed, she

read clearly in every action of her betrothed husband the irrevocable nature of the bond she had fashioned. She was bound to respect him; his good looks, his strength, his undeviating resolution, his gentle tolerance of her moods, his devotion, all were alike admirable; nowhere within the compass of the horizon he framed for her could she find ground for complaint. And the cruelty of the situation consisted in this,—that all that was best in her nature, her courage, her purity, her tenderness conspired with the evil in him to hold her unresisting, to make her his wife.

There were those around her who would have welcomed and embraced the opportunity for interference who were kept inactive by her silence. Major Milward, while unable to find reasons for the belief that was in him, considered the match a mistake. While some of the best friends of his life had been clergymen, he had the sceptic's prejudice against the Church as a body and objected to see his daughter pass over, as it were, to the arms of the enemy. On the top of this general aversion was a particular dislike for the man of her choice. How this originated he considered it futile to enquire; feelings of the sort were matters of instinct and defied analysis. Admitting that Fletcher had the education and manners of a gentleman, that he was imposing in appearance, and probably destined to some eminence in his pro-

fession, there remained an indefinable something, whether a lack or a superabundance, which put him outside the pale of those,—and they were many—for whom the Major could entertain a strong liking. And there was no luke-warmness about Major Milward; he either liked or disliked, and, whichever way it happened to be, the fact was impossible of concealment. He flattered himself to the contrary, considering a certain ultra-politeness a perfect cloak to his feelings; but the ruse had long since become transparent to all but himself. Consequently the person concerned recognised the situation, and provided for it by a studious avoidance of debateable matter. Beyond this merely personal objection, which would never of itself have resulted in action, lay one of much greater importance which did indeed seem to call for interference on the part of a parent to whom his daughter's fate was a matter of moment.

Marriage is either a sacrament or a sacrilege. A natural girl must look forward to her marriage-day either with joy and fear or fear and disgust. Which then of these alternatives lay behind the girl's mask of tranquil indifference? For indifferent it was impossible she could be; no young maiden ever yet contemplated the approach of this crisis in her life with indifference. And if not indifferent, reasoned the Major, what then? Was it consistent with her disposition to conceal her happiness? Was it consistent with the existence of happiness that her voice should lose its clear ring, her step grow listless, her cheek thin and pale? One day he found himself asking whether it were consistent with happiness that a gleam of something like terror should leap into her eyes at a casual allusion to the near approach of her wedding-day. There seemed but one

answer to that, and the Major threw away his cigar.

"Evie," he said, "come into my den for a few minutes; there is something I should like to say to you."

Eve followed him in silence, and sat listlessly down on the leather couch. It was not an unusual thing for her to visit the room on matters connected with the management of the homestead, and she had no suspicion of what was coming.

Major Milward wheeled a chair in front of her and, seating himself deliberately, took out his cigar-case; but though he opened it he went no further.

"I have been thinking, Evie," he said, "over this suggested marriage of yours, and,—though perhaps a little late in the day—I have arrived at a conclusion concerning it. I don't like it. I think it had better not be."

Every vestige of colour left the girl's face at this direct utterance, and for a moment she sat speechless.

"Plain words are the best," the Major continued. "I dislike Mr. Fletcher; I disliked him the moment I first saw him; I like him less every time I see him. Naturally you would prefer that your husband should be esteemed by his father-in-law. The plain inference then is that you are proposing to marry the wrong man."

Even in her agitation Eve was moved to amusement by this amazing deduction. "Is it not possible," she asked with a trembling smile, "that you are unjust to Mr. Fletcher?"

"Quite," admitted the Major calmly. "I am sure it is to be hoped so; but the fact remains."

"I am sorry, dear, because, as you say, the fact remains."

"You would not marry against my wishes, Evie?"

Eve shook her head, watching him with a tender, derisive smile. "You dear old silly," she said, "do you think you can make me believe that you and I are going to quarrel about any man that ever lived? Besides, that is all finished and done with, and if you had wanted to act the stern parent you should have taken up the rôle at the beginning. You have missed your cue, you poor dear, and now you can't come into the play at all."

The stern parent was compelled to admit the poverty of his case. He drew forth a cigar, half raised it to his lips, then paused and eyed it critically. "Apart from my feelings," he said, "are you certain that your own sentiments towards Mr. Fletcher are such as—such as—"

"Quite certain," interrupted Eve, brightly and breathlessly. She rose, seated herself on the arm of his chair, and putting her arm round his neck, laid her cheek against his. "Now," she said, "you are going to be a good boy and not ask any more teasing questions. You're about to make up your mind that everything is going forward beautifully, that I am doing just what I please and because I please. And whatever you see or you think, you are going to be quiet and say nothing. Is that right? Now you shall have your cigar." She slid down in front of him, placed the cigar in his mouth, struck a match from a box on the table and watched the tobacco glow until it was a little round moon of incandescence, then she looked into his eyes. "You poor old silly," she said, taking the cigar out and kissing him and restoring it to its place, "why should I marry him if I did not wish it?"

"Why, indeed, Evie?"

"Then don't you see it follows that I do wish it, that I have set my heart on it, that,—that, in short,

it is best to let me have my own way?"

The Major shook his head as he rose and moved towards the verandah. "There is one thing I do see, Evie," he said. "We have not yet gauged the loss we sustained when your mother died, and probably we never shall." With which tacit acknowledgment of defeat he stepped down on to the lawn and made his way through the shrubberies on to the beach.

He recognised the unlikelihood of his being able to break down the delicate guard with which the girl hedged herself and parried attack. A woman, he supposed, would take the field with finer weapons and an infinitely greater chance of success. She would know the ways of her sex; how to set about gaining access to the citadel quietly, a thing a man could only hope to assay by brute force. Then why not call in the assistance of a woman? He came to an abrupt halt, debating the matter rapidly in his mind. He could send her to Mrs. Gird; she was a wise woman, one who could be trusted to get to the bottom of the affair and suggest a remedy if required. Yes, he could do that; or again, he could despatch the girl to her married sister in Auckland; perhaps, on the whole, that would be better. The change of scene might count for something; and Catharine was experienced in life, had a family of her own,—the youngest girl must be almost grown up. "Dear me, yes. Poor little Kate must be nearly fifty now. Ah! well—" The Major's thoughts rambled off to the early days when his daughter Catharine had been a little child playing on these identical sands. Forty years ago and more, and yet it had gone by almost unnoted. He came back with a start to his present difficulty. He thought

he would send the girl to Auckland. Before doing so he would write fully to Catharine, giving her all the particulars, including doubts and surmises. What were the particulars? Suddenly there came into his mind an inference he had drawn from a chance remark of Sandy's. The inference was his own, of course, yet it was to some extent supported by what he, the Major, had seen with his own eyes. It was a delicate problem. He glanced with some trepidation at the store, but he advanced deliberately towards it.

Major Milward's tactics belonged to the "Up-guards-and-at-'em" order. He believed in the now discredited frontal attack, and in other exploded methods which demand great qualities in the assailant and allow little for exceptional advantages possessed by the attacked. His purpose was always obvious, but the directness with which he sought to attain it had the effectiveness of novelty in a world seeking preferably to gain its end by strategy.

He marched through the store to the office and seated himself at his desk. "Geoffrey," he said, "put down your pen for a moment; I want a few minutes' talk with you."

Geoffrey complied, turning his back to the writing-stand and looking down expectantly at his employer.

The Major removed his cigar and inspected it dubiously. "I am going to ask you one or two questions," he said at length, "which you may answer or not as you see fit. I shall not take offence if you choose to keep silence; at the same time, I am not prompted by idle curiosity, and frank answers would certainly put me under an obligation to you."

"I think I can promise you shall have them, Major Milward."

"Thank you for that, though I do not exact any kind of promise. But

enough of preliminaries. Now tell me, if you will, was there at any time anything in the nature of love-making between you and Eve?"

Geoffrey's face, which had hitherto shown interested expectation, faded suddenly at the words.

"Understand me," went on the Major quickly, "I am not here in the capacity of the outraged parent. I have no earthly right to ask you this question, and I throw myself entirely on your generosity in propounding it. Well, then, what do you say? Or do you say nothing?"

"I would answer it," Geoffrey replied in a hard, dry voice, "but it covers a large field, and neither *yes* nor *no* would be a completely truthful response. You see, sir," he interrupted himself with a wry smile, "it takes two to make love. I can answer for myself, but not for Miss Milward."

"Then the love-making was all on one side?—On which?"

"There can only be one answer to that question. I had everything to gain, your daughter nothing."

Major Milward looked at him keenly and motioned to a seat in front of him. "Sit down. Well, and you asked her to marry you?"

"No, sir."

"Nevertheless, you led her to believe that you wished it?"

"She may have drawn that conclusion."

"What prevented you asking her?"

"Her engagement to another man."

"Ah, that! But, returning a little, did she lead you to understand that your advances were not acceptable?"

"No, sir."

"Did she encourage you?"

"Certainly not."

"Yet I suppose you had formed some sort of idea as to your chance? What result did you anticipate?"

"I was not without hopes. At the



end, to be honest, I thought, such is man's vanity, that I had only to say the word. In that, as it happened, I was vastly mistaken."

"You say 'at the end.' What do you mean by 'the end'?"

"A few minutes before she engaged herself to Mr. Fletcher," Geoffrey replied, his eyes hard and bright.

Major Milward drew back with a sudden frown. "Consider what you are saying," he said slowly.

Geoffrey shrugged his shoulders. "I am sorry if my answer displeases you," he said. "I have never said or implied that Miss Milward was under any obligation of confidence towards me. I merely reproduce events to the best of my recollection and in response to your wish."

The Major nodded and sat for awhile in silence, his brows contracted. At length he raised his eyes apologetically to the face of his companion. "Forgive me," he said, "this last and most glaring impertinence, but it has occurred to me, considering the,—the,—hesitation, shall we say, with which you have prosecuted this courtship, that there may be some previous entanglement,—not necessarily insuperable, of course—to account for your actions?"

"Nothing of the kind. I give that a flat and absolute denial."

"To be sure. But now, is it not possible that the existence of a rumour more or less to the effect I have suggested may account for what subsequently occurred?"

"Miss Milward has not honoured me with her confidence in the matter. I have no knowledge of what she may have heard or believed."

"Is there not, as a matter of fact, a rumour of the kind I have mentioned?"

"Quite possibly there is."

"Then what, if any, are the real facts upon which it is based?"

"Pardon me, Major Milward, but on that point I must decline to enlighten you."

"Quite so; but why? In view of the denial you have just given it would seem the sensible thing to give me the facts."

"Well, sir, even a poor devil like myself has his pride. If your suggestion is correct, Miss Milward has chosen to convict me unheard. Be it so. The thing itself I am prepared to thrust down the throat of any man who will be so obliging as to affirm it to be the truth, but I am not disposed to hunt in the kennels after every rumour set going with the object of doing me an injury. Much less will I set about collecting evidence to disprove an allegation the nature of which I have not even yet definitely learned."

"Who is it you charge with the intent to do you an injury?"

"You mistake me, I make no charge. I am as completely in the dark as to the meaning of the thing as you are yourself."

"But that strikes me as incredible. Come, are you not a little hipped in this matter, and inclined to stand off from those who would be willing to help you? Why not give me the facts as you know them, and also the conclusion you draw from them? I have two good reasons for asking: one, it would be no kindness to mention just now; but the other is a very real desire to assist you to the best of my ability. I need not say that any confidence you repose in me is absolutely sacred. I think this somewhat trying little conversation should have convinced you that, whatever may be the case with others, I at least am disposed to act the part of a friend."

Geoffrey looked at him with troubled brows. "I do feel that, sir," he said, "and I am not ungrateful for it; but in this case my self-respect

is at hazard. In a matter so vital I cannot allow another to do for me what I am unable to achieve myself. How could I—but why speak of it further? Every spark of manly feeling in me must die outright if at this crisis I yield the direction of my life to others.”

The Major rose slowly to his feet. A sense of danger, of the imminence of catastrophe prompted him to proceed with the interview, yet every feeling of generosity in his nature seemed to forbid further question. He stood for awhile irresolute.

“It is not for me to dispute the excellence of the rule that a man should manage his own affairs,” he said at last; “and it is only in the attempt to arrange what I conceive to be mine that I am brought into contact with yours. Yet there are exceptions to every rule, and in this case there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind that an absolutely clean breast all round would bring your difficulties as well as mine to an end. However, you have made your decision, to a certain extent it commands my sympathies, and I will not seek to dissuade you from it.” He paused a moment in the doorway as though half expecting a reply, then he added with a cheerful kindliness: “In all the difficulties which have confronted me throughout life I have always taken the direct path and endeavoured as far as possible that my judgment should not be clouded by feeling. There have been breakages in consequence no doubt, and sometimes the indirect way might perhaps have been better; but, on the whole, I have found the plan to work excellently.” He paused again without looking round, then went slowly out, leaving Geoffrey in a brown study in the middle of the floor.

It was always the same cry, always

the same idea clothing itself in different words, and always for him the same sense of physical powerlessness combating the desire to follow its mandates. The *strong grasp* and now the *direct path*,—did they not represent an idea only, having no parallel in fact, the crowning delusion lending an appearance of reality to the whole elaborate phantasmagoria? Was it not all a delusion that man possessed a free choice in his actions, that he determined them for himself and so hour by hour framed his life? What choice had the moon whether she should circle round the earth, the seed where it should grow, the man if he should be born? Did not the idea of free will in a creature so abject as man destroy the very foundation of optimism? Freedom to do as our natures compelled us! Freedom to follow with accelerated feet the path that our fathers had worn! There was the rub.

The direct path! Where then was it? Should he go whining to the girl that she be pleased to name the charge under which he stood convicted and sentenced, to encounter again the flash of contemptuous scorn that had enveloped him on the night of the dance? Should he go to Mr. Fletcher, demanding a repetition of the calumny of whose original utterance he had no tittle of proof? Should he attempt to reason with the madman who, without the support of one contributory circumstance, had formulated this outrageous charge against him? That was no doubt the direct course. The noisome waters should be dammed at the fount, not at any intermediate point in the channel. But what use? Even supposing the man were capable of listening to reason, the harm was done. Probably the story was all over the county and accepted, as such a commonplace story would be, by every one who heard. The opinion

of the county was nothing to him. He would not stir two steps to disabuse the mind of the best man in it. The greatest harm it could do was done, and since that could not be undone, nothing should be.

Nevertheless he might see Wickener and endeavour to gauge the extent and origin of his madness. He should have leapt from his horse and demanded an explanation then and there on their first encounter. An immense astonishment and disgust took possession of him as he reflected on the manner in which his own unreadiness had contributed to the growth of this impalpable thing. The veriest chimera of a madman's brain had developed this horrible power of mischief. He stood brooding on the extraordinary nature of the catastrophe. He recalled what he knew of Wickener, remembering him as a schoolboy, cleverish, civil, astonishingly resolute; as a man, good-natured, generous, not easily roused, an excellent companion; there had been no indication of madness in those days. He recalled Mrs. Wickener, Clara — no, Laura—a little, soft-eyed woman with nondescript hair and features, pretty, kitten-like. He had seen a good deal of her for a year or so; he had called two or three times while Wickener was away in the East, but he never remembered to have been alone with her. What next? The next was contained in a postscript to one of his uncle's letters. It spoke of a visit from Wickener, of domestic trouble in the latter's household, obscurely hinted at: *Wickener seemed particularly anxious for Geoffrey's precise address.* That was the whole of it,—except what the words implied. The thing had perplexed and annoyed him at the time. He had taken the first opportunity of writing to Wickener, an ordinary friendly letter, giving his address with some minuteness at the

top of the sheet. There had been no reply to this, but in the interim a communication reached him from his eldest cousin, giving the particulars of Wickener's visit in fuller detail, and containing the astounding statement that he (Geoffrey) was declared to be the author of the mischief. And then came nothing more until the meeting on the Bush road.

What an unhappy chance that Eve should have been with him on that occasion! For a glance at the man's face was sufficient. It was not the easy-going friend of his youth who stood by the roadside but a creature utterly different. Man, the fighting animal, detects an enemy at a glance, and even had he not been forewarned he must have suffered a check at that smiling countenance. But he was forewarned. He knew what must leap forth at any challenge from him, and however false the accusation might be, it was not seemly that the innocent girl at his side should be a witness to the encounter; and so he rode by,—rode by and left his enemy master of the situation, rode by and threw up the game, wrecked his life, perhaps hers, and all for what? "My God, for what?"

The girl would have stood by him then. She would have taken his word against that of a mere stranger. And it would have been possible to discuss the whole thing with her, to face it openly. Even the later chance of her half-proffered sympathy he had shrunk from. If it were the right thing to leave the man alone at the moment, it was the height of folly to allow the girl to remain in ignorance an instant after the danger threatened.

A cynical philosopher has recorded that we reserve our keenest remorse for our good deeds, and Geoffrey certainly stood in this unhappy position that he must curse himself for actions which were the outcome of delicate

and conscientious motives. Nor did the knowledge of the rightness of his intentions afford him any consolation, he saw only with increased self-contempt that he himself had come to disaster where nine other men would have walked sure-footed.

Major Milward, having met with rebuff from both sides, set himself to solve the difficulty by himself. It seemed to him that the only chance of quickening the girl's sense of the importance of the step she was taking was to provide a complete change in her surroundings. This he could do partially by filling the house with guests or completely by sending the girl to Auckland. He would have preferred the former course, not only for the reason that he was fond of company, but also because he knew that he should miss his daughter sorely, but the preference warned him to decide on the other alternative, and he accordingly issued his fiat.

There was a ring of finality in the Major's voice when he had completely made up his mind on any matter which the station would as soon have thought of disputing as of questioning the right of the tides to ebb and flow at certain hours, and Eve, after a quick glance, accepted the inevitable and began at once to make her preparations. Mr. Fletcher received the news in grave silence, but he offered no objection, and indeed there was a subtle indication of relief in his manner as though he also recognised something untenable in the present position.

And so when the next little steamer crossed the plunging bar it carried Eve Milward with it. And two or three weeks later Mr. Fletcher, responding to some professional call, also stepped on to the boat at Rivermouth and made the same journey.

For a week or two Catharine's reports contained little of moment.

She was making the most, on the girl's account, of the social advantages possessed by an established resident in the little city. Eve seemed in good spirits, and the writer had found nothing in her manner corroborative of the gloomy views expressed by her father. Then Mr. Fletcher's arrival was noted, his appearance and manner commented on and approved. It was plain that he was devoted to Eve, and the girl might certainly have done worse in a place like Hokianga. Mrs. Angus spoke of that county of pioneers with the disrespect of the wife of a member of the Legislative Council who had spent twenty years on intimate terms with Governors and Ministers in the shelter of colonial cities. A week later there was still more to tell of Mr. Fletcher. He had been invited to stay at their Remuera home, and they had consequently seen a good deal of him, all (it must be said) to his advantage. Candidly, did her father not think that the advanced views he held in matters of religion had perhaps in this case prejudiced him? Mr. Angus had had a little talk with the Primate. Mr. Fletcher's ability was fully recognised. He had shown a tendency at one time to become too,—well, enthusiastic; but this was believed to be wearing off, and certainly the excellent little sermon he had preached on Sunday evening at St. Mark's had been entirely free from blood and fire and similar vulgarities. As for Eve, she seemed completely satisfied. She had a religious tendency, very becoming in the wife of a parson,—this was only one of the many suitabilities of the match. As concerning anything between Eve and the Mr. Hernshaw, in response to her father's repeated entreaties, though much against her judgment, she had broached the matter to the girl. Fortunately the conversation had resulted in nothing

worse than a headache for Eve. Let her assure him once for all that he was mistaken. She had Eve's definite statement that there had never been anything between them. Mr. Hernshaw was not a man she would care to marry in any case. Eve spoke very coolly indeed of his *protégé*, and seemed to think it quite on the cards that the writer's information had come from that gentleman himself. "So, my dear father," concluded the lady, "I think we may dismiss the Hernshaw bogey with a clear conscience, and make up our minds that things are very well as they are."

This conclusion in the end Major Milward was compelled to adopt. His plan had failed, but perhaps after all he was mistaken and it was best that it should fail. He asked himself candidly, as his daughter advised, whether or no his opinions had prejudiced him, and, being a broad-minded man, admitted that it might be so.

Only sometimes, waking too early in the dark mornings, when life in the abstract seems too difficult to face, he saw again the gleam of terror in his daughter's eyes, and then with a groan he would ask himself whether on this occasion he had not himself shunned the practice he had urged on his storekeeper. And before he had answered the question the day of Eve's wedding had dawned.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. ANGUS had desired that the wedding should be from her house in Auckland, but her father declared against the scheme, and it was accordingly fixed that the marriage should take place at Wairangi, the wedded couple leaving the same day by the steamer for their honeymoon at the hot lakes.

On the eve of the eventful day the

Reverend Mr. Fletcher, having packed his baggage and despatched it to the steamer, sat alone and unemployed in his little study. A lamp burned on the table, and as he leant back, his eyes fixed on the wall, the sharp shadows seemed to create, or accentuate, an expression of gloom in his handsome features. For the moment he looked almost haggard. The thing he had set himself to do was on the point of accomplishment. All through he had moved with the step of a man whose success is assured, whose confidence in his resources is unshakable. And until this hour he had been such a man; but now, so close to his reward, the thinness of the earth over which he had moved became suddenly manifest. He knew that the girl did not love him, that even at the last she would welcome any accident which might release her from her obligation. He believed that his road to happiness lay across the fragile bridge of a lover's quarrel, and his mood suggested to him that even yet it might break beneath his tread. Though the mood bordered on the weakness of fear it did not slide away into trivialities of compunction and remorse. His determination to succeed remained unimpaired by the sense of danger which for the moment threatened its accomplishment. He looked here and there with anxious introspective eyes. Presently his gaze lit on a black-letter text pinned near the window and his expression underwent a slow change. "Be merciful, and thou shalt obtain mercy," said the text. His mind grew calmer, struck by the divine serenity of the command and its accompanying promise; then he rose deliberately and turned the card with its face to the wall. Was religion then for him a dead thing? No, or the text might have remained. It had not ceased to be, because in the battle with tempta-

tion one of its sworn servants had succumbed. Only now it was not of him, but apart; a kingdom from which for a space he had withdrawn but wherein God yet lived supreme, to strike if He willed, to spare if it so pleased Him. Some day,—grant that it be soon—he would return and make submission; but the hour for that was not yet.

His reverie was interrupted by a tap at the door, and the Mallow boy appeared in the entrance. "Is there anything else to go to the steamer, Mr. Fletcher?" he asked.

"Nothing more, I think," said the minister smiling. "Did you mention about my sleeping on board?"

"Yes, sir. The captain said it would be all right. He will blow the whistle when he is ready to go up the river, and the steamer will lie off the Wairangi wharf till half-past seven in the morning.

Mr. Fletcher nodded. "I dare say you can find use for a couple of sovereigns, Charlie," he said; "and, as I shall probably not see you again for some time, I will say good-bye now."

Charlie came forward awkwardly and shook hands. "Good-bye, Mr. Fletcher," he said, "and thank you."

The minister looked him over smilingly with a friendly hand on his shoulder. "You are growing a big fellow, Charlie," he said, "and that reminds me. I have left my house-coat out, if you are not too proud to accept it; it's in fair order and condition but for a little rent in one sleeve. You're not? That's right. Well, good-bye."

Charlie retired sheepishly with his perquisites and made his way to the sitting-room, where Winnie sat reading a dog's-eared novel. She looked up irritably on his entrance and returned to her book.

"He has given me two pounds and

a coat," the boy said slowly, displaying his possessions on the table. "There is a hole in the coat. I saw him rip it against the wire near the gate, but you could mend it all right, Win, couldn't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said his sister with an impatient twist of her body.

"Could you do it to-night?" the boy persisted, eyeing the garment longingly. "My best coat's too small, and I could wear this at the wedding to-morrow if it was done."

"For goodness sake leave it there then! What's he doing now?"

"Nothing; just sitting in there."

"Well, you'd better go and see if mother and Mabel are ready to come home. Father's gone to bed."

The correctness of this statement was attested by a deep, regularly recurring sound behind the partition wall, occasionally interrupted by a sharp exclamation, which in the family's more sportive moments was wont to be greeted with the cry that father had got a bite. Mr. Mallow was a fisherman even in his dreams. The boy, with a last comprehensive look at the coat, withdrew obediently to do his sister's bidding.

Winnie sat reading awhile in the attitude of one only a portion of whose mind is given to the task before her, then suddenly she crushed the book in her hand and threw it into a corner.

"What abject rot!" she muttered; "as if life were like that,—mountains tumbling down and all the rest of it, that a man and woman may step across and get married. I wonder if the right people ever do get married in reality. Keep a girl in the background long enough, and she will end by believing that any man is the right man; but ask her what she hopes for when she first leaves off being a child, and you will hear

things. What's he doing in there by himself, I wonder? Saying his prayers?"

With a curling lip the girl dragged the coat from the table on to her lap, but though the action showed the roughness of irritation, her subsequent handling of the garment was marked by a singular blending of fierceness and gentleness. Presently she got a needleful of silk and began to repair the rent in the sleeve, performing the task with the utmost circumspection and at a considerable expense of time. The work completed, she sat musing, her fingers gently touching the fabric here and there. At last they paused at something stiff in the bottom of the lining, and, roused to consciousness, she forced the object round, finally discovering a hole in the inner breast-pocket, through which it had evidently slipped to its present hiding-place. When at length the object came into view, it proved to be a letter, folded into small compass and much crushed, as though it had lain for some time at the bottom of a well-filled pocket.

Winnie laid down the coat and rose quickly to her feet, her eyes brightening. Here was an excuse to go into that other room where he sat alone. He had said good-bye more than an hour ago, for it was now well past eleven, but now she could see him again. Half-way to the door she paused and looked again at the thick slip of paper in her hand. A sudden idle curiosity possessed her to see what the letter was about. The Mallows were not over-burdened with scruples in little things, and to think in this case was to act.

Winnie returned to the table and rapidly spread out the sheet beneath the lamp. It had been torn across and then gripped together, as though its destruction were arrested, but the

whole of it was there and clearly legible.

When the perusal was finished the girl did not continue on her way to the other room; instead, she sat down and began to shiver violently. To the writer of the letter, whoever she might be, she gave no further thought; her motive was clear and intelligible; but she was aware of some intangible shadow on the character of the man whose righteousness had aroused alternately her worship and her contempt. With the letter grasped securely in her hand she sat thinking intently, putting together piece by piece, as though they were the portions of a puzzle, the hints, the rumours, and the suspicions which for the past few months had collected round the names of Geoffrey Hershaw and Eve Milward. And as the story completed and rounded itself off in her mind, the figure of the man sitting alone in the other room rose up tragic and sinister, a presence not of the morning but of the night. At first appalled, then fascinated, the girl sat regarding the image she had created. Hitherto her love, overwhelming as she considered it, had in reality lacked the vital spark that should make it a living thing; but now, with the discovery of this flaw in her idol, her blood warmed suddenly to passion. And at the same moment she recognised that the drama was no longer of three persons but of four, and that the fourth had in these few moments of time become the arbiter of the destiny of the other three. Her lips parted, and she gave a little half-frightened shiver, her mind recurring to the novel she had lately read. The story contained a Dark Lady who had become possessed of a Will, and held in consequence the Balance of Power. The conduct of the Dark Lady thus happily situated had roused Winnie's resentment, even to the

point of desiring that the Virtuous Heroine might slay her with a hatpin ; but the author, with a finer appreciation of the truth of things, had eventually allowed her to retire in good order, saying, "Ha ! Ha !" The story did no more than flash across Winnie's thoughts, yet in its momentary progress she recognised traits in the character of the Dark Lady which had previously lurked undetected. She also had loved the Titled Hero, and she had claimed both by word and deed that in love all things were fair. Every drop of Winnie's blood leapt to meet that doctrine.

The girl's forehead puckered as her thoughts concentrated on the problem before her. The knowledge in her possession could be used in a number of ways ; which of these ways was the best ? She rejected at once the idea of challenging Mr. Fletcher with wrongdoing and forbidding him to proceed with the marriage. Such a course might be successful, but that she would earn his bitter hatred in return seemed a certainty. To whom then should the information in her possession be conveyed ? Presently her brows relaxed, her limbs lost their rigidity, and she rose slowly to her feet. The thing to be done was, after all, obvious. There was but one person other than Mr. Fletcher who possessed the power to break off the match even at the altar ; that person was Eve Milward. Would she do it ? If the puzzle had been put together correctly,—yes. If not, then it could be done in no way.

From a shelf in the corner Winnie returned to the table with pen, paper, and ink. For awhile the scratching of her nib was the only sound audible in the room. Mr. Mallow had found an easier attitude, and for a moment his line searched the deep in silence.

No arresting movement came from the man sitting a few feet away

behind the wooden partition. Once or twice the girl crumpled up the half-written sheet and began afresh, but at last the task was complete, the addressed envelope securely hidden away in the breast of her jacket.

As she restored the writing materials to the shelf, the silence of the night was broken by a prolonged hoot from the river. At the same moment there was the sound of a chair pushed back in the adjacent room, partly obscured by an excited guttural from Mr. Mallow, who was clinging with all his energies to a ten-foot shark.

Winnie opened the door silently and stood in the doorway, her head, with its luxuriant masses of brown hair, poised against the jamb. Mr. Fletcher, his coat across his arm, came softly down the passage and paused.

"Good-bye, Mr. Fletcher," the girl said softly, without moving.

"Good-bye, my child," he said with a note of sadness in his voice, extending his hand.

But Winnie, with her hands behind her, made no motion to change her position. "If I am a child," she said huskily, "say good-bye to me as you would to a child," and she lifted her face in mute invitation.

The minister hesitated, then obeyed, and the girl, trembling like a leaf, turned back into the room. A moment later she sat listening between her sobs to his retreating footsteps as they died away down the beach. In her tears Winnie differed fundamentally from the Dark Lady, against whom no such weakness is recorded.

"Winnie !" exclaimed Mabel, bursting into the room. "Such news ! Has Mr. Fletcher gone ?" Winnie nodded. "Such news !" continued Mabel, drawing the pin of her hat and throwing it on the table. "There has been a fire in the settlement and the poor things have lost everything.



Half the houses are gone, the crops are destroyed, and the big Bush is on fire for miles. Mr. Andersen was burnt to death the night before last; the Girds are cut off, and Mark Gird is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Winnie stonily. The sense of the presence of tragedies other and greater than her own came over her with disquieting effect.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

NEVER had the Wairangi beach presented such an animated scene as at eleven o'clock on the morning of March 18th, 19—. It seemed that every village and settlement in the county must have provided its quota of guests to the marriage of Major Milward's youngest daughter. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the trim buggy to the labouring ox-waggon, were drawn up close to the fences; and in the paddocks the horses that had drawn them, from the seven-and-sixpenny Maori "weed" to the hundred-guinea thoroughbred, formed a collection well-nigh as varied as the conveyances. Gay groups in sombre attire, relieved only by the white veils of the women and the palm or grass hats of the men, dotted the sands or lolled on the grassed banks beneath the trees. Settlers of note for forty miles around had made it a point to be present, and to bring their wives and a portion at least of their families. Here stood a group of gum-dealers discussing the never-to-be-anticipated fluctuations in the English and American gum-markets,—fluctuations which, if they kept their eyes on the mere figures and neglected the broader principle of average, must have turned their hair snow-white with anxiety. Here were the school-teachers of the county, reckoning up their chances for that paradise of the country schoolmaster,

a town vacancy. There on the *pa* top, huddled against the sky, stood an assemblage of settlers, men whose road to fortune lay along the track of the axe and the slash-hook. They were watching, mostly in silence and with clouded brows, the scene of the great fire, now merely a carpet of grey smoke spread over Bush and river alike. Now and then one stretched a hand to some landmark, the road probably, for on the inviolacy of that narrow white ribbon depended the security of the great forest. A deceitful quietude held the scene; only here and there the grey expanse boiled with a ruddy tinge, and away in the east a huge dark cloud slowly banked itself beneath the sun. No sign of moving life was visible; yet the watchers knew that below that impenetrable canopy a hundred suffocating men fought tooth and nail against the encroaching monster, or stood by in haggard despair while their crops and household goods went up in screeching flame. Into the eyes of many of them as they gazed came a light of battle, and some slipped quietly down the hillside to their horses, while others turned to watch impatiently for indications of the delaying bride.

Large as was the assemblage of Europeans, the natives outnumbered them. Everywhere were the serge suits and grass hats of the men, and the gay shawls and skirts of the women,—on the beach, in and around the store, on the slopes of the *pa*, among the stone ovens, and in a dense expectant throng at the door of the big shed. The men were roughly divisible into two types, corresponding mainly with their ages above and below thirty or forty years. The latter had received the benefits of education at the native schools. They spoke in English, idiomatic, but often amusingly misapplied, and all

but invariably mispronounced. Their faces showed a curious blending of simplicity and shrewdness, a duality of nature which also revealed itself in their actions. They were hail-fellow-well-met with every one, no sense of modesty or politeness preventing them breaking into the midst of the most intimate groups. The other and older type presented both in manners and appearance a striking contrast to their younger tribesmen. Their faces were frequently minutely tattooed; there was a stateliness in their movements, even where age had robbed the figure of its erectness. Many wore the distinguishing marks of chieftainship,—the white-tipped *huia* feathers in their hair, the hereditary jade jewels at their throats. They spoke in their own liquid language, with a grave and cultured enunciation, the sentences possessing a cameo-like clearness and polish. Their manner toward Europeans was marked by a charming courtesy and dignity, that aboriginal mingling of self and sympathy on which all manners, whether of courts or backwoods, are founded.

A strong wind rocked the plantation and whirled streamers of hospitable smoke from the ovens at the foot of the *pa*. The river, roused from its blue serenity, poured emerald waves ridged with silver on the shining sands. The atmosphere had that indescribable air of freshness which provides the first hint of the changing season. The leaves danced musically on the trees, veils and ribbons fluttered in the faces of their fair wearers, gay pennons on the roofs of the buildings snapped and stood out taut.

On a log, removed from the immediate vicinity of the madding crowd, sat Mr. Mallow, his eyes bent on the river. The water was teeming with *kahuwai*, for every now and then shoals of small fry leapt glitter-

ing in the air, betraying the presence of their enemies. In an hour or so the tide would be suitable for fishing. Occasionally Mr. Mallow fumbled with his coat, and his face grew troubled; at the same time he glanced around him with the look of one whose surroundings oppressed him. In his pocket was a letter, concerning which the greatest secrecy had been enjoined him. It had to be delivered into Miss Milward's hands at the earliest possible moment, and already he had been on the spot some two hours with his mission unfulfilled. Whether his messages had reached the young lady he did not know, for the house was full of strange women, stylish Auckland girls, before whom his fifty odd years of manhood shrank into blushing imbecility. Mrs. Angus should have known him, but there was no recognition in her eyes, and she treated him no better than the rest, scouting the idea that Eve was available for even one second on this distracting morning. So far as the betrayal of her confidence went Winnie had chosen with discernment, but at this stage it seemed more than probable that there would after all be little to conceal. Nevertheless, there was in the shy and taciturn man a fund of slow determination which usually in the end bore fruit of one kind or another.

But now the anticipated moment was at hand. The venerable silver-headed figure of the old Church of England missionary was seen moving towards the improvised church; the figures on the *pa* were descending rapidly to the beach; the crowd at the plantation wicket had fallen aside; and beneath the heavy shade of the Moreton Bay figs there was a gleam of something white descending towards the gate.

Mr. Mallow rose, rubbing his fingers in his grizzled black hair. The pro-

cession came out on to the sunlit sands, and the crowd falling in behind, every one moved away towards the building. In a few minutes,—save for those who, unable to obtain admittance, stood wedged in the doorway, and a few Maori women at work among the stone ovens—the beach was deserted. Mr. Mallow stood awhile pondering on his unaccomplished task, then he moved slowly to the gate, and stood patiently awaiting the return of the bride.

Had Winnie's instructions been less exact, her father would probably have passed the letter on and thus achieved her purpose; had they been more so, she would not have confined herself to insisting on early delivery, but would have added that delivery must precede the marriage. With no knowledge of the circumstances, and without curiosity concerning them, Mr. Mallow merely sought to fulfil the troublesome commission into the performance of which a pliable nature had seduced him.

And so in the end, when it was too late, the bride's fingers closed on the key which could not now for her open the doors of Happiness.

*Miss Milward. Private. Urgent.* Eve laid the letter on the toilet-stand and turned to her two nieces. "Run away and get changed for the boat, girls," she said, "and then we will go down to the beach."

"But we want to help you," the young ladies exclaimed in disappointed chorus.

"Well, when you are ready yourselves"; and the bride urged them smilingly to the door.

The eyes of the elder girl dwelt for a moment on the letter lying face downwards on the table. She would have liked to know whether the address bore her cousin's new name, and in that case to have exchanged little rapturous remarks on the fact;

but she touched her sister on the arm and withdrew.

Eve closed the door, the smile dying from her face. She had little curiosity as to the letter, but she had an imperative desire to be alone; she wished indeed dumbly that she might be alone for ever.

*Urgent.* Well, then, what was it that was urgent now, when everything had ceased to matter? She tore open the envelope, disclosing a half sheet of note-paper and a soiled and much folded letter. "Read this, if you value your life's happiness," wrote the Dark Lady.

Eve drew a chair towards her with her foot, and sat down regardless of the adjustment of her expensive wedding-dress. Her mysterious correspondent had at least the faculty of arousing interest. She unfolded the torn sheets carefully.

DEAR MR. FLETCHER — For a moment the girl closed her eyes sharply and thrust the thing from her as she would have thrust a snake. Then in every fibre of her mind arose an overwhelming desire to *know*, to look through other eyes on the man she had wedded, to learn, if possible, the secret of the power which had drawn her in her own despite and unresisting into his arms. And in the throes of this fatal curiosity, the instincts of honour and delicacy, the habits of birth and breeding, crumbled like a house of sand.

— STREET, KENSINGTON,  
3rd September —.

DEAR MR. FLETCHER,—It is with great pain of mind, but in the confidence that you will not refuse to a distracted and guilty woman assistance in the undoing of a great wrong, that I sit down to pen these lines.

It is not the consequences of sin as they affect myself that I would ask you to attempt to alleviate. They are beyond your help. But in a moment of impulse, thinking to spare another, I have

cast on the head of an innocent man the charge of complicity in my sin. I had no idea at the time the fatal words escaped me of the passion of vindictiveness of which my husband was capable, and now it has become impossible for me to communicate with him. He leaves, or has already left for New Zealand, on what mission I tremble to think. I ask you, then, to meet him, to disabuse his mind at once of the idea that Geoffrey Hernshaw has ever acted towards him other than as an honourable friend. The statement I made to the contrary was false,—a lie, framed in a moment of fear to shield another man. This I declare solemnly and before God. Show him this letter, and tell him that if he again puts to me the same question I will no longer mislead him. Tell him I will sacrifice anything rather than an innocent man should suffer on my accusation.

My heart misgives me as I reflect on the difficulties which may attend your compliance with my request, but I know that you will do all things possible to prevent my sin from having further consequences, and in this belief, I remain, your unhappy friend,

LAURA WICKENER.

Eve looked up from the letter with the surprised thought that it had left her unmoved. The consequences were perhaps too tremendous to be grasped in the few moments which sufficed for the perusal of the letter. But as she turned her eyes and caught sight of her face reflected in the glass, the veil and orange blossoms still in her hair, she knew it was the countenance of one who had received a mortal wound. For a moment she looked straight into the strange eyes, then with a start sprang to her feet and locked the door. A step was advancing along the passage. Some one paused, tried the handle and rapped imperatively.

"Are you there, Eve?"

"Yes, Catharine."

"Do you know the door is locked? Shall I send the girls to you?"

"Presently, dear. I want to be alone for a little while."

There was a brief pause, and Mrs. Angus's voice came again with a brisk cheerfulness. "Very well; we'll give you half an hour to make your peace with the old order of things. But mind, not a minute longer; every one will be expecting you."

Mrs. Angus withdrew, a little disappointed. Eve had been somewhat difficult at times, but she had hoped that the actual ceremony would bring all that to an end. Had there been something in the Hernshaw business after all? Well, it was in any case wise to humour her, and the lady broke off her soliloquy to give her daughters orders to that effect. Eve was rather tired; she had been on her feet since four o'clock, and was not to be disturbed for the present.

So she was granted half an hour's respite.

With numb fingers she undid the fastenings of her wreath and veil, disclosing the sunny masses of her hair, coiled in the latest Parisian fashion but newly arrived in the Colony. Methodically she released and threw off her bodice, bringing into view the rounded whiteness of her arms and throat. A rich colour was slowly mantling in her cheeks, betraying the feverish excitement beneath her leisurely movements. Still of the bride's vesture the skirt remained, the train heaped in a gleaming fold on the floor. Her fingers began to wrestle with the clasps, at first mechanically, then with conscious but unavailing effort; apparently the web of the waist-band held her as the marriage-bond held her, past undoing. Suddenly the expression of her eyes underwent a change. Into them came the fear and the wrath of the free thing caged. The muscles of her arms rippled from shoulder to wrist, and a moment later the rent garment lay

trodden underfoot. So the young lioness when she feels the bars of her prison rends the gifts of her keeper. And, as though by the violent physical action, the gates of memory and perception were shaken free, and the whole cruel plot, from the hour when her husband had lied away the good name and the honour of the man she loved, to the hour when he knelt at her side to receive the blessing of the Church on his devilish work,—ay, in every base and suffering detail stood revealed, never again to be blotted out or obscured.

Did God permit this? Then farewell to the dream that God existed. And if there were no God, what was left to make this contract binding?

There were left the instincts of a gentle and honourable nature. There were left the habits of a gentle and honourable upbringing.

The bride stood with heaving bosom gazing as at a picture on the shipwreck of her life. The moments of respite were slipping by. Presently the keeper would come demanding his prisoner. She started and shrunk aside, the scarlet blood dying her cheek and throat. No power on earth should demand *that* from her! Sooner death than the dishonour of his touch.

Yet she was his *wife*!

Suddenly she slipped to her knees by the bedside, her arms stretched across the coverlet, her fingers locked together, her head bent. "Mercy! Mercy!" she whispered in her agony. Did she appeal to the God she had just denied?

Ideas and resolves come into the mind who knows how? One moment the brain is vacant, barren of expedient, in the next the way of escape runs clearly indicated.

It was a desperate enterprise. The crowds on the beach, the scattered parties about the grounds, rendered

it unlikely of achievement. Yet the beginning at least was simple. Her windows opened on to a side verandah but rarely used. A wing of the house extended to the right, making a species of alcove in the garden, at the corner of which was a small gate leading into the orchard. From that point one could move beneath the shadow of the eleagnus hedge to the slip-rails of the stockyard. Once there, a happy chance might accomplish the rest. Oh, to be away beyond the reach of curious eyes and interrogating voices, alone with the sweet silences of Nature! She recalled the blissful quietude of the Girds' hut in the dimness of the forest. There she could rest, there she could lie concealed, thence she could dictate the terms of her surrender.

Jack Wilson raised his head from tightening his saddle-girth to find a closely veiled lady standing beside him. He had long anticipated the moment when some love-sick heiress, despairing of any voluntary effort on his part, should resolutely break the ice and entreat him to fly with her, but as the lady raised her veil as far as her eyes and dropped it again rapidly, he had to admit that not even in his most ambitious moments had he soared to the height of personifying the heiress in the person of his master's daughter.

"Jack, I want you to do something for me,—something that will cause me to bless you for ever."

"Yes, Miss Eve—Mrs. Fletcher."

"Jack, I want your horse and my saddle. I will wait here while you get it; only if you love me be quick, quick!"

"Yes, Miss—Fletcher."

The harness-room was close at hand, and in a few seconds Jack was back with the saddle on his arm. He had

been thinking meanwhile and his face was troubled. "Could I go for you?" he asked.

"No one can go for me. I must go myself and alone, and no one must know that I have gone." The lad adjusted the saddle with averted face; something in the girl's voice set his eyeballs smarting. "There. Now lead him round to the other side of the orchard,—to the gate on the hill track and wait for me."

The girl slipped silently away as she had come, and Jack Wilson, vaulting into the saddle, trotted the horse over the slippery grass till he came to the gate. There, a moment later, Eve joined him.

"What shall I say, Miss—Eve?" he asked; this time, for some reason, deliberately choking down the *Fletcher*.

"Ah, what will you say?—we must think of that." She sat her horse for a moment quite still, her face turned from him. "Jack," she said softly at last, "very likely you will get into trouble for this, but whatever happens, remember that I shall never forget or cease to bless you for the help you have given me to-day. It may seem nothing to you, but it is like the gift of heaven to me. And so if trouble comes because of what you have done for me, remember how I blessed you and try to forgive me."

At that sweet speech the youth's manhood well-nigh failed him. "Is this all I can do for you?" he stammered; then feeling lending him eloquence, he added entreatingly: "If you are in trouble don't run away from it, Miss Eve; there are fifty men on this station who would lay down their lives rather than a hair of your head should come to harm."

But Eve only shook that same head sadly and again turned to him. "When they find I am gone," she

said, "they will perhaps ask you what you know, then tell them the truth. If it is my father who asks, say that I will send him word in a few hours; if—Mr. Fletcher, say that he will find his answer in my room. That is all that needs to be said."

"And where shall I say you have gone?" the young man asked moodily.

Eve wheeled her horse towards the higher ground. Though it was yet but little past mid-day a singular sickly pallor had crept into the sunlight. Away to the east the dark smoke-bank, now of portentous proportions, appeared to be at the same time rising and rolling forward, blotting out the landscape, answering to the push of the east wind as in the morning it had obeyed the bidding of the west. The girl sat a moment gazing into the advancing shadows, then with a wave of her hand cantered away on the cattle-track between the hills.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE long-practised Maori women were opening the stone ovens, throwing aside earth and stone, matting and fern, and disclosing the steaming interiors,—fish, flesh, or fowl—cooked to a turn, and redolent of savoury odours. Here was a pyramid of butter-coloured *kumaras*, yonder a snowy hill of potatoes, crowned with creamy cobs of the green corn, or with the melting succulence of young marrows. And now, with a rush and shrill cries, sprang forth an army of girls, bareheaded, bright-eyed, armed with tiny baskets of freshly-cut flax, who, falling on the food, divided it into hundreds of portions, and then, with strange contortions of body and of countenance and with welcoming cries, advanced on the wedding-guests, bearing the hospitable baskets in their hands.

"Welcome, oh wedding-guests! Welcome, oh guests of the White Chief, the beloved! Welcome, oh guests of Eve, the sun-haired, the sky-eyed, the beautiful! Behold, you are welcome, welcome, welcome!"

Then with laughter and sparkling glances the girls delivered their burdens, to each guest the food he preferred, and when this was done, withdrew as they had come.

On the beach stood Major Milward, watching the scene with approving eyes. To him the old forms and ceremonies were sacred things, not to be disregarded or slurred over. The number of his guests rendered it impossible that they should be received in the house, where the elder and more noteworthy visitors were to be entertained, but at least the recipients of the *hangi*<sup>1</sup> should partake of his hospitality with all the forms and ordinances in such cases made and provided. And that this might be so he stood by observant.

Further back on the beach the Reverend Mr. Fletcher, conversing with his best man, a slender young minister from Auckland, watched the plantation wicket with anxious eyes. For an hour the bride had remained invisible, but now he understood she had been sent for, and in a few moments, doubtless, she would arrive. Meanwhile his companion was asking his assent to a highly elevated view of matrimony, to which it behoved him to reply.

"The perception of a twin soul regarding one from the countenance of a fellow-being," the young minister said with dreamy enthusiasm, a faint colour showing in his thin cheek, "is certainly a warming and enchanting thought." He was thinking of the pretty eyes of Kate Angus, the bridesmaid. Mr. Fletcher moved

impatiently, muttering some indistinguishable reply. "One may say that through that perception," the young man went on, intent on his discoveries, "the Creator orders and sanctions the holy ordinance of matrimony." He paused suddenly, beholding a perfect treasure-house of glittering ideas in this connection, then awoke from his reverie to find Mr. Fletcher regarding him steadily. Was it possible he beheld on his companion's countenance something bearing an unmistakable though clerical resemblance to a cynical smile? The young man blushed.

"How," asked the bridegroom slowly, "if the recognition fails to be mutual?"

How indeed! The Reverend Mr. Lawrence felt the chill of the suggestion like a cold key down his spine. He was dumfounded: he could see no way out of the ruins of his pretty philosophy; but happily the enquirer's attention was distracted. At last the wicket had opened and a young girl was hurrying down the beach. Both men recognised the fair bridesmaid, and from different motives stood to watch her. For awhile she moved down the shingle, then, picking up her skirt, ran fleetly across the smooth sands. At the moment Major Milward stood alone, his soldierly figure erect and still. He turned sharply towards his approaching grandchild and spread his arms with a playful gesture. The watchers saw him hold her at first to his breast, then at arm's-length, her slight figure seeming to sway in his grip.

The whirligig of time frequently brings in its revenges with a singular aptitude. Of nearly such a scene had Geoffrey Hernshaw, standing, as he believed by the Waters of the River of Delight, been a silent and fearful witness three months before.

Mr. Fletcher observed that the couple had drawn apart and were

<sup>1</sup> The food cooked in native ovens.

both looking towards him. Then the girl started running again, this time in his direction, while her grandfather bent his steps towards the house.

What man so fortunate that he has never looked on the bearer of bad tidings to read his message from afar off? Already over the countenance of the bridegroom there was settling a deep cloud of sadness and gloom. So this was God's way, suffering all things, permitting that the wicked should triumph only that the fruit of his wickedness should turn to ashes in his mouth!

The girl paused in front of them and glanced with apologetic eyes at the young minister. "May I speak to you alone, Mr. Fletcher?" she asked breathlessly. Mr. Lawrence raised his hat and turned quickly away. "Grandfather wants you to come up to the house at once. Something has—has happened."

"Tell me what it is, Kate,—quickly if you can."

"We can't find Eve anywhere. She is not in the house, and mother thinks she has gone away."

"Yes, and why does your mother think so?"

"Because her riding-habit is not in her room; because the stable-boy can't find her saddle."

Mr. Fletcher strode forward rapidly. Compared with the unformed thing in his mind, the girl's definite answers fell with a shock of relief. Strange as was the bride's conduct, it might yet bear a simple and innocent interpretation. Had she suddenly remembered some friend to whom she had forgotten to say good-bye? Had any message reached her? He put the question to the girl at his side. Yes, Eve had received a letter a few minutes after the marriage. Surely Mr. Fletcher had seen some one pass it to her at the gate? Mr. Fletcher had not noticed the circumstance.

Did she know from whom the letter came,—the nature of its contents?

Kate shook her head.

They ascended to the verandah and entered the dining-room through the glass doors. The wedding-guests, scenting trouble, had retired to the beach, leaving the house to the undisturbed possession of the family. Only the aged minister rose as Mr. Fletcher entered and extended a kindly hand of sympathy.

"Trust in God, my dear young friend," he said kindly. "I have lived to join together the hands of many young people, but I have never yet seen tragedy sit down to the marriage-feast."

But in God Mr. Fletcher could no longer trust.

The door opened and Sandy appeared. There was a cold hostility in his eye as it fell on his brother-in-law. "Major Milward would like to see you in his study," he said.

Mr. Fletcher bowed, and passing along the passage pushed open the door of the indicated room. For a moment he seemed to see, outlined against the window, the bent form of a feeble old man; then he knew that his eyes had played him a trick, for Major Milward, stiffly erect, stood confronting him with something in his extended hand.

"Mr. Fletcher," he said, "my granddaughters have found this letter, which I understand is addressed to you. Take it, and do me the favour of acquainting me with its contents."

Mr. Fletcher examined the document in silence. When at length he raised his eyes his face had whitened, and for a moment the Devil had full possession. "Do you imply that you are not already aware of its contents?" he asked with a cold smile.

Major Milward stood thunder-



struck. Never had any man offered him so deliberate an insult. He could barely believe his ears. Then he stepped briskly to a rack of horse-whips and selected a serviceable weapon. "I see I have mistaken the character of the man with whom I am dealing," he said icily. "I am no longer content to hear your version of the document; you will oblige me by reading it word for word."

For an instant the two men, the old and the young, faced one another with flaming eyes. To an onlooker it must have seemed that to this rapidly culminated crisis there could by no possibility be an outlet in speech. It must have seemed that the dignity of both men stood imperilled, to be saved by nothing short of a miracle. Yet so inbred in human nature is the knowledge of right, so powerful is the right to prevail, even in the face of the hot anger of a strong man, that before the lightning in the eyes of the old soldier, who had never fought a dishonourable fight or met defeat in all his eighty years, the strength of the guilty man passed from him, and he bowed his head upon his breast.

Major Milward threw the whip into a corner and rapped his fingers imperatively on the edge of the table. "Well, sir!" he demanded.

The minister moved a step forward and spread the letter on the desk. "Read it then," he said bitterly. "Heaven knows it did not need the threat of physical violence to force from me the admission that I am a sinful man. For that, and for the consequences of my sin, I shall yet have to answer to God. But whatever be your verdict on my conduct, do not forget that the woman who is your daughter is also my wife, and that however great is your love for her it cannot by possibility be greater than my own."

Major Milward took the letter and read it slowly through, and if the hand that held the paper was not entirely steady, at least it had been firm enough when a moment's tremor might have lost for him the command of the situation. He folded the document thoughtfully and laid it on the table. "By what means did this letter come into my daughter's possession?" he asked turning a pair of cold eyes on his son-in-law.

"That I am unable to say. Certainly without my consent or knowledge."

"Exactly. Not only have you turned a deaf ear to your correspondent's request, but your silence has consented to the lie which you are here asked to disclaim. What worse act you may have performed I am at this moment not sufficiently conversant with the facts to assert, but the case is sufficiently disgraceful as it stands. It would be futile, no doubt, to demand the whole depth of your ignominy."

"I desire to conceal nothing, Major Milward. I did lend my silence to confirm the slander." He paused, and with a hardening of the mouth continued: "With one person I went further; I related the story not as a rumour, but as a fact. In short, what I did, I did completely."

"And you have the countenance to stand there and tell me so? Do your religious beliefs consent to actions which average morality must regard with contempt? Has the Church no epithet for conduct such as yours?"

"Do not slander my Church in reviling me," said Mr. Fletcher sombrely. "What I have done I have done in defiance of my God, who will yet vindicate Himself in the punishment He will mete out to me."

"Ah! therein, unfortunately, our views are whole seas apart. It is

with some doubt as to the certainty of that punishment that I am at pains to indicate to you the opinions of honourable men."

"Then be content. Even at the hands of men I have not and shall not escape suffering."

Major Milward threw himself into a chair and curtly indicated a seat opposite him, but the minister remained standing. "My daughter," said the old gentleman, "has left the house, as no doubt you have heard. She has probably done so to escape her husband. What do you propose to do?"

"To find her and bring her back."

"The day when a man could possess himself of his wife by brute force has gone by, and you are ignorant of the Milward character if you suppose that anything short of bonds would hold her against her will."

"I am presuming that her father's authority will not be without influence on her conduct."

"Probably not; but dismiss from your mind the notion that that authority will be exercised in your behalf. There is no undoing the act that has made her your wife in name, but whether she will ever become so in fact is another matter. Certainly without her fullest consent she never will if I can prevent it."

"Are you clearly conscious of the scandal which must attend the separation of husband and wife on their marriage-morning?"

Major Milward smiled grimly. "Let me hear your own reply to that question."

"The man who has incurred the wrath of his Creator can view with indifference the revilings of men."

"That is a theory you will have the fullest opportunity of putting to the test."

"You offer me, then, no hope of reconciliation?"

"I offer you no hope of compulsion. If you can reconcile Eve to accept you as her husband, well and good; but I will not stir hand or foot either to assist or prevent you. What hope you can find in that you are welcome to. And now, for the present, I will ask you to retire. You will please refrain from any attempt to trace—your wife, or indeed from any action whatever in connection with her. Should anything occur necessitating your presence, I will send word to Rivermouth."

"Do I understand, Major Milward, that you ask me to leave the house and remain inactive at this juncture?" Mr. Fletcher spoke with a note of agitation in his deep voice.

"Such in substance is my request," said the Major stiffly, opening the door.

"Do you neglect the torture of anxiety I must suffer until my wife's whereabouts are discovered?"

"No doubt you are feeling disappointed," the Major returned cheerfully, as he struck the bell on his table; "but none the less I am confident you will see the advisability of returning to Rivermouth. At present I am disposed to think a reconciliation between husband and wife is the best solution to this disgraceful affair, but a very little might cause me to alter my opinion. Sandy, will you see that Mr. Fletcher has a horse."

When Sandy returned from his errand he found his father pacing the room in agitation. "Jack Wilson knows something about it, father," he said. "He is outside. Shall I tell him to come in?"

Major Milward gave his assent, and listened in silence while the shepherd stumbled through his story. "Very well," he said, as the youth concluded, "you may go. See that Mr. Wilson is paid off to-night," he added, turning to his son.

Sandy winked cautiously at the lad as he closed the door upon him, but he was too wise to seek to change his father's purpose just then. "It is almost certain she has gone to the Girds," he said; "but the Maoris say the fire has crossed the road beyond M'Gregor's, and it is doubtful whether she could get through. At any rate supposing the Girds have not been burnt out themselves, they could only be got at on foot by a Bush track from behind."

"Then she must be brought back," said his father. "Take the best horses and riders on the station and go and fetch her." He paused suddenly, a deepening look of anxiety on his face. "Where is Geoffrey Hershaw?" he asked.

"Left last night for the settlement." Sandy's eye, roaming uneasily, fell on the whip lying in the corner, and he picked it up and returned it to the rack.

Major Milward watched his actions with unseeing eyes. "Sandy, on the table there you will find a torn letter; take it and read it."

Sandy obeyed. When the two men looked at one another again the resemblance between them was pronounced.

"Whatever happens they must be kept apart," said the father. There was no consent in the son's face. "Whatever happens," he repeated slowly, "they must not be allowed to meet."

Sandy shook himself as though to be rid of some evil influence. "So be it," he said solemnly.

"Then go: bring her back; promise her anything; but do not return without her."

Sandy turned with alacrity and hastened to the rear of the house. At the back-door he found Jack Wilson awaiting him, his face over-spread with gloom. "Cheer up, Wil-

son," he said. "Get in the horses quick and lively."

"I've got them in already, Mr. Milward—Seabird and Hohoro and the Lance and Wardog."

"Where are the boys?"

"Waiting in the stockyard."

"Half a minute, while I put on my spurs."

Sandy darted into the harness-room, and a few moments later joined the others in the stockyard. In a twinkling the four men were in the saddles. The stable-boy threw open the gate, and with a clatter on the cobbles and a thud on the turf the horses swept forward on the chase—round the rough cattle-tracks on the hills, down with a plunge on to the hard sand of the beach, and away in a tireless gallop to the looming portals of the forest.

The sickly pallor of the sun's rays had thickened into an orange-coloured mist as they entered the Bush. Mile after mile of the journey was traversed at a gallop, the gloom of the atmosphere deepening with the miles; but still, beyond the density of the air and the pungent scent in their nostrils, they came upon no sign of the great fire. Once they overtook a bullock team drawing a huge pine-log destined for some settler's homestead and paused to make enquiries. The native drivers had seen no woman answering to Sandy's description, but they had come up by the coast road and the lady would probably be a long way ahead. At M'Gregor's store a party of native bush-fallers were at work extending and burning the clearing, the storekeeper watching them from the verandah, occasionally turning his eyes to look anxiously along the road or up into the brassy skies. He shouted out and pointed as they drew near, and Sandy wheeled his horse to the verandah, the others reining in some distance ahead.

"You can't get through," said M'Gregor. "The mail-man turned back an hour ago and has gone down to Jeesup's landing."

"How far along is it?"

"About four miles where it touches the road. The worst of it's in the dip before you rise to Gird's Bush. The mail-man crossed the bridge, but his horse wouldn't face the hell on the other side. The bridge 'll be gone by this. Were you wanting to make the settlement?"

Sandy nodded. "Did the mail-man see any one about?" he asked.

"No; but the natives say that a young woman went through about twenty minutes before he did. They called out to warn her, but she took no notice. Some of them were saying it was Miss Milward," M'Gregor added laughing.

Sandy's mouth had hardened a little when he joined the others. "Straight ahead, boys," he said curtly, and again the whole party broke into a gallop.

Round the sharp bends of the winding road, up hill and down, clattering across culverts and bridges, with ever the brazen streak of the sky above, the yellow streak of the road beneath, and the dense green walls of the forest towering on either hand. And now the obscurity began to take on a tinge of greyness, thickening into a ghostly fog, through which horse and rider loomed gigantic and ill-defined. The sweating horses grew restive, eyeing the flying wall of greenery with suspicious eyes, their ears thrown back, shying for no perceptible reason from one side of the road to the other. Hitherto the atmosphere had had the transparency of stained glass, but as they approached the scene of the conflagration it became an opaque screen, ever withdrawing itself as the horses plunged forward. But at last

it withdrew no further. It began to move, to turn as on an axis, to roll forward and blot out Bush and road and sky alike. The riders drew rein in the heart of the smoke-cloud, with the deafening uproar of the burning forest in their ears; then slowly forward again, the frightened horses rearing and snorting, turning savagely to bite at the burning spurs; and so they came to the brink of the gully, to a view of the great terror itself, to a seething pit of smoke and flame."

"Is the bridge there?" asked some one.

"No, nor the road."

Sandy dismounted and handed the reins to Wilson. "Take the horses back out of this," he said, "and run up some kind of shelter for the night. Where's the tucker?"

"Charlie Welch has it."

"Hand it over to Wilson, Welch; stay, you had better keep a snack or two in case we get bushed. That's it. Welch is coming with me, boys; he is the best bushman in the crowd, I think."

Jack Wilson nodded, but he looked supremely disappointed. "Are you going to try the Bush, Mr. Milward?" he asked.

"Yes; it should be two miles to Girds' as the crow flies, but there won't be much flying about it to-night, if we get through at all before dark."

"You might be able to take to the road a bit farther on."

"We'll try that, and if all goes well come straight back; but if not, make yourselves as comfortable as you can. Let me see,—matches—knife—tobacco. That a tomahawk, Charlie? Thoughtful boy. Well, which way?"

"Keep to the creek," said Welch, assuming the lead with the confidence of the expert; "it crosses the road again half a mile up."

With a cheery good-bye the two plunged into the rolling smoke of the gully.

Then the long night of the waiting men began; a night full of strange sounds, of spectral lights, of false alarms, of sleepy reconnoitrings, with the enemy ever drawing nearer, now almost imperceptibly, now with fierce irresistible bounds.

And once out of the darkness of the homeward trail there burst into the light of the camp fire the figure of a galloping horseman,—man and horse coal-black and of gigantic stature. The watchers sprang to their feet with arresting cries, lost, as was the sound of the hoof-beats, in the fearful pandemonium of noises. Lost? Or had their passage indeed been soundless? What living man would ride thus recklessly into the jaws of hell?

"Did you recognise him?" the elder man asked, with a curious tremor in his voice. Jack Wilson shook his head. "Mark Gird,—there was not a man of his inches in the county, and he rode just so. Many a time before he was struck down I've seen him on his black horse, riding for home, ay, on this very road; and I've seen the far-ahead look in his eyes same as I see it there to-night."

"You're balmy, Stephen."

"He was struck sudden," continued Stephen, unheeding, "full of meat and strength, and he died hard. But I reckon he's a whole man to-night, and he ain't forgot the old trail and the hut in the Bush."

"Bound for home?" Wilson whispered, over-awed by the other's conviction.

The old bushman seated himself

and spat thoughtfully into the fire. "It's a bad business," he said, "and there's worse ahead. You bet we're not coming through this without a price. For years we've been going along that quiet that we've most forgot what sudden death is like; but the Bush is out for its *utu*<sup>1</sup> now, and I wish to God the little lass was safe at home in her bed."

"Drop it," said Wilson fiercely, starting to his feet and kicking the fire into a blaze. "I don't believe it was Mark Gird, nor in your *utu* either."

"What should a shepherd know about the Bush?" returned Stephen contemptuously. "I'm talking about what I know. There's a spirit in these forests same as in a man. It ain't the new chum that comes slashing at the Bush without knowledge and takin' riaks that would make his flesh creep if he knew of them that pays the price. It's the man that has mastered the trade, or the man that never tried to learn it, and it's on such as them that the blow's goin' to fall now."

In such conversation, broken by intervals of slumber, the darkness wore itself away, and in the grey of the dawn Wilson awoke to find some one standing over him. Of a sudden the whole restless, disjointed, ghostly night he had lived through seemed inspired with meaning.

"What is it, Mr. Milward?" he cried, starting to his feet.

"Get your horse and ride back to the station as quickly as you can. She never got through."

<sup>1</sup> Properly *uto*, an expiatory payment, vengeance.

## BIRD-LIFE IN GREEK WATERS.

*May 12th, 1905.*

DEAR —

You say you want a long letter about our cruise in Greek waters; not about antiquities and excavations, which you can read of by your own fireside, with plans and photographs innumerable, but about the living creatures that I saw there, human and non-human, and especially about the birds. Now for the human creatures you must go to some-one who can speak their language and has lived among them, and best of all to W. F. D. Rouse of Cambridge, whose companionship on our voyage was a great pleasure to us all, and who has just sent me a delightful little book of stories which he has translated from the modern Greek. As for me, I could only scan the faces of Greek and Turk, feeling myself tongue-tied and forlorn, and only half a man among them. But I made so many new acquaintances among the winged population, recognising, too, with pleasure so many old acquaintances in those strange lands, that I think I can put a letter together for you which will be quite long enough to satisfy all your claims.

THE ARGONAUT, which is now almost a public institution, is a quiet well-disposed vessel, not addicted to rushing violently through the water, but giving one plenty of time for observation and meditation, and inviting the travelling birds to come on board and rest. It was only when we landed that we were hurried, and in those hasty expeditions to ancient sites I was sometimes tantalised beyond description, seeing and hearing

birds which it was impossible to study or identify. When will the day come when you and I will sail at leisure among those islands, stopping where we like and as long as we like? But I am not complaining; THE ARGONAUT and her passengers and crew made me very happy for three enjoyable weeks. The time, April 13th to May 2nd, was as good as any we could have had for fine weather and smooth seas, and the best in the year for migrating birds.

For the two days after we left Marseilles I have nothing to record; neither to west nor east of the Straits of Bonifacio did any migrants show themselves, and on our return voyage we had exactly the same experience. The line of migration seems to follow the islands,—from Africa to Sardinia and Corsica, and so to the Riviera, where I have seen the shore crowded with arriving birds on these very days of April some years ago. On each side of the islands the sea is deep, from 1,500 to 2,000 fathoms, as I learnt from THE ARGONAUT'S chart; and it is a well-known fact that birds follow the line of submerged land over shallow seas and existing islands. A solitary little yellow wagtail was the only bird that in these two voyages looked in on us at this part of the Mediterranean. But as we were approaching the Lipari islands and the Sicilian coast, I was called to see a bird which had flown down the stoke-hole, been caught by a sailor, and exposed to view in a cage on deck; this was the spotted crake, a bird which I never saw alive before, though it is a British

one and not a very rare one. But the crakes are skulkers, and one does not often see them unless they fly against telegraph-wires or tumble down stoke-holes, with that curious habit of blundering which seems to be inherent in the race. This unlucky specimen was not detained for long; when we came within sight of Stromboli and other islands, he was allowed to continue his journey.

Next day, Sunday, April 16th, we were out of sight of land till the evening, steering from the toe of Italy to the Gulf of Corinth. It soon became plain that we were crossing a line of migration; all the afternoon birds were flitting alongside of us, or coming on board to rest. The larger species only alighted for a moment and then departed, looking as if they did not feel at home; but some familiar little creatures, wagtails especially, stayed with us a long time, and ran about our feet with the same confidence with which they run among the feeding cattle at home. Even the cats, one or more of which were always sunning themselves on deck, did not seem to cause them any alarm. These were all yellow wagtails of the Continental form, with bluish heads, and all more or less alike; I saw no heads that inclined to the yellow of our British bird, nor any so dark as some I have seen in Italy. With these came pipits, tree-pipits and tawny pipits (*Anthus campestris*); but these were much shyer than the wagtails, and I had some difficulty in getting a good look at them through the glass. They were fond of perching just outside the bulwarks, and altogether declined to come in and walk about among us like their cousins the wagtails. For a moment a hoopoe looked in on us; but he thought better of it, and I had a good view at him as he left us, flying low and rather awkwardly over

the water. Then a woodchat shrike perched for a minute or two in the rigging,—a striking bird about whose identity there never can be a doubt; and one or two nightingales betrayed themselves by their red tails, but declined to come on board. A wheatear and a turtle-dove paid us a hurried visit; but nothing during the whole day pleased me so much as a wood-warbler, a perfect jewel of delicate colour. As we see this little bird in our English woods we lose the sense of the beauty of his plumage, because he is among the fresh green leaves of oak or beech, and we look at him as a rule from below; but this one was on the deck at our feet, and in his best spring suit. I cannot possibly describe the exquisite effect of soft tints of green and yellow in such silky and delicate feathers. Late in the afternoon there came another old friend of mine, the lesser whitethroat, a bird to whose vigorous voice I listen now every time I take a stroll in these Oxfordshire fields. Two at least came on board and were most delightfully confiding; one of them let me take it up in my hand and examine it without the least remonstrance. I had never before seen birds on a ship, and was all this afternoon greatly surprised by the extreme tameness of the little ones. Whether it be fatigue, or the novel situation, I do not know; it may be a certain boldness which characterises them, the males at least, before they have paired, and continues with them for a while after they have reached their destinations.

When we awoke next morning we were at anchor off Itea, with the snow-clad peaks of Parnassus looking down on us. On landing, I jumped on the first beast that was offered me, a little rough bridle-less pony which carried me up to Delphi in two hours, and down again over steep and

rocky paths with hardly a slip. I was sorry afterwards that I did not walk, for I might have stopped when I wished to try and make out the singing birds which I could hear every now and then in the olive woods through which we passed on our way over the Sacred Plain; but in that case I might perhaps never have reached Delphi. A new warbler may take at least an hour to identify, and those I knew of as living among Greek olives never became clearly individualised for me. I believe that I have seen and heard at least one of them, but I failed to see it singing, which is essential for identification. One familiar voice I heard as we crossed this plain, that of our corn-bunting, and afterwards wherever the land was tilled his wheezy tones were to be heard. At Delphi too, chaffinch, greenfinch, and wren were singing, with a slightly foreign accent, as I thought. The air of Delphi, 2,000 feet above the sea, is fresh and delicate, and it would seem that the birds have loved the place ever since the boy Ion had to scare them away from the precincts of the great temple of Apollo.

As we came in view of the ancient site, and of the huge cliff above it from a cleft in which the Castalian fountain springs, we noticed, as all visitors to Delphi do, large birds with very short tails and long wings with the quill-feathers showing against the sky; they soared slowly higher and higher and presently vanished above the cliff. These were without doubt Egyptian vultures, birds unpleasant in their habits, but imposing as seen from below; they are nearly white, and I made a note of the whiteness of their under-parts, but against the sky their general appearance was dark. Some of our party who described to me a pair of enormous birds which I myself missed, may

have seen the nobler griffon, for both species haunt Parnassus, as Mr. Seebohm tells us in his *BRITISH BIRDS*. While watching the Egyptians, I caught sight of swallows skimming about the face of the cliff far above me, and recognised an old acquaintance of the Alps, the crag swallow (*Cotile rupestris*), which has never yet been seen in our islands; the Parnassus is well known as one of its haunts.

I now began to ascend the Sacred Way, among excavated treasure-houses of the old Greeks, to the temple which was once the most famous spot in Greece; but even here there were birds to distract my attention from the things which it was my duty to study. A little one, with a pleasing bunting-like song, at last gave me a chance to examine him as he sat on a marble fragment, and I knew him at once for the ortolan, the victim of misplaced epicurism; his greenish head and neck are unmistakable. Here, too, in the *temenos* was the most beautiful bird I saw that day, or perhaps anywhere in Greece,—and luckily I was destined to see a good deal more of him—the black and white pied wheatear of the Eastern Mediterranean, in all the glory of spring plumage. His pure white head and nape stand out against the deep black of his throat, as he alights on a rock or a broken column, singing a pleasing little song which reminds us of our own wheatear or stonechat. His nest will be here, among the ruins of which he seems everywhere so fond, but it was full early to think of looking for it, and I think all I saw were males awaiting the arrival of their mates.

After a lunch in these sacred precincts, and a pleasant meeting with my friend George Macmillan, who had seen Alpine swifts on his way



to Delphi from Bœotia, our 170 Argonauts mounted their beasts again and scrambled down to the plain, and across it to the sea and the ship, which started at once for the Isthmus of Corinth. I had hoped to pass this by daylight, for in and about the canal I might have seen something new; but time was precious, and the pilot took us through after sunset. The next morning we were just outside the Piræus, and after breakfast we landed to pass a fatiguing day in Athens, of which I need tell you nothing, for I was fully occupied with other things than birds. I saw no owl here, though the little owl that still bears the name of Athene (*Athene noctua*) used to haunt the Acropolis, and may be there still for all I know. The one interesting zoological fact in Athens was the extraordinary abundance of the painted lady butterfly; in every open space many were to be seen, and in the Ceramicus they swarmed. Nearly all seemed worn, as if they were hibernated insects. I noticed a low-growing thistle in every bit of waste ground, and surmised that this was the food-plant of the larvæ. This butterfly was abundant wherever we went in Greece.

The next day, April 19th, our party divided, the majority going across Bœotia to rejoin the ship at Chalcis, and the rest, including myself, preferring a restful voyage round Sunium and past Marathon; and it was perhaps the most beautiful and enjoyable day I had. But I had to be content with one new bird, a very elegant gull with bright red legs and bill, which followed the ship for some time as we steamed between Eubœa and the mainland. As we lay at anchor off Aulis, waiting for the others to rejoin us, several of these gulls were playing about us, and let me examine them at a short

distance. As its head was perfectly white, I believe this was the slender-billed gull (*Larus gelastes*); but whatever it was, its beautiful flight around the ship will always be associated in my mind with the lovely sunset that ended that delightful day, and lit up the snowy mountains of Eubœa in soft pink. None of us, whether we were on sea or on land, will ever forget the beauty of that evening.

When our companions rejoined us, the ship's head was turned again to the south, and night fell. Next morning we were crossing the Ægean, and soon came in sight of Lesbos. Here my good friend Rouse, who had spent some weeks at this westerly end of the island, showed me where Sappho was born, and described how the partridges and quails on which he had chiefly subsisted were caught by the attraction of a curious frame of chequered work attached to the guns, which brought them within shot. In the ORNITHOLOGY of our English Willughby (p. 37), I find an account of something very like this, called the Looking-glass,—a frame painted red and chequered with bits of mirror, "which in the continual motion and turning about will give such a glorious reflection, that the wanton birds cannot forbear, but will play about it with admiration till they be taken."

At three o'clock we landed on a new continent, under the ancient hill-city of Assos, and made our way up the same steep rocky slopes, clad with shrubs and countless flowering plants, down which St. Paul walked on his way from Troas to join his companions who had come by sea. The botanists at once found plenty to employ them. Among the butterflies were our orange-tip, the larger swallow-tail, and the usual painted lady, none of them in such good condition as we naturally expect

at home. I was delayed some time by what seemed to be the voice of our grasshopper warbler, but I failed to see the bird. I found, however, plenty of whitethroats, with a song rather less squeaky and harsh than that of our home birds; here too was the pied wheatear, more striking and beautiful than ever. As the leaders of the party reached the ruins on the top of the hill, they disturbed some bigger birds, and it was here that I first made acquaintance with the lesser kestrel, whose bright unspotted red back and quick free flight enabled me to distinguish him fairly well, whenever I saw kestrels later on (which was often enough) from the bird we know so well. A large bird sailing over the ruined city, which from below appeared half black and half white, I put down as a bird of prey unknown to me; but I afterwards discovered that it was a stork. As I found some of my friends hard to convince on this point, I am not displeased to find that Mr. Seebohm noted this soaring flight of the stork as resembling that of the griffon vulture.

On these slopes the cuckoo was heard, with its voice already broken; the hoopoe was seen, and an owl, probably the short-eared owl which seems to be fond of such places, was put up from some hole in the old Greek wall, and sat blinking in the afternoon sun, rather too far away from me to make sure of it. One bird I missed which I would fain have seen, described to me so exactly by Mr. Lee Williams that there was no difficulty in recognising it as the Syrian rock-nuthatch, a common species in these parts,—a little bluish bird of the woodpecker kind, running up and down the bare rock like the wall-creeper of the Alps. I would willingly have stayed some days at Assos, for animal life was abundant,

and I do not know that this bit of country has ever been explored by naturalists; inland there were woods and fields and a pleasant-looking stream, which would give variety both to *fauna* and *flora*. The next day, April 21st, many of us went to Pergamum; but knowing that I should be pent up in a Turkish cart for hours both going and returning, I had decided to content myself with a day at Mitylene. This, however, was a failure on the whole, for I was unable to get out of the town except for a hot and dusty drive, and was even then forced to sit still while one or two unknown songs were saluting me from the olive-trees. Mitylene was full of jackdaws and sparrows (our own sparrow, here as everywhere), of swallows and martins; but the only stranger that pressed himself upon me was not a bird, but a huge locust three inches long, which jumped out of a bush in the public garden and seized my hand with such enthusiasm as to draw blood from one finger with a claw. I do not ascribe this conduct to anything but goodwill or curiosity.

Easter Eve, April 22nd, was the most tantalising of all the days of our cruise for an ornithologist, but it sufficed to give me an idea of the multitude of birds which still, in Virgil's words,

——— Asia circum  
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri.

We had arrived at Smyrna in the night, and a special train was ready to take us in an hour and a half to see the ruins of Ephesus. This great city lay at the mouth of the Cayster, and for many miles before we approached it the train took us along the flat valley of the river, partly cultivated, partly covered with

marshes and lagoons; from the windows we could see storks, cranes, snow-white egrets, kestrels of both species, and large blue birds with a tumbling flight,—rollers beyond doubt. The bird of the day was the stork. When we left the train at Ayasoluk and started on our walk to Ephesus, we immediately came upon the ruins of a Byzantine aqueduct, with a stork's nest on the top of every pillar. Never have I seen wild birds seem so entirely at home; not even a host of foreigners streaming through the little town,—followed by some German blue-jackets on horseback—had the least disturbing effect on their dignified repose. What they thought of us I should like to know; but it is as likely as not that they did not think of us at all. A hot walk of two miles brought us to the ancient city, where for a while I was able to prowls about in solitude, noting where others were going, and going myself in the opposite direction. Passing the famous theatre where the greatness of Diana of the Ephesians was acclaimed for the space of two hours, I came on some low bushes growing among the excavations, and here at once made the acquaintance of two birds unknown to me before; one, a warbler with an eyestripe, I was quite unable to identify,—you know how hard it is, even with abundant leisure, to be sure of these little things without shooting them; the other was the Orphean warbler, a bird very like our own blackcap, but slightly larger. I saw this bird again in the afternoon in another part of the ruins, and found him very busy with the seed of a gigantic fennel that was growing all about, up to a height of ten feet at least; he is an insect-eater for the most part, and may have been catching insects among the seeds. Mr. Seebohm noted this

warbler as common in the neighbourhood of Smyrna.

While I was sitting watching this bird, I noticed a colony of black ants which had a nest under the path in front of me, and for the first time saw the ugly big-headed soldiers (one had a huge double head), guarding the mouth of the hole while the patient workers brought up pebbles after pebbles from below, like labourers under the eye of a master-excavator. Naturalists would find plenty to do here; a lady told me that she watched some beetles busy making round balls of clay as big as marbles,—with what object she could not say. Among the other birds noted here were linnets, whitethroats, wagtails, the blue rock-pigeon, cuckoos, and swifts. Of the extraordinary interest of the site in other ways I must say nothing here.

At Ephesus we met Mr. D. G. Hogarth, who advised us to pay a flying visit to the ruins of the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, further down the coast; and, as time was short, it was arranged that we should do this before breakfast on Easter Monday, on a cup of tea and a biscuit. None of us will ever forget that morning. We had not been many minutes on land when there broke upon us the most terrific thunderstorm I have ever been out in, which for some twenty minutes was most formidable. We pushed on, however, and reached the temple, and though we were nearly all wet to the skin, no one was any the worse, for the sun came out again, not only warming us but making the birds sing as I had not heard them since I left England. The walk was over cultivated land, and the corn-bunting and the crested lark were the most voiceful. The song of this lark I had not heard before, and I found it very pleasant and musical, not

unlike that of our woodlark. Here, near the landing-place, was the only white wagtail I saw in all our travels. About the ruined temple were plenty of sparrows; a simple fact which readers of Herodotus will not despise, for they will remember the charming story of the man who routed out all the sparrows from their nesting-places in this identical building, in order to urge upon Apollo, by way of an acted parable, the duty of protecting his suppliants.

In the afternoon of that memorable day we anchored off Cos, where I did not myself land; and the next morning we spent at Budrum, the old Halicarnassus, the birthplace of Herodotus. Our walk to the ancient site was interesting, but the only new birds I saw here were Alpine swifts, no doubt on their way northwards. That afternoon we landed at Cnidus, the site of which is at the extreme end of a narrow promontory, and a likely looking place for a naturalist; but it was waterless, and birds were very scarce. The most interesting creature we found was a large fly of extraordinary beauty, which we saw nowhere else; I brought a specimen home, but it can give no idea of the appearance of the insect in its flight. It has two largish rounded wings of a mottled green and black, and two long oar-shaped tails, which would seem to be strictly speaking wings also, more than two inches in length. I hope to identify this exquisite creature before long.

We left Cnidus after a very pleasant afternoon, and spent the next morning at Rhodes, where the interests were all human and historical; a blackbird in a cage,—the only one I saw till I returned to England—was all I found to note down, except a little warbler in the moat of the castle, which I had most reluctantly to leave, least I should

find myself all alone in that great labyrinthine town. From Rhodes, after another short call in the island at Lindus, we steered straight for the extraordinary volcanic island of Santorin or Thera, and reached it the next morning, April 27th.

If you want to know all, or nearly all that can possibly be known about this island, you must consult the magnificent monograph of Freiherr Dr. Hiller von Gaertringen, which has luckily been accessible to me, for its author stayed with us not long ago in Oxford for a week, and gave a copy of it to his host, my colleague Mr. J. A. R. Munro. In it you will find the history, the antiquities, the geology, and the botany, fully described and illustrated; about the scanty zoology I found indeed but little, hardly more than the late Mr. Theodore Bent tells us in his charming book on the Cyclades. No doubt you know already that the island was blown up in prehistoric times by a volcanic catastrophe which is believed to have destroyed all its animal and vegetable life, and that what is left of it is a shell of limestone, roughly semi-circular, on the western and concave side of which the limestone is overhung with ugly red and black volcanic deposits. What was once the centre of the island is now a crater filled with an unfathomable sea in which no ship can anchor, and into which small volcanic islands have been thrust up in historical times, looking like cindertips of the Black Country.

We landed at ten in the morning on the eastern side, under the huge cliff on the top of which are the excavated remains of the Greek city of Thera, of which Herodotus has something to tell us in his fourth book. It was hot and dry, and as we wound up the hill in a long trail, I failed to see a single sign of life.

Some way up mules and donkeys were awaiting us, but I fortunately declined to ride, and leaving the crowd to explore the ruins of Thera, I pushed slowly on with one companion, upwards and westwards, not quite knowing what was our destination. About 1,000 feet up I hailed with delight a diminutive living creature, inhabiting a tiny spiral shell with a black tip, adhering to the limestone rock. I gathered several of these for our conchologist, who had stayed on the ship; he told me that they belonged to the genus *Clausilia*, but could not name the species. Just here, too, were some lizards, six inches long, and of a mottled green and brown colour. My spirits began to rise, and my curiosity was aroused, for if all animal life was destroyed by the great catastrophe, how did the ancestors of these lizards find their way here? Further on a few faded specimens of the ubiquitous painted lady appeared; and when at last we reached a height of nearly 1,900 feet, with the whole island spread below us, my eyes were refreshed by the sight of a bird, our own familiar house-martin, busily engaged in catching minute flies, which seemed to be in greater abundance at this height than anywhere down below. A turn of the path brought us to the monastery of St. Elias, and here, playing about the substantial white buildings, were not only many more house-martins, but swallows, swifts, and Alpine swifts, all no doubt halting here awhile on their way northward. We turned into the cool monastery, and were most cordially entertained by the monks, genial men with beards, wearing brimless tall hats; they gave us wine and jam, brought out Greek manuscripts for our inspection, and took us to the very top of the monastery,—and of the island—to show us a magnificent view. Crete, only sixty miles away, was not visible

that morning; and perhaps the most interesting object to us was THE ARGONAUT slowly steaming into the great crater towards the modern town of Phera, where we were hoping to rejoin her at four o'clock.

Our way lay along a tolerably broad path, deep in the white pumice dust that has been blown over the whole island, through the gardens of the monastery, and then through dusty-looking vineyards which yield the famous wine of Santorin. Here I found for the last time my friends the beautiful pied wheatears, and was able to watch them as we sat at lunch on the volcanic rocks overlooking the crater. Whether they and the common wheatear, which I also saw here, were only travellers, or going to spend the summer on the island, I cannot tell. I gather from Dr. Hiller's book that a few birds do reside in this waterless spot, Greek partridges, for example, among the vines; but as the human inhabitants, and even the monks, are inveterate bird-catchers, their numbers must be few. One beautiful bird which I saw on these dusty slopes and watched at leisure for some time was undoubtedly a traveller; it was a small slaty-blue falcon which would hover now and then for a moment like our kestrel. There were several of them, and one, which was feeding itself by passing something which it held in its claw into its bill, came so close to me that I was able to identify it at once by its chestnut-red thighs and vent. The red-footed falcon (*Falco vespertinus*) is a regular migrant across these seas to the basin of the Danube, where it breeds.

After a dusty but most enjoyable walk, we rejoined our companions at Phera, and after a look into the museum, descended the steep zigzag path from the town to the boats, and were glad to get on board THE

ARGONAUT once more. For a long time, as we steamed westward, St. Elias and its monastery stood out clear and white in the distance. I could hardly believe that I had been up there; shall I ever see those good monks again, except in the excellent photograph of them all in Dr. Hiller's book, which will serve to remind me of their manly and cordial faces?

And now I have all but finished my ornithological story. The judicious ARGONAUT, which, like the geologist's cob that always stopped at a quarry, had contracted a habit of anchoring wherever there were excavations to be seen, had done her work nobly, and only called for a couple of hours at Taormina, where I did not land. Some of the later migrants made their appearance as we neared the coast of Italy; turtle-doves passed us in some numbers, and one or two came on board for a moment, as did also a goat-sucker, which perched within two yards of the Headmaster of Epsom College as he sat reading in a deck-chair. The chief officer told me of a bird that must have been a woodchat shrike;

and a tiny bird, which I feel pretty sure was my old friend Bonelli's warbler of the Alps, found a resting-place in one of the boats, where it sat for a long time looking very tired and disconsolate. One beautiful bird was seen by my friend Mr. F. E. Thompson, whose description most unluckily did not give me the means of identifying it. In the Straits of Bonifacio I saw the last of some brown sea-birds which I had noticed near Rhodes, and also off the coast of the Peloponnese. They skimmed just over the surface of the water, alternately flapping their wings and flying with them motionless; I believe they were Mediterranean shearwaters (*Puffinus kuhli*). When we neared Marseilles on May 1st the swallows were still coming past us from the south, and on reaching home I found them rather scarce. They seem to have been in no great hurry this year to come and be teased by the north-east winds which have been pinching you here, or to leave the sunny warmth of the Mediterranean which we have been enjoying during the whole of our comfortable cruise.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

## THE SPANISH BOURBONS.

KING LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH was so carried away from the control of prudence as to declare that there were no more Pyrenees because his grandson Philip had been recognised as heir to Charles the Second of Spain, variously called the Desired and the Bewitched. His over-confidence is one of the moral examples quoted to illustrate the limitations of human wisdom. We need not deny that it is useful for the purpose, and yet if the admired model of the monarchs of his time,—on the Continent at least—had predicted what has in fact come to pass, he would have shown less respect for the evidence before him. The Pyrenees do indeed stand as a physical obstruction, but in the sense of King Louis's prophecy they have sunk to a plain long ago. The influence of France has crossed, and does cross, them as easily as the King could have wished. What is wonderful, and what does convince us that His Majesty was no prophet, is not the survival in some sort of the Pyrenees. It is the fact that, two hundred years after the young Duke of Anjou was presented to the courtiers at Versailles as King of Spain, his descendant, who on his mother's side is a Hapsburg, should be the only Bourbon still on the throne, and should just have been the warmly welcomed guest of Republican France, which has long ago rejected his family and all the principles of government it represents.

There are, indeed, and at first sight, few stranger anomalies in the political world of Europe than this

survival of a foreign dynasty in a country which is supposed to be peculiarly impervious to influences from without. As usual the strangeness of it lies more on the surface than in the reality. The truth is that French influence did not enter Spain for the first time with the Bourbon dynasty, nor were they the first French family to occupy a Spanish throne. In the twelfth century Castile and Leon had been carried to the line of Burgundy by the marriage of Urraca (that is to say Mary, little as the two words resemble one another) with Raymond of Burgundy, the Crusader who helped to take Toledo from the Moor. Her mother belonged to the same house as her husband. The monks of Cluny, who accompanied Constance of Burgundy to the Court of Alfonso the Sixth, played as great a part in Spain as the administrators, the soldiers, and the men of letters of the epoch of Louis the Fourteenth. The descendants of Urraca and of Raymond of Burgundy intermarried with the House of Anjou, with the House of Capet, and with the Suabian line. Nor were the Hapsburgs more Spanish than the Burgundians. They came in by descent through women. But there is no need to labour a point which will be obvious to whomsoever will take the moderate trouble to consult a genealogical table of the Kings of Castile, of Aragon, or of Portugal. The kings of the Middle Ages were a class apart, as much as the kings of to-day, and in Spain they gave testimony of their origin by their looks. Peter the Cruel had a great red beard which streamed

behind him as he raged over the battle-field of Najera in search of his bastard brother to slay him. Isabella the Catholic had auburn hair, and so had the lovely Portuguese wife of Charles the Fifth, with whose portrait by Titian, the picture of the finest of ladies and the sweetest of women, every man of sentiment who has visited the gallery at Madrid falls in love.

The true monarchical sentiment, the belief in a sacred race, is deeply rooted in the Spaniard whatever radicalism he may talk. That natural disposition of his to follow a king, and the corresponding incapacity to invent an alternative to a royal government, is perhaps the final explanation of the continuance of the House of Bourbon on the throne. But they have helped their own cause more than the world has always had the justice to acknowledge. The Spaniards did in the end take leave of the illustrious House of Austria with heartfelt relief. They would have been capable of parting with the Bourbons if equally good cause had been given. Cause has indeed been given at times. From the accession of Charles the Fourth in 1788 down to the expulsion of Isabella the Second in 1868, for eighty long years, monarchy was deplorably represented in Spain. At no period during the two hundred and five years for which they have lasted, has the House been represented by any man or woman to whom the adjective *great* can be applied with accuracy,—not even by the reforming King Charles the Third, the most active and capable of them all. His son, with whom the eighty bad years began, Charles the Fourth, was summed up simply but sufficiently by his father. It happened that a lady well known to the Court had caused a social scandal in Madrid, and the

subject was discussed by father and son. "How fortunate it is," said the Prince of Asturias, "that Kings meet so seldom, and are therefore not subject to these misfortunes, for it is not to be supposed that any royal lady would err, except with a man of her own rank." "Charley my son, what a fool you are," was the King's answer, and he added a judgment on women which agreed in meaning with Pope's, but was less finished in form.

As for Ferdinand the Seventh, the son of Charles the Fourth, no one can fairly say he was a fool, but there is no other word expressive of contempt which may not be justly applied to him. He was so wretched in moral qualities, that the cleverness he really had was at the service of every instinct which makes it impossible for an unhappy son of Adam to behave like a gentleman or an honest man. If any of us who is entitled to those honourable names had been granted the power to regulate the fate of Isabella the Second, Ferdinand's daughter, he would have pitied her, and have removed her gently from the throne,—or at least from all exercise of political power. There are few more cruel histories, in all the sad stories of the deaths of kings, than that of this lady. She was born to be sovereign of a country where the exercise of the kingly authority was indispensable, for there were no genuine Parliamentary institutions, and no disciplined parties acting on a principle and to a definite end. Nature had given her an intelligence which never grew beyond the level of a child's. She had some good womanly instincts which a sound education, and marriage with a man of sense and character, would have directed on innocent lines. Except for the one brief period when Evaristo was Regent, and the Queen's



governess was the intrepid and right-minded widow of the guerrillero leader Mina, she was surrounded by guardians who were either careless, or who had the disposition of a slave to corrupt the young master and mistress. The history of her marriage belongs to the unspeakable. From the Church itself, in the person of its members about her, she heard nothing save that she was Queen to re-establish and maintain the exclusive power of the Church. It is open to the Liberal and the Republican to say that monarchy is condemned when it leaves the fate of a nation to be played with by the whims, the obstinacy, the immorality, the bigotry, the folly, and the overweening self-sufficiency of a silly woman of strong passions. They have a very plausible case, and moreover they had their chance when the "glorious" revolution of September, 1868, sent Isabella, weeping and moaning her surprise that she had not struck deeper roots in her country, over the frontier of France. The use they made of it was to prove beyond dispute two things. One was that Spain could not dispense with the monarchy; the other was that no monarchy is possible there apart from the House of Bourbon. So much may be taken as settled. The Bourbons may fall once more, but if they do the alternative will be a renewal of the squalid years following on the revolution of September, 1868, — the scramble for office, the political incoherence, the outbreak of separatist tendencies in a State made up by the combination of communities which are only now being welded into a real union. When there is a Spanish nation and not only a coalition of Spanish peoples, then Spain may be able to dispense with the monarchy, if ever it attains to a clear conception of what other thing it wants. But

it will be equally able to work a constitutional government with the monarchy and will be wise enough to see that this is the better way.

No one who surveys the history of Spain from the year 1700 downwards, with sanity and a regard for the facts, can fail to come to the conclusion that the Bourbon dynasty with all its faults and shortcomings, the absurd silliness of some of its members, and the odious vices of others, has in the main done the country and its peoples (do not say its people for the singular is even yet almost as inapplicable here as in Hindostan and the Deccan) much more good than harm. Putting aside the disastrous three, Charles the Fourth, Ferdinand the Seventh, and Isabella the Second, let us take the others in succession.

Philip the Fifth may have been what the impatient Peterborough called him, a blockhead. There are aspects of his life and character which lend themselves abundantly to ridicule. A man who was so uxorious, at once exacting to brutality and dependent to imbecility, can easily be made to look absurd, and more than a little odious. He wore out his delicate first wife, the clever and spirited Maria Louisa of Savoy. His second wife, the robust Elizabeth Farnese of Parma, had to pay a heavy price for the control she exercised over him. His Majesty's relations to his wives cannot be adequately dealt with unless we enjoy the licence of a French memoir writer or novelist. Enough that his Jesuit teachers had instilled into him a profound fear of hell-fire, and the conviction that it was most surely incurred by one form of immorality. Beyond that point they did not try to take him, possibly because they found he was not capable of going further. He was a Bourbon bred in France and could never quite sincerely renounce the hope that he

would one day sit on the throne of St. Louis and of Louis the Fourteenth, if only his nephew, Louis the Fifteenth, were to die. So he launched into intrigues against the Regent. Again, as a Bourbon, as King of Spain, and as husband of Elizabeth Farnese who had claims on the duchies of Parma and Plascencia, he could not willingly renounce dominion in Italy. From all these errors came many disasters to Spain—foolish wars, and needless defeats. There was a strain of madness too,—short attacks with long intervals of lucidity in his youth—longer attacks with ever shorter intervals as he grew older. At the end he became quite maniacal, shutting out the light of day, and sitting up all night, keeping a constant succession of dinners in every stage of preparation in the kitchen, so that he could feed when the whim took him, wandering unshorn, unwashed, undressed in his park, plunged in speechless melancholy. It was a case of melancholy religious mania, not unlike Cowper's, a fact which may be borne in mind by those who make Calvinism and the Reverend Mr. Newton responsible for the poet's miseries.

We must look no doubt to this tendency to insanity for the explanation of one of the most obscure episodes of the time,—the odd abdication in 1724 of Philip the Fifth in favour of his son Louis, the child of his Savoyard wife. It was a strange act, probably connected with the King's intrigues to mount the throne of France, if Louis the Fifteenth, then a weakly boy, should disappear. That King Philip did not mean to lose his control of Spain is apparent from the fact that he appointed a cabinet,—the first known in Spain—to govern in the name of his son who was still a lad, though a husband of some years standing.

Though he had abdicated and had solemnly bound himself not to resume the throne, Philip interfered continually with the Council. The arrangement might have brought him acute disappointments, for the ministers were Spaniards, and were nowise in love with King Philip's habit of following the lead of France. Before King Louis's few months of reign were cut short by small-pox, they had got to the point of telling the old King that he was now only the first of his son's subjects. The little King is one of the oddest and most pathetic figures in the royal world of the eighteenth century. His marriage with Louisa, the daughter of the Regent Orleans, was a family arrangement, in which Saint Simon had a large share. He it was who brought Louisa still a child in arms to Spain, and he caused no small embarrassment by insisting that the two children should be put into bed together in presence of the Court. Louis, it is recorded, squalled furiously when removed by his nurse, at the end of this comic piece of symbolism. Louisa developed much of the character of her father as she grew up. Her appetite was boundless and indiscriminate. One horrified grandee expressed his surprise that Her Highness did not burst after consuming a whole dish of radishes. After these fits of gorging Louisa sought relief in washing house-linen in a tub, dressed only in her chemise. In this loose attire she wandered about the palace and the garden. Tempted by a long ladder she climbed the rungs to a height in which she became giddy, and clung on screaming, the sport of the breeze. The case was without precedent in the Court of Spain. No one knew how to act, till a young French gentleman present took upon him to go up the ladder and carry the Princess down.

These and such like eccentricities provoked her juvenile husband into telling her, or rather sending a high Court official to tell her, that failing amendment he would be constrained to proceed *de verbo ad verbera*,—a threat which she heard in the literal sense, and with tears. Louisa outlived her husband long enough to be a standing nuisance to her family both in France and Spain.

Philip the Fifth was then clearly not a very wise or a strong man, but he was none the less a profitable king to the Spaniards. It will not do to judge him by a very high standard, but if we take the fair comparison, which is with his Austrian predecessor, he comes out very well. It would put the English reader to some considerable trouble to realise the state in which he found his kingdom. There is nothing quite like it to-day out of the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, whether we look at the finances, the administration, the prevalence of ignorance, which is not disproved by the existence of a few men of learning, and the frightful extension of mere vagabondage. The Inquisition had been so successful in inculcating a childlike obedience to the Church that it had made all the Spaniards a little childish. Its work was not to be undone in a day, and there is no reason to suppose that Philip meant to undo it altogether. But he did consciously or unconsciously achieve something. He declined to preside over *autos de fé*, and, the spirit of the age co-operating with the exhaustion of the fanaticism of the Spaniards of the counter-Reformation, he abated the effective power of the Holy Office. To punish the nobles of Aragon for their support of the Hapsburg candidate he swept away their feudal rights over their serfs,—a measure which explains his success in reconcil-

ing this part of Spain to his rule. He broke down the monopoly of Seville, and opened trade with America to all his subjects. Alberoni was allowed by him to begin a serious attempt to revive trade and industry. The government of that ingenious, if not quite admirable Italian, did arouse Spain from lethargy, and "the corpse" did not sink back, as he predicted it would, into its former state, when he was gone. Alberoni found native followers in Josef Porreño, Francisco Campillo, and above all in Cenon de Somadevila the minister of Philip's successor Ferdinand the Sixth, a son of the first marriage. Some Spaniards are prepared to maintain that Ferdinand was the best of all their modern kings. He at least allowed his ministers, native and foreign, to do good work for the country. He would not hear of an adventurous foreign policy, and kept Spain out of wars on land in Italy, and with England on the sea. Like his elder brother Louis of the brief intercalary reign, he was somewhat pathetic. Many years of submission to his overbearing step-mother had developed his natural timidity and shyness to such a point that this gentleman, though born to be King and bred in a Court, shrank with pain from appearing in public and seeing new faces. Ferdinand is the sovereign who patronised Farinelli the singer. Court ladies were of course blasphemous when they said "one God one Farinelli," but the melodious *castrato* was a very worthy creature who never made a dishonest use of his favour with the King. The voice of Farinelli was the only charm which would relieve the melancholy which Ferdinand inherited from his father. Spain is poor indeed in memoir writers, but thanks to the industry of M. Morel Fatio, we do

possess in accessible form the letters and memoirs of the Count of Fernan Nuñez, who was the King's ward and page. They give a very pleasant picture of both the King and the favourite. The Liberal and Radical may again pursue their feud with monarchy by discanting on the sad state of a nation which depended for good government on a kind-hearted gentleman who had to be soothed into tranquility of mind by music, who trembled just above the line of insanity, and sank below it in the end. But the Liberal and Radical must once more be asked whether the conflicts of their tough Parliamentary Greeks assembled in Cortes have done better for Spain. Endless instability, and futile efforts to govern with ropes of sand compare ill with the administration of Somadevila. Ferdinand was like his father in being extremely uxorious. The death of his wife broke his heart, and even Farinelli's voice lost its power. The account given by Fernan Nuñez of his last days is merely painful. Not that his Majesty ever quite lost all light of intellect. When he noticed the absence of a hitherto assiduous courtier, and was told that the worthy gentleman was praying for him in a neighbouring church: "He is praying for my brother's safe voyage from Naples," said the King, who measured his servant's cupboard love at its exact value.

Charles the Third, his brother and successor, the son of the "Ter-magant of Spain," Elizabeth Farnese, was not a kind-hearted gentleman. His greeting to Farinelli—"I want no capons about me except on my table"—is enough to deprive him of any right to that name. He was a very important king, both in Naples and in Spain. No other of the eighteenth century kings who listened to the teaching of philosophy

had quite so good an opportunity, or made a freer use of it. To-day there is something of a reaction in Spain against the admiration once lavished on him. The Parliamentarians cannot forget that, however enlightened, he was none the less a despot who showed not the slightest disposition to revive the Cortes. They set off his neglect of that institution against his meritorious suppression of the Jesuits, his short way with the Inquisition, and his economic reforms. The Conservatives again who find that liberalism means imitation of French ante-clericalism, and who are largely educated by the restored Jesuits, would overlook his despotism, but abhor his use of it. An impartial observer may be excused for coming to the conclusion that King Charles the Third disliked both Jesuit and Inquisitor mainly because they opposed him, while his economic institutions have often an ominous likeness to the notorious cotton-mills of Mehemet-Ali. They were too often artificial flowers which had no real root. Still he allowed a good deal to be done. His financial reforms prevented Spain from being swept altogether into the whirlwind of the French Revolution, and in his reign the nomadic population of the country, nominally gipsy but for the most part only native vagabond, was notably reduced. We shall not discuss the question whether it is to his honour, or not, that he hated England consumedly. He had, we may allow, a legitimate grievance. When he was in the early days of his reign at Naples a British naval officer, Captain Martin, detached for that purpose by Admiral Mathews, "Furibondo" as he is called in Sir Horace Mann's correspondence with Walpole, had sailed into Naples Bay, and had given his Majesty an hour in which to decide

whether he would obey an injunction of the British Government or stand a bombardment. It must be conceded that the desire of King Charles to play a return match was human. He did not manage his game cleverly, and we can the better afford to be fair with him, that he did us very little harm. Twice he put himself in the way of having to eat the very large leeks presented by the British Government,—once in the Falkland Island affair, and once again over the Nootka Sound dispute. But he left his dominions better than he found them, and that is no small merit in a king.

So much cannot be said for his burly son Charles the Fourth, who had inherited from his Saxon mother an ample share of German stolidity, but from his father no trace of cleverness. Of this King, whose wife was Maria Louisa of Parma, his first cousin, the Messalina of much French Revolutionary rhetoric, and whose favourite was Manuel Godoy, many contemptuous things have been said. They cannot be denied, and must be suffered to stand. All that can be pleaded for him is that he compares favourably with his son. His dogged determination to adhere, in spite of evidence, to his doctrine that royal ladies are incapable of some forms of misconduct, in the absence of royal assistance, and his unconquerable loyalty to "Manuelito" show a certain steadfastness of nature. If the Spaniards were as fond of gossip as their historical monographs as their neighbours the French, the Court of Charles the Fourth should supply them with copious material. He, his wife, his favourite Godoy, Godoy's favourites, Goya, and such society ladies as the Duchess of Alva, who is said to have been the original of Goya's double portrait of the "Maja" in costume and without costume in the gallery of the

San Fernando at Madrid, were sovereign for the production of scandal. The final capture of them all by Napoleon was a scoundrelly proceeding, but the Corsican had some excuse for thinking that anything might be risked against such people, or the country which tolerated them. He was wrong, and he was punished, for the royal name still stood as the symbol of the national independence of Spain, for which its sons were prepared to fight fiercely, though often blindly, and to suffer unutterable things.

Enough has been said of Ferdinand the Seventh. No more need be added than that no sovereign ever lived who did more to justify Burke's assertion that kings are naturally lovers of bad company. After his restoration he loved to be surrounded by buffoons from the gutter of Madrid, and by begging friars who had spent much time there. The taste was not, to be just, peculiar to him in Spain itself. One of the most curious features of the social life of that country has been what is called in Spanish *el Majismo*. We have no *majo* and therefore cannot give a single word as the equivalent. It means the practice of relaxing from the solemnity of manner imposed on them in public, which some gentlemen and ladies found too severe for a continuance, by imitating, and of course exaggerating in private, all that was noisy, merry, and vulgar in the manners of the streets and the fair. It is an old weakness in Spain. Philip the Fourth, who maintained the rigidity of a statue in public, who was only twice seen to laugh by the profane crowd, one of the occasions being when he was told of the terrors and tears of his second wife on hearing that "the Queen of Spain has no legs," could indulge in horseplay freely in private. At the end of

the eighteenth century the ancient starched gravity was becoming less tolerable than ever, and the relaxation was indulged more freely. With Ferdinand it came near to be the rule.

Concerning Isabel enough has been said,—without qualification. There is a gentleman in Madrid to-day who could tell the world many strange stories of her Court, if a Spanish gentleman thought indiscretions pardonable. When, however, the doings in the palace had come to their natural end, and Spain had had seven years of the alternative to the Bourbon Monarchy, the institution vindicated itself. No one who was in the country at that time, and was not blinded by prejudice, could have failed to note, or can have forgotten, the sigh of relief which was heard when the soldiers in the camp at Murviedro pronounced for Don Alfonso the Twelfth. It was as if a nightmare had suddenly rolled away, and a weight had been taken off. Peace and internal order became once more possible, and that confidence has in the main been justified. King Alfonso the Twelfth applied himself to his business as king, and was accessible to his subjects, frank in manner, with a dash of hauteur, it is said, but without popularity-hunting in the style of Ferdinand the Seventh. The very able lady whom he left as widow and Regent has had unspeakable

merits towards Spain. The young King, who was the guest of England a short while since, owes it to his father and still more to his mother that he has, whatever foolish talk there may be to the contrary, a sure throne and a great chance. The circle has come fully round since Columbus sailed from Palos. Spain is again confined to the Peninsula, and the work of the Catholic Sovereigns at home is to be done again. So far Alfonso the Thirteenth has had nothing to do, but to go among his subjects frankly, showing that he wishes their good, "attentive to hear and pertinent in his questions," to quote the praise which Bacon gave to Prince Henry. But this is the preliminary to all else. The Spaniards have first to learn that they have a king and to look to him. When they are sure of so much, Alfonso the Thirteenth will not find it difficult to make his will felt. It is in his power, if life is allowed him, to restore the monarchy to all that it ever was as a governing power; and we must all hope that he will succeed, for except by help of a king, there is no hope of good, consistent, stable rule in the Peninsula. He must govern with his Cortes no doubt, for it is the organ by which his people speaks to him, but not by it, for what that means we see.

DAVID HANNAY.

## MEMORIES OF MANDALAY.

THE chronicles of Burmah record a perpetual changing of the royal capital. Pegu and Pagan, stately even in decay, Ava and Amapura, sinking ever deeper into the green grave of tropical vegetation, testify to the impermanence of national life among races of nomadic ancestry. The plastic clay of an inchoate nation breaks many moulds before it hardens into durable form, and the fluidity of Burmese thought, swayed by Buddhist belief in the evanescence of all things earthly, accepted perpetual change as the supreme law of life. The birth of Mandalay (known as The Cluster of Gems and The Royal City of Gold) resulted from a vivid dream of King Mindon Min. One summer night in his sleep he beheld a fair city covering the green plain at the foot of Mandalay Hill, a landmark from whence the eye ranges across the breadth of Burmah, between the eastern boundary of the blue Shan mountains and the cone-shaped western hills. A white elephant bore the wondering sovereign to the transfigured scene, and enhanced the magnitude of the portent. The dreamland city was translated into reality, for the visions of Burmese royalty were imperative as those of the Hebrew prophets; and the desertion of a capital was accomplished with as little hesitation as attended the striking of a tent in the days of the monarch's Mongolian forefathers.

The surrendered city, which memorialises an epoch in the Empire-building of England, still presents many points of interest, though the first impression disappoints the superficial

observer. Original colour and character still exist, albeit with brightness faded and outline blurred. Rectangular roads, shaded by acacia trees, denote the military occupation of an alien Power; but the varied costumes of the motley throngs traversing these dusty highways redeem their featureless monotony. As we penetrate into the native city, order and regularity cease to destroy pictorial charm, and the irregular streets glow with rainbow hues. Piles of red and yellow slippers dangle from bamboo eaves in the gay alley of the sandal-makers, where wild Kachin from the jungle bring their grass-plaited footgear, and girls in white jacket and silken skirt embroider dainty shoes with gold thread or tinsel stars. A deafening clamour resounds from an adjacent quarter occupied by the *tee*-smiths, those all-important functionaries who make and gild the iron umbrellas, or *tees*, of the myriad pagodas which bear this sacred symbol of sovereignty. Another dusky thoroughfare is appropriated by the wood-carvers, whose exquisite designs decorate the prows of native boats, the shafts of bullock-carts, and the yokes of oxen. The great Arakan pagoda, traditionally reared by the Arakanese of the west in B.C. 850, hallowed the site of Mandalay for ages before the city was built; and at the time when the famous shrine was erected a prince of Gaudama's line occupied the throne. Legend and myth passed into history, and we read that King Alompra, the conqueror of Pegu, went on pilgrimage to the Arakan pagoda, offering a fragrant garland of rare orchids at

the shrine which contains the only authentic likeness of the Buddha. Innumerable marble shops stand beneath the pillared arcade which leads to the splendid pagoda, only second to that of Rangoon; and hundreds of sculptors find perpetual employment in carving tiny replicas of the sacred statue. Devotees with packets of gold leaf gild an inch or two of the main pyramid or subsidiary images, as an offering of love; mothers lift up tiny children to empty red lacquer cups of white flower-petals on some favourite shrine, or buy tiny green silk coats and spangled turbans from the tailors who sit here making the ceremonial garb of the infant worshippers. Blue lotus blossoms glittering with dew, golden-hearted frangipanni, and snowy tuberose fill the cool shade of the Romanesque arches with colour and fragrance. Grim frescoes of the Buddhist hells depicted on the crumbling walls add a contrasting element of terror, but trailing wreaths of verdure and clustering flowers veil the distorted dreams of superstition with Nature's tenderness.

At the foot of Mandalay Hill, the consecrated scene of the King's prophetic vision, 750 small pagodas stand grouped round a colossal central cone with a golden umbrella. These monuments of faith were built by an uncle of King Theebaw as his passport to Paradise. A tablet inscribed with the Buddhist *sutras* stands beneath each tapering spire, and it is said that if all the Buddhist Scriptures were destroyed, they would remain imperishably inscribed on these stone Tables of the Law. The long colonnades and vaulted halls of many gilt and painted temples are now used as barracks for native soldiers, though the marble and golden Buddhas remain enthroned in undisturbed serenity on their symbolic lotus-flowers.

The absorbing interest of Mandalay

centres in the royal palace, the scene of that sudden transformation whereby Burmah became a province of our Indian Empire. Political exigency can alone justify such an inclusion, for the distinctive character of this unique country, where caste is unknown, and personal independence an inheritance from remote antiquity, shows few points of contact with Indian proclivities. The status and liberty of womanhood, the land held in fee simple by the people themselves, and the pronounced Mongolian type, show hereditary traits which distinctly separate the Burmese races from those of India. Industrial and social character approaches that of the Japanese, but Burmah, amid all the vicissitudes of time and chance, retains a fascinating individuality apart from all comparison.

The three indispensable requirements of a Burmese city were a fort, a moat, and a bazaar, as the bond of union and nucleus of growth. Though the erection of myriad pagodas dedicated the rising metropolis to the service of religion, the original idea was strangely travestied. Human sacrifices lingered long in Burmah, and at the five gates in the great wall of Mandalay, built up in the eighteenth century to the sound of music and the voice of dreams, men were buried alive to provide guardian spirits for King Mindon's new capital. Small white pagodas ornamented with red and golden spires, still mark these barbaric tombs. Outside the stockade defending the royal palace rows of teak huts formed the dwellings of the Ministers of State, encircled by the hovels of retainers within a ring of bamboo booths for providing the daily necessities of life, no masonry being permitted beyond King Mindon's palace walls. The Royal Red Gate, forming the principal entrance to the vast enclosure now known as Fort



Dufferin, was only opened on state occasions ; the small side-door compelling every head to bow to the lofty nine-roofed spire of red and gold, soaring above the Lion Throne of the Vermilion Palace, and entitled the Centre of the Universe. The huge edifice was of necessity a fortress, and the brown battlemented walls above the noble moat crossed by five stone bridges, present the same imposing spectacle as in the day of King Theebaw's pomp and pride. Projecting penthouses, like white dovecotes, break the level lines of umber brick ; these fantastic pigeon-holes were erected for the accommodation of the *nats*, or guardian spirits, in attendance on Burmese royalty. Wide roads intersect the grassy enclosure, and the encampment of an army would scarcely fill the spacious area. The fabric of the palace, composed of richly carved teakwood painted with cinnabar, blazes in tawdry splendour. A glittering turret amid the maze of spires and pinnacles, was the reliquary built to contain a tooth of Gaudama, who seems to have showered his formidable grinders with judicial impartiality throughout south-eastern Asia. The round watch-tower possesses deeper interest to the English visitor. From hence the guilty Queen Supalayay, ascending at sunset to inhale the breeze sweeping up from the river and swaying the drooping palms, beheld the British troops enter the city on the fatal day which closed her criminal career.

The gaudy pavilion of the royal theatre is still intact, the palace of the Queen-consort and the private apartments once occupied by the Queen-mother and maids of honour, being now used as government offices. The deserted halls, with their golden columns, painted roofs, and lofty walls resplendent with glass mosaic, look unutterably forlorn as twilight

subdues the meretricious colouring, and the crowding shadows suggest haunting memories of the cruel past. The great Council Chamber and High Court flank a small monastery, a perfect gem of glass mosaic, wherein King Theebaw served his novitiate as a Buddhist monk, a stage of Burmese education required as a preparation for the responsibilities of manhood. The primary judicial code known as the Law of Manu was theoretically imposed on Burmese kings, but amplified and supplemented by many cruelties grafted on the original substructure. Criminals were crucified and tortured with unimaginable horrors never contemplated by the ancient lawgiver, whose minute regulations concerning kicking an enemy or pulling his hair, and the punishment meted out to a degraded person for pointing a finger at a respectable citizen, imply the comparative rarity of graver offences.

Men were divided by Manu into three classes, good, middling, and bad, each class being subdivided into three departments, as the wisdom of the venerable sage proved unequal to the first rough classification. The laws of Manu rest on a strong religious basis, and suggest the pastoral simplicity of patriarchal days. From the red bell-tower, time, that negligible quantity in Burmah, was beaten every third hour on the drum-gong which was perforated whenever a king died. Beneath this Oriental campanile stand the three pagoda-tombs of King Mindon and his Queens. The nine-roofed spire is a speciality of palace and monastery, only a seven-tiered roof being permitted to secular edifices. The curving eaves of the red and golden pile, the carven cornices and lofty ridge-poles, depict with exquisite grace and subtle fancy the royal peacock of Burmah, the tapering head and arching

neck, unfolding wings and outspread train being represented with consummate skill by the poetic but fragile architecture. Sometimes a mere shadow of the regal bird indicates that refinement of idea which etherealises form into spirit, but the peacock in actual contour or dim suggestion runs through the whole scale of the palace architecture, as the *leit-motif* echoes repeatedly through Wagner's music. State affairs were settled in the cool of the evening on small open lounges beneath gilded alcoves in the outside walls, facing the palms and banyan thickets of the fantastic gardens, where the ripple of running water in marble conduits and falling fountains created an atmosphere of perennial freshness. In the dark recesses of spreading tamarind trees stood the great treasury, or gold-house, strongly guarded and fortified, for reluctance to entrust money and jewels to external custody is characteristic of Eastern royalty.

The eight thrones of the Mandalay palace were used for special functions. The colossal Lion Throne of the Burmese kings, enclosed by gilded lattices and flanked with golden lions, was entered by a staircase at the back, and overlooked a vast vermillion hall, now used as the English church. This towering Throne of Judgment was surrounded at a lower level with the seats of the Ministers, the cross-shaped perforations in the floor made for passing up long pipe-stems to the lips of the assembled dignitaries. The bowls were filled and lit in a crypt arranged for the purpose, the wooden mosaic of the pavement being raised on piles eight feet above the ground. A golden column supported the sacred Hansa bird, emblem of Divine Wisdom, and known as the Swan out of Time and Space, supposed to inspire the royal decisions. At what was known as the Duck Throne, orna-

mented by a symbolic design which probably represents the Sacred Goose, a mysterious pre-Buddhistic emblem of fabulous antiquity, foreigners were received, and the King sat there at the Water Festival celebrating the April New Year. From the Elephant Throne he watched the sacred herd feeding in the park reserved for them. The Snail Throne, symbolising the inseparable connection of the Burmese ruler with the reigning House, was only used at the signing of a warrant enabling the heir-apparent to assume the sceptre. At the Deer Throne the royal elephants approached the monarch in a state procession of religious origin; and from the Peacock Throne, shadowed by gleaming wings and feathered trains of ideal beauty, the royal horses were inspected at stated intervals. The exquisite Lily Throne, enriched with floral carvings, was used at the audience of ladies, and four red finger-marks on a golden column supporting the canopy are attributed to the blood-stained hand of Queen Supalayat, whose hapless victims were sometimes killed by bludgeons in her presence.

Silence and solitude reign unbroken in this quarter of the palace, though English occupation grafts incongruous features on the more habitable portions of the great piles where the click of billiard-balls sounds from rooms appropriated by the Mandalay Club, and an open doorway discloses the glittering appointments of the officers' mess. Long funnels in the roofs of the royal sleeping chamber facilitated the entrance of the guardian *nats*, that they might whisper their counsels in the ear of the dreaming king, for the heavenly watchers waited for the hush of night wherein to make their voices heard.

The regalia consisted of the White Umbrella, broken at the death or

abdication of a sovereign, the Crown, the Sceptre, the Sandal, and the Fly-Trap. On receiving these insignia the monarch blessed them, and poured water upon them in token of the pure intention wherewith he accepted the supreme power. The Divine Right of Monarchy loomed large in Burmah, and even the royal robes were esteemed as sacred.

Theebaw, "King of Kings, Lord of the White Elephant, and Ruler of the Rising Sun," wore a jewelled coat weighing a hundred pounds, and beneath this sparkling tunic of ruby and diamond armour, was a silken waistcloth renewed daily. Every night the discarded sash was cut into strips and lacquered in royal red and gold. The Pali breviary for monastic orders was then inscribed upon the precious leaves in black varnish, the royal waistcloth being the perquisite of a Buddhist monastery, for the union of Church and State remained outwardly unbroken through this reign of terror. The State robes of the Queen were scalloped in vandykes and covered with diamonds; a rhinoceros horn extended from the forehead, but the survival of this archaic symbol of sovereignty finds no satisfactory explanation, for the origin of the idea, embodying mankind's earliest conceptions of regal power, is lost in the mist of ages. When Supalayay mounted her throne, a kneeling girl offered her a lighted cheroot, for smoking continued without intermission, and every concession was made to prevent even momentary interruption of the favourite indulgence.

King Theebaw, though only twenty-five years of age at the time of his deposition, was alleged to have murdered eighty-six blood relations at the instigation of Queen Supalayay, in whose hands he was a mere tool and

cat paw. Eight cartloads of dead princes were borne wrapped in red velvet sacks through the Accursed Gate, for years the sole entrance permitted to the British Residency; but if a King passed through this fatal archway, it was considered equivalent to abdication. Whenever the sovereign went outside the fortress, the road he traversed was fenced with a trellis-work of bamboo. During seven years King Theebaw never ventured to quit the precincts of the palace, and even refrained from ploughing the royal furrow on which the advent of the rains depended.

This idyllic belief was held from time immemorial by the pastoral tribes of Burmah, their spring planting being accompanied by the music of clarionet, gong, and cymbals to propitiate the spirits of field and forest. Flowers were hung on the weavers' looms at this annual festival, as offerings to the *nats* who speed the shuttle; and the Arcadian simplicity of popular life suggesting the golden age of an earlier world, brings out in black relief the horrors of the blood-stained Court, where the very spirit of murder reigned incarnate. Though the King's fears kept him a prisoner within his palace walls, the Queens occasionally visited the city, carried in carved boxes on the shoulders of privileged functionaries, and escorted by Court-officials on gaily-caparisoned elephants. The symbolic white elephant was treated as a god, and the ceremonial pertaining to the worship of this pampered monster, involved debasing superstition and inhuman barbarity.

King Theebaw in early youth came under Christian influence, and for a time attended the Mission School in Mandalay, probably as a means of learning English. Later on he took the highest honours in Buddhist theology, but on quitting the monastery at the close of the

compulsory novitiate, the recoil from monastic discipline to unbridled liberty proved fatal to a weak and passion-tossed nature. Religious faith and practice were cast aside for a life of riotous excess, and the infatuated monarch at once succumbed to the dominating will of his merciless Queen. Despotic cruelties were combined with æsthetic pleasures and poetic fancies. When the slender shadows of the palms lengthened across the tranquil water-ways of the secluded gardens, the royal barge (a golden raft inlaid with many-coloured glass mosaic) glided along between thickets of roses and jasmine, their fragrant petals falling on the white robes of the Queens, while sunset deepened the glow of the great rubies encircling their dusky arms. Rampant leogryphs (the hybrid lion and gryphon of Burmese mythology) were carved at prow and stern, their golden bulk striped with blue and purple, contrasting grotesquely with lolling tongues and staring eyes of vivid scarlet. Musicians twanged curved harps and chanted barbaric lays, though voices often trembled and fingers faltered before Queen Supalayat's frown. Sometimes the rowers paused on their gilded oars at the vaulted entrance of a long grotto, the piled-up rocks planted with pale green maidenhair, and festooned with large-leaved creepers. Narrow paths intersected each stony labyrinth, and ponds fringed with arum or iris enhanced the charm of the cool retreats. The haughty bearing of the Queen-Mother, the tragic intensity of Supalayat's dark face, the fairer but feebler type of her sister, and the heavy features of the King, sunk in sensuous apathy, composed an ominous picture framed in the green loveliness of the tropical groves. At nightfall lighted wicks floating in saucers of cocoa-nut oil gleamed through films

of rose and azure tissue, shaped like petals and bent on sprays of bamboo. The fitful radiance wavered on the drooping branches of shadowy foliage enhancing the fantastic charm of the illuminated foreground, transformed into a vision of fairyland blooming with magic flowers of coloured light.

In a decaying summer-house above a lotus-pond crossed by a rustic bridge, King Theebaw surrendered to the British Government. To avoid public humiliation he fled hither from the palace with his cruel consort and the Queen-Dowager. Anarchy and rebellion, long suppressed by the terrors of assassination, reigned in the red and golden halls stained by the horrors of a thousand crimes. Only seventeen of the three hundred women belonging to that blood-stained Court remained faithful to the fallen King, and rushed to the garden pavilion with their children in their arms to throw themselves at his feet. Twenty years have passed since the overthrow of King Theebaw's authority, but reports of his continued infatuation for the murderess who plunged him in unfathomable depths of infamy are still rife. Attempts at suicide have failed, and the unhappy King, still in the prime of life, drags out a hopeless existence as an exile in India.

The Burmese as a race of peasant-proprietors suggest an ideal republic. The land-love renders them contented with their lot, though vanity and improvidence forbid upward progress. Their simple wants are easily supplied in a fertile country where the joys of life are seldom sacrificed to greed of gain, and the stern environment of Northern poverty is unknown.

In the flush of sunrise the streets of Mandalay contain an endless procession of Buddhist monks in their robes of orange and yellow, collecting the

daily alms of rice. Every house is visited, and if only a spoonful can be spared from the smoking cauldron all are eager to give. No thanks are returned by the mendicant brethren, for almsgiving is an imperative duty, and the soul of the donor is believed to reap a greater benefit than the body of the recipient. A contingent of the yellow-robed throng enters the turreted gateway of the Queen's Monastery, an exquisite building with a nine-tiered spire of vermilion and gold rising from pinnaced roofs encrusted with richest carving. This miracle of Burmese architecture was erected to expiate Queen Supalayat's crimes, for Eastern faith is ever the hiding-place of fear, and even the royal murderess was accessible to superstitious terrors. A novice leaning over a balcony hails English visitors with delight, and rushes down the stairs, with a haste rare in leisurely Burmah, to seize the chance of reading from his English spelling-book. An impromptu lesson in words of three letters is gratefully accepted. "Good-bye, English very good people," exclaims the brown-faced pupil, restoring the treasured horn-book to the yellow folds of his habit.

The Burmese monasteries contain 90,000 monks, for Buddhism is a living faith, and appeals to the impersonal mind of the East in a mode incomprehensible to Western individualism. The rosary of 108 wooden beads represents the number of living animals supposed to be subject to the sacred law. Animals also figure as the ideographs of an occult cypher, combined with the seven colours in their triple shades, light, primary, and dark, for Buddhism adopts these linguistic signs in the freemasonry of the widespread creed.

Every boy on his seventh birthday enters the monastery school, where he receives a papier-maché slate and

soapstone pencil. Instruction extends from Burmese alphabet to Pali *sutras*, the pupils lying on their faces, and repeating lessons aloud with a deafening din. Government grants are awarded to monastic schools, and authorised teachers assist the monks, a tactful measure interesting the more intelligent priests in the wider culture of the West, for the comprehensive nature of Buddhism readily absorbs extraneous elements. The uproar of a monastery class-room buried in the dense foliage of tamarind and teak is rivalled by a blast of barbaric music from a wayside house. Jasmine wreathes the eaves, and incense smokes on the threshold, for the ceremonial ear-piercing which represents the "coming out" of the Burmese maiden is taking place, flute and drum being provided to drown the shrieks when two huge needles are thrust through the lobes of the ears. Thick grass stalks keep the orifices open, or, if fortune permits the massive cylinder of diamonds, the thick stump of a cheroot expands each aperture.

The glamour of Burmah idealises the simple life of a pastoral people. The red carts drawn by white bullocks wear a green amulet of rustling palm-fronds; boats carry a cluster of golden plantains tied on their carved prows to bring luck to the fisherman; floating lights drift down-stream at nightfall to propitiate the spirits of the river, and torches flare above the haunted caves of sacred rocks. The Nature-worship of primitive days remains as a foundation-stone of faith laid in the distant past when the Burmese tribes were nursed in the lap of the Great Mother who was their only teacher. Revolving years bring new complexities into existence, but without erasing those ancient landmarks of national thought which invest Burmese character with unique significance and alluring charm.

## ISAAC ON A CHALK-STREAM.

Piscator, Venator, Raptor,<sup>1</sup> Corydon.

Pisc. : Well, met, my loving scholar. You have prevented me, I see.

VEN. : Ay, marry, good master. I have awaited your coming this hour. Shall we be walking towards the river?

Pisc. : Nay, sir, you have been betimes indeed. But there is no cause to be so brisk. Trust me, on such a dull day we shall find no fly on the water thus early. And it is my purpose to drink my morning's draught in this same good ale-house where you have so patiently expected me. Hostess, a cup of your best drink,—another,—come, I will try a third.

VEN. : But, sir, were it not better to be by the water-side? There is no chance of a fish here.

Pisc. : As much, my honest scholar, as beside the very stream. The fly will not show before seven minutes after eleven of the clock, at soonest. Hostess, a draught of ale.

VEN. : Good master, you do amaze me. How know you this so surely?

Pisc. : Let me tell you, sir, that your fly is a creature very obedient to the action of the elements. On a grey morning, such as we have to-day, he lacks the genial warmth of the sun to bring him forth. But forth he must come, will he, nill he, and that he will do this morning at seven after eleven. Nor will he fail us. Come, will you drink a civil glass with me?

VEN. : Most gladly, sir ; but I had

rather be a-fishing. See, the sun is shining now.

Pisc. : Fear not, worthy scholar ; the fly will appear neither sooner nor later than I say.

VEN. : I pray you, master, tell me how you have got this prodigious knowledge?

Pisc. : Marry, sir, by learning. But I confess that no direction can be given to make weather-wise a man of dull capacity. Your good health, my impatient scholar.

VEN. : But, sir, may we not take some trouts, though there be no fly?

Pisc. : Scholar, you are young to the angle and so you stand excused. This is the talk of your pot-hunting fishers who do not scruple to throw an alder to a trout that is breakfasting on green drakes. Let me tell you, scholar, that no honest angler will wet a line until the fly be up. Hostess, a pot of ale.

VEN. : Good master, I crave your pardon. Shall we not be going?

Pisc. : Why, my honest scholar, I think we shall, for it is now eleven of the clock and it is no more than seven minutes walk to Woodford Bridge where I do purpose to begin.

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VEN. : Sir, there is a gentleman on the bridge.

Pisc. : An angler, by his rod ; and, by his reaching the river at this hour, one who has skill in the craft. Good-day, sir.

RAPT. : Good-morrow, sir. What sport?

<sup>1</sup> *Anglice*, Pot-hunter.

PISC. : Why, sir, none.

RAPT. : None, sir? You have been fishing to ill purpose then.

PISC. : Nay, sir, I have been fishing to no ill purpose, for I have not been fishing at all.

RAPT. : Then, sir, you have my sympathy, for a merrier hour's work I have never known. I have taken the number limit, three brace of as fine trouts as ever were seen. There is eighteen pounds weight, here, in my fish-bag.

VEN. : This is some pot-hunting fisherman, I fear.

PISC. : Why, sir, you have indeed been fortunate. But I am told that a silver doctor, run through these Avon hatch-holes—

RAPT. : A murrain o' your silver doctors, sir! It was a dark olive quill.

PISC. : Indeed, sir?

RAPT. : Ay, marry! The rise of a life-time, sir. The fly came on at nine of the clock, but there has been none for this half-hour and so I am for Salisbury with my three brace.

PISC. : To sell them at the fish-monger's, sir?

RAPT. : Good-day, sir.

VEN. : Alas, I fear we have lost some noble sport.

PISC. : I fear that this good gentleman is a liar. Did you mark, scholar, how he made no offer to show us his great catch of trouts?

VEN. : True, good master. Then we are to doubt his story?

PISC. : Most shrewdly.

VEN. : I see no fly, and it is eight minutes past the hour.

PISC. : Nay, my most particular scholar, would you hold me to a minute? No man may be so nice as to the moment of it's coming. We shall see it in good time, never fear. Hand me your rod; a pretty tool indeed, but ill balanced and something too limber for our manner

of fishing. See, this is mine; stiff, springy, and lovable. I use no other. With this rod, no matter how blows the wind, I will lay my fly on a sixpence at twenty-five yards in the first throw. It is to yours, scholar, as the day is to the night.

VEN. : Indeed, master, I have so little of the art that I can find no difference between them. The tackle-maker has served me ill, for he sold me this same rod as a perfect copy of your own.

PISC. : These tackle-makers are for the most part arrant knaves. But, scholar, I see that you have already tied on your fly; and a detached badger,—a most unworthy contrivance. Trust me, this is not what honest fishermen are used to do.

VEN. : Nay, master, never scold me; I did but wish to be ready.

PISC. : Trust me, you do but waste your time; for while it has been computed that there are no less than seven thousand six hundred and forty-three different sorts of fly tied by these same scoundrelly tackle-merchants, there can be but one or two natural kinds of insects on the river's surface. Thus, scholar, it is in the neighbourhood of four thousand to one that when the fly comes (and it is a plaguy long time a-coming) you must take off this lure and put up another.

VEN. : Well, sir, I have a goodly store. See how many sorts are in this pretty box of mine, each in its separate compartment. Is there not a brave show here?

PISC. : A brave show, I warrant you. Oh, my poor scholar! How many has the villain sold you? One, two,—twelve! Trust me, scholar, no honest fisherman needs more than three.

VEN. : Then have I been tricked most vilely. Tell me, sir, what are these three patterns of which you speak?

PISC. : The olive quill, light and dark, and the Piscator's fancy, so called because your unworthy master devised it. See, it is a little similar to the Wickham, but with this essential difference; the silk is turned around the hook to the right instead of to the left. With these three flies I will catch trouts at any time, I'll hold you two to one, nor will I ask for any other pattern.

VEN. : See, master, there is a great trout.

PISC. : Where? Where?

VEN. : There, good master,—a most lovely fish.

PISC. : Scholar, you must get you sharper eyes. Do you not see it is a bit of weed?

VEN. : But look, dear master. There,—it rises.

PISC. : Lend me your rod. I have no fly tied on.

VEN. : Nay, master, you know that I have a detached badger. Would you use such a lure?

PISC. : Why, scholar, it will prove merry sport to take him so. Come, your rod; I warrant you I will fit you with a trout for supper. Note, scholar, how I shall lay my fly three inches above his nose. A plague take the wind!

VEN. : Methought five yards too much on this side.

PISC. : Nay, this was but a trial cast. So, I have got his length. There,—that was another trial. No man may fish in such a gale with such a rod.

VEN. : Good master, do you take your own, and while you tie on a fly let me angle for this trout.

PISC. : Prithee, fair scholar, cut me off this willow branch that I may regain my hook. Come, we must try other measures with this gentleman. My fancy shall go forth in quest of him. Scholar, I must again crave

your aid; it is somewhere in the small of my jacket.

VEN. : Now, sir, you are fancy free. I pray you, let me have my rod.

PISC. : These olives will not tempt him. He is a dainty fellow. See, with what scorn he regards the pink Wickham; and the ginger quill fares no better than the sherry spinner, nor the Welshman's button, neither. We must e'en put up a red caterpillar. No! Then an orange tag.

VEN. : Now, sir, I have given you all my patterns.

PISC. : The fiend run away with this fish! Have you any salmon flies about you?

VEN. : Nay, sweet master.

PISC. : Then do you essay to catch him; he is a foe worthy of your steel.

VEN. : Thank you, sir. I will try this same detached badger once again. See, master, I have him.

PISC. : Well done, scholar. Keep up your point or all is lost. Reel in your line, scholar,—give him line. Oh me! These weeds must be your undoing, I fear. Bravely, scholar, bravely! Give him line—reel in—he is a prodigious stout fish. Shall I take the rod?

VEN. : No.

PISC. : Well, you have bungled through, scholar, and now he is your own. Well done, sir! A pound if he is an ounce, and were a good fish an' he were in season; but I do find him something lean and lousy and unwholesome. Shall we not throw him in again and let him grow till he is more worthy of your anger?

VEN. : Nay, sir, my scales make two pounds and one quarter, and I do think him to be a vastly fine trout. There,—he is dead.

PISC. : See, sir, there is some fly coming down as I said it would.

VEN. : Then, master, we may look for more sport, I trust, for I do pro-



test that I am quite in love with this fishing. My dear master, what are you doing?

PISC.: Marry, scholar, I am catching one of these same flies, for let me tell you that unless your lure is to the shadow of a shade the same as the fly that these trouts are taking, you shall labour to more purpose in yonder three-acre pasture.

VEN.: Well, good master, I will e'en try my detached badger over yonder trout that I see busy by the willow.

PISC.: You will not take him. Here comes a fly, close in, if I can but reach him. Zounds! I am in to the waist.

VEN.: Give me your hand, dear master. Nay, sir, you are wofully stuck.

PISC.: . . . . .

VEN.: Here is help. Good fellow, lend me your aid.

COR.: Marnin', gentlemen both. Lar, naow, if it bean't Measter Piscator. Zure as my naäme be Corydon, 'tis. Swimmin', be 'ee, sur? Cahn't catch theseair trouts thataway, sur. Haw! Haw!

PISC.: . . . . .

VEN.: Nay, good master, this honest man means well by us. Prithee, brave Corydon.

COR.: Naow, sur, one, two, three—and up comes the—

PISC.: Donkey!

COR.: If you please sur.

PISC.: I am soundly drenched. Corydon, are you not keeper here and is not that your cottage?

COR.: Ay, sur.

PISC.: Then, friend, you shall fit me with a dry pair of breeches. Scholar, I will presently return.

VEN.: And while you are gone, I will match my poor skill against yonder lusty fish.

PISC.: Nay, scholar, he is too far for you, trust me. Leave him, and

on my return I shall show you a pretty piece of angling. Make your way below bridge where I do see some tidy trouts busy, who are more within your capacity. Come, good Corydon.

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VEN.: Nay, I will angle for these sprats no longer; there is no hooking them. I will e'en go try for the big fellow, for I do believe that I can reach him; ay, he is still at work. Marry, by his rise he is a trout indeed. So, another cast and I cover him.

PISC.: Why, most naughty scholar, do I find you so heedless of my counsels?

VEN.: My loving master, are you back already?

PISC.: Ay, our worthy keeper Corydon has furnished me out with these coarse, rough small-clothes. I would they fitted me less straitly, but beggars may not be choosers, eh, honest Corydon?

COR.: Why, sur, there wasn't no more than two pay-er fer 'ee to chuse amongst; but 'ee did surely chuse the best.

PISC.: There is a penny for you.

COR.: Thank 'ee, sur.

PISC.: Spend it wisely; let us not find you bemused with liquor this evening, when we come to leave the water. And now we do not need an attendant, so go your ways, for I mean to catch yonder trout for this gentleman's supper. Come, scholar, give place, and you shall soon see him at closer quarters.

VEN.: Dear master, I have but this moment got his length.

PISC.: Nay, sir, you cannot take him; you have not the skill to throw so far, you will surely crack off your fly. Catch me one of these trouts below this bridge, them that I told you of.

VEN.: Oh, sir, they are little things.

COR. : They be daäce, sur.

PISC. : Go your ways, Corydon ; I tell you that they are trouts. Well, scholar, perhaps you will be better employed watching me. Why, it is a long cast, beshrew me ! How now ? My fly is gone ! Mark this, scholar and learn how the best may be caught napping. The gut has been over-long drying and has broken. Now, I am ready again. There,—I think that was pretty well.

VEN. : Your fly is in the tree, sir.

PISC. : Ah, scholar, this time your eyes have not deceived you ; it is as you say. Oh me ! I am most evilly hung up. Now, while I am mending the damage, let me tell you, sir, that when I shall hook yonder fish I must manage him yarely. Do you see these beds of green weeds ? He will surely run for them, and once among them, he is lost to us ; but you shall see how I will master him.

VEN. : That was a fine cast, master. Oh, he has taken it.

PISC. : Ay, has he, and he is mine own.

VEN. : Have a care, sir ; he is for the weeds.

PISC. : . . . . .

VEN. : Oh, sir. What is to be done now ?

PISC. : Marry, a strong fish ; no man alive could have held him ; but I have not done with him, scholar. Mark now, how I shall play him with the hand. See, a gentle pull and draw ; a steady sawing motion of the arm and—

COR. : Haw ! Haw !

PISC. : Corydon, we do not desire your company. Come, scholar, let us be going, for there is a notable pool beyond this meadow where I have seen as many as twenty valiant trouts feeding at a time. And when we are come to this pool we will sit beneath one of those tall elms and rest from

our toil awhile. For let me tell you that the sun is now so hot and high that it is odds against our seeing anything to repay our casting. But there we will take our dinner pleasantly, feasting blamelessly among the buttercups like these same silly kine ; and I will give you yet more directions, for I would fain make you an artist.

VEN. : Well, sir, I will confess that a sandwich will not come amiss.

PISC. : Nay, scholar, an' your stomach be for sandwiches I must pity you ; for let me tell you, sir, that I do abhor your sandwiches, a greasy, soft and flimsy food, more fitted for the tea-table of a gentlewoman than for the dinner of an honest angler. It is ever my way to carry with me in my fish-bag a cold pullet's leg and a lettuce, a piece of good dry wheaten bread, and such fruit as is in season. Ah hah, sir, I see your mouth begin to water. What say you to the providence of an old angler ? Come, scholar, here is our tree and now let us fall to.

VEN. : Oh, master, what is the matter ?

PISC. : That featherbrained wench has forgotten to furnish me with my dinner. A murrain—

VEN. : Nay, my loving master, will you not share in mine ? A sandwich—

PISC. : Oh, my dear scholar, shall I not be robbing you ? Thank you, sir, I will try another. I protest that these sandwiches are vastly well ; though this one has more gristle in it than I could wish. Nay, sir, but one more and I am filled. No more, I thank you.

VEN. : Why, sir, I shall not eat it ; would you see it wasted ?

PISC. : Nay, that were a sin, and I would rather have it on my stomach than on my conscience.

VEN. : You are merry, sir.

PISC. : That is a gallant hunch of cake.

VEN. : Will you try it, sir?

PISC. : Very gladly, scholar. What goodly plums are here. Oh me, your cake has stones in it, sir! Whither now, good scholar?

VEN. : A fish rose, sir.

PISC. : Can you point him out?

VEN. : Nay, sir, I have my eye upon the very spot in the middle of the pool, but I should be hard put to it to show it to you. Why, I have him at the first attempt.

PISC. : I will put the net under him for you, for let me tell you, scholar, that this feat is no easy one and not to be essayed by an unskilful hand. For if in landing of a fish the net do touch the line, he will break all. Bring him in nearer to this tussock—so—

VEN. : Alas, master, he is gone.

PISC. : Scholar, you will do better yet, but I must tell you that you managed clumsily. Why did you suffer the line to touch the net?

VEN. : Dear master, it seemed to me—

PISC. : No matter, sir, you will do better, trust me. I have in you a towardly scholar, but no one may learn this art in a morning's fishing. I protest that the day is over sultry; I will sit awhile beneath this fine tree and read old Epictetus in the shade. Angle, if you will; but trust me you may not look for sport before evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

VEN. : Up, dear master. The trouts are rising madly.

PISC. : My shaving-water, Thomas.

VEN. : Nay, sweet master, awake! It is six of the clock and there is great sport toward.

PISC. : As I live, I do believe that I have nodded. Ay, scholar, the trouts are rising gallantly. Let me tell you that this is the evening rise, called amongst us old anglers Tom Fool's Light, because it would seem that the veriest bungler must enjoy sport when the fish are so ready to feed. But you must know, sir, that this name is ill chosen. For all their boldness, it takes a master hand to deceive them at this time.

VEN. : Yet have I landed a leash in this very pool.

PISC. : Then I will go higher yet and try conclusions with them in the next meadow.

\* \* \* \* \*

VEN. : Well, master, the sun has set upon a fair day and a happy one for me. I have taken another brace since we parted company. How has fortune smiled upon you, good master, beside this tumbling bay?

PISC. : Why, sir, sourly, for I have wasted all this fine rise fishing for one trout, which, when I had caught him proved too small for keeping. So I gave him his liberty.

VEN. : Why, sir, what fly is this? Here is a woundily big hook and here is a brave show of silver tinsel and peacock herl.

PISC. : It is a sedge fly that I found by accident among my tackle.

VEN. : Here comes friend Corydon, the keeper, to lead you to your dry clothes.

PISC. : Prithee, sweet scholar, not a word about the sedge fly. Our day is ended, and I am glad to see that you have profited so well by my instruction.

VEN. : And by your example, fair master.

WILLIAM CAINE.

## SOME NOTES ON THE GROWTH OF OUR LANGUAGE.

THERE is a French saying, *Ce qui ne coûte rien, ne vaut rien*, which, freely translated, might be rendered, familiarity breeds contempt. Not that we would infer that we hold our own language in contempt, but, as it costs us so little to acquire, we are in a measure indifferent, and do not bestow much thought upon it. We do not gain any other knowledge, not even the three R's, without considerable effort; but to speak English we learn we do not know how. Our earliest conscious life is bound up with it; there is nothing with which we are so familiar; it is part of ourselves and, however old we grow, we never forget it.

Questions, however, must occur to all of us at times. What is this language of ours? How did it come to us? When and where was it made, and what was it made of?

To begin with, and dwelling for a moment on language in its primary sense, all that we can say is, that it is wonderful. That vibrations of air, produced by different expirations of our breath, should convey to us and to others what has passed in our minds, or what we have heard, seen, and felt, is marvellous indeed. In fact, next to the great mystery of life, there is no greater miracle than the translation of all human existence into speech. Only by being put into words does the universe become our universe; and, all our knowledge, the accumulation of the thought of unnumbered minds, is possible only, because it could be handed down to us in the form of language. We cannot fathom the power of life, but we

accept it as a divine gift; and so it is with our capacity of language, which distinguishes us from all other animals. This is not the place, let me add, for discussing the possibility of monkeys and parrots competing with us; at any rate, they have not done so yet.

So we start with the hypothesis that to man alone is the power given of putting ideas into words; that language is the medium of ideas; and, that the two are so intertwined that it is impossible to separate them. Language and thought are one; we cannot think without words, though we may think without voice, or with voice. The Greeks used the same word, *logos*, for both thought and speech, showing they considered them identical.

How the gift of language evolved itself, how the spontaneous generation of it came to pass, is another mystery. But, to realise the process in some measure, let us think of it as a tree springing from a root, that root being the power of language, and from thence developing first the framework of branches, and afterwards dividing and subdividing into the wonderful ramifications of twigs, leaves, flowers, and fruit. Applying this figure of a tree to the growth of our own language, the first requisite is to identify its root, that is to say, its pedigree. The pedigree of a language, as of a family, is traced backwards. The English of to-day is the direct descendant of Old English, which was the common tongue in our own country from the beginning of the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth

centuries, and which was made up mainly of Saxon and Danish (both derived from Teutonic) and Norman, with a sprinkling of Celtic, the original speech in Britain before the Teuton invasion.

The Angles, also of Teuton blood, who came from what, in recent times, has been called Holstein, gave their name to the country and the language.

But words throw light on a past infinitely more remote than this, namely, the Indo-European race, of which we come. History is silent; but words in our own tongue bear witness to its origin in a very ancient language, which is lost, but which once had a very real existence. This lost language, called Aryan, or Proto-Aryan, has been proved by philological research to be the parent of all known languages. It was spoken by a people dwelling on the high table-land south-east of the Caspian Sea, which constitutes the watershed of the Indus, the Oxus, and the Jaxartes.

Geologists tell us that this part, together with the chain of the Caucasus, was the first region inhabitable by human beings; and here we find the beginnings of what we may call civilised life. From it issued Ancient China, Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Phœnicia, and Palestine, the rivers flowing west, north-west, and south-east, serving as guides to the migratory efforts of our remote ancestors. All these countries were teeming with civilised life when, so far as history tells us anything, Europe may have been a sheet of ice, a swamp, or a desert wilderness.

Proto-Aryan, as has been said, is a lost language. How, then, do we know that ours is descended from it? When Indian, and Greek, and Latin, and Teutonic designate some object by the same word, and where it can

be clearly shown, that they did not borrow the word from each other at some later date, we may consider that they each used it, in an earlier time, when they all lived in the same land. The descendants of this Proto-Aryan language are known to us in seven great branches, — Teutonic, Celtic, Italic, Greek, Slavonic, Iranic, and Indic. The first five constitute North-Western or European, and the other two South-Eastern or Asiatic. English belongs to the Teutonic branch, as also do German, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and Icelandic.

Now all these five great European languages have words in common for things pertaining to fishing and shooting, and to pastoral life; for dress, home, door, garden; for domestic animals; for numbers, as far as a hundred; for primary relations, — father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter; and for the Godhead, showing that the common stock, intellectual and moral, was not small with which they severally went their way at the first emigration. It shows also that, before that migration, they had passed the fishing and shooting stages of existence and had reached the pastoral. But there are not identical terms for products of the earth, corn, wine, &c., nor for metals; and we therefore conclude that they had not reached the agricultural stage, and knew nothing of mining. Of course, this stock-in-common may have been larger, because words common to all may have survived only in one; but, at any rate, it was not smaller. The number of these Proto-Aryan roots which, in English, we have inherited through our Teutonic forefathers is 460. They are all definite in sound, with guttural, dental, or labial consonants: they all express acts, such as beating, striking, pushing, cutting, tearing; and they are all conceptual, that is to say, they do not

merely express a single percept, but signify actions, or qualities which are the result of actions.

There is in every language a residue of words which cannot be traced to any root. Some come straight from imitation of sounds, as cuckoo, click, hiss; others are interjections like oh, ah, fie, pooh, humph. But, speaking broadly, English is built upon and can be traced back to these Proto-Aryan roots. Such is a rough sketch of the pedigree of English, which I have likened to the root of a tree. Let us now consider its growth.

The growth of a language is in line with the history of the country to which it belongs. The earliest known inhabitants of England, of which history tells us, were of Celtic race. The more ancient of them were called Iberians and Goidels; the later were genuine Celts. It is not known definitely whether they came from France or Spain, nor when they first settled here; but it is probable that, to begin with, they were mere sea-faring marauders who found our island tempting, and it must have been some hundreds of years before the Christian Era, as they were called Britons, and were both a numerous and a powerful people before the Romans discovered them. They brought with them their own language, mainly Celtic, of which there is still some remains in what we speak, and which is well represented in Welsh, Irish, and Cornish. For at least 1,000 years they disputed possession with every invader who attempted to supplant them. The Romans, under whose rule they were the most completely subdued, drove them over the mountains into Wales, but could not crush them. They remained a separate people, whether they ruled or were ruled; and always reasserted themselves, and overran

England, so soon as the opportunity offered. When the Roman army was withdrawn, and Roman civil life abandoned this country, back came the Britons to their old quarters; and they fought hard, and died hard, to retain it, against Angles, Jutes, and Saxons in turn.

However, by the middle of the fifth century of our era, the Teuton power proved too much for them. The beaten remnant retired finally to Wales and the extreme West, and the rest of England became the home of Angle, Saxon, or Jute. The Angles occupied all the country north of the Humber on the east; the Saxons were in Essex, Wessex, Middlesex, and Sussex; and the Jutes held Kent. They were all, more or less, sea-faring folk; many of our present nautical words and sayings can be traced to those times; ship, boat, mast, sprit, yard, sail, sheet, oar, rudder, helm, are all of that date. The Romans had previously occupied the same ground, and the upper classes then spoke Latin; but the Britons, whom they lorded over, had never ceased to use their own language, and when the Romans departed, they left little Latin behind them. The Teuton races had also been more or less subject to Rome before they came to Britain, so that the language they brought had a smattering of Latin; but, properly speaking, Latin was not really introduced into the national life until the advent of Christianity; from which time, it permeated all classes through the Scriptures, and the spread of Christianity produced, in this way, a wave of learning which lasted till the end of the ninth century. After that the country was a prey to fresh invaders, the Danes. At first, they came for plunder only; but the Saxons having settled down into landsmen, seem to have neglected

their coast defence, and the newcomers thus got a foothold, and then followed all the invasions and wars which arrested learning for two centuries. The Danish additions to Anglo-Saxon speech are principally words relating to land and land-tenure, sea-faring and warlike epithets; and these still remain in literature, and in the dialects of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

As a geographical digression bearing on the subject it may be pointed out here that the limits of Danish occupation can be traced by the recurrence of names ending in *by*, which signified, in their language, a dwelling, or small settlement, as Netherby, Appleby, Derby, Whitby. If we examine a map of Lincolnshire, one of the chief seats of Danish settlement, we find one-fourth of the towns and villages have this termination; while in Hampshire names ending with *by* are unknown. On the other hand, in the south of England and the Midlands, which comprise all the original Saxon territory, names end generally with *ham* (identical with home), *worth*, *worthy*, and *stoke*; as Buckingham, Egham, Shoreham, Tamworth, and Basingstoke. *Thorpe*, equivalent to the German *dorf*, came to us with the Norman Conquest; as also did *thwaite*, *haugh*, *garth*, and *ness* as terminations.

The divisions of England into shire and county also mark the Saxon and Norman periods. The Saxon *shire* is connected with shear, and is, literally, a portion of land shorn off. A shire was the territory over which each earl exercised jurisdiction, and it also gave him his title. After the Norman conquest earl became count, from *comes* a companion, or sharer of bread, and his land was called a county. Later on count again gave place to earl, but his wife is still a countess.

A large part of England, wherever

the Saxons were settled, is subdivided into *hundreds*. The term is supposed to have signified originally a hundred free families, which will account for the disproportion of area which a hundred covers in the south compared with the north. In Sussex and Kent only about twenty-four square miles go to a hundred; in Lancashire more than 300 are included in it. The Saxon population would naturally be most dense in the earliest settlements.

Foreign influence came into our language with the Norman Conquest. Before that, Celtic, Saxon, and Danish had lived, as it were, side by side, even as the same races had done; but each produced comparatively little impression upon the others. Latin, the language of the Church and of scholars, had been in use for a considerable time; but not many Latin words had been adopted by the people colloquially. After the Conquest, however, the case was different. Just as the Norman and Saxon races were fused by the inter-marriage of the conquerors and the conquered, so the union of their languages was brought about. At first, Norman was the language of the classes and Anglo-Saxon of the masses. All official intercourse and government were carried on in Norman-French; while agriculture, commerce, &c., retained the native tongue. But by the end of the twelfth century English, very much as it was known in Alfred's time, had reasserted itself, and had got more than equal rights in local legal courts. In 1350 we find Norman-French superseded officially by the general language of the people, which was a conglomerate of Anglo-Saxon, French, and Latin, now designated philologically Old English, which was paramount until the invention of printing, and is the foundation of, and similar in construction to, the English of to-day.

The introduction of printing metamorphosed the growth of the English language; the works of the great writers then became the property of the whole country, and people in all parts could make themselves familiar with the literary standard. In this way local forms of dialect were to a great extent subordinated to the speech used in books; and from this period the language of literature took its place as representative English, and from it modern English may be said to date. Spenser, who seems to have been tenacious of the older style, attempted to revive Old English a generation or two later, but he met with no encouragement. Old English was moribund, and was soon after ranked as a dead language. Tyndal's Bible, with the exception of differences of spelling, is intrinsically the same as the Authorised Version now in use, and Shakespeare contains very few words which are not intelligible in this twentieth century.

In connection with the revised version of the Bible, it is interesting to note how few changes were necessary on the score of the words used in the Authorised Version having become obsolete. If it had dated from 1411 instead of 1611, scarcely any of us could have understood the English used, and alterations would have been numerous,—how numerous may be gauged by anybody who tries to translate a few hundred lines of Chaucer into modern phraseology. There is no room here to show the historical development of our language from Shakespeare's time to our own; though the study of literary movements in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is extremely interesting, and throws much light on the subject before us. Practically, we use very much the same words that Shakespeare used; but the variations of meaning and phraseology, which make our vocabu-

lary so elastic at present, are the outcome of thinkers and writers, such as Milton, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Johnson, and the poets of the nineteenth century, who have welded the ancient with the modern into such a magnificent whole.

Passing from its historical growth to more detailed investigation, we are, no doubt, taken aback when we are told that our language consists of about 250,000 words. But this large number is the accumulation of many centuries; nothing like that number could have been kept alive except through the influence of literature. Now literature, meaning written literature, is like a reservoir which receives the contributions of innumerable streams, and retains them for the common good. Let us try to realise what a language is, which possesses no literature, and therefore no literary standard. Such languages exist, and we find them full of dialectic variety. They vary, as spoken colloquially in each family; still more, as spoken in different clans and colonies. In both these forms, they are full of what we may call slang,—expressions framed by individual facetiousness, but retained, and admitted, after a time into ordinary use. The first beginning of a settled form of speech is made at public gatherings, where language must be used which is intelligible to different families, or clans, coming from various parts. This public language, which is soon adopted for popular legends and legal enactments, becomes the sacred, the literary, or the classical dialect. But it does not absorb the whole life of the language. On the contrary, each tributary stream runs on in its natural channel of colloquial intercourse, and supplies from time to time new material to the classical tongue. These rivulets are, in fact, its real life. It is a mistake to suppose that dialects are a corruption.



Many English ones are more primitive than the language of Shakespeare, and, in some cases, richer in vocabulary than any classics of their age. Remove a language from its dialects, and source of natural growth, and it would cease to be the tongue of the people. During troublous times, and when the feelings of the multitude gain the ascendant, the frozen or congealed surface of our literary and classic reservoir is broken and carried away by the rising water underneath; and there is then a perceptible increase in the national language.

We can see the same process going on now. For instance, there is one kind of English spoken in Parliament, in the pulpit, and in courts of law, which may be called public or recognised English. The colloquial, as used by educated people, differs but slightly from it, though there is greater freedom of construction, and a more familiar phraseology. Literary English, again, has greater grammatical accuracy, and includes a number of uncommon, poetical, and even antiquated words which would sound pedantic in ordinary conversation. Then there are dialects. The peasants in every part of Great Britain, though they understand a sermon in church, and read their newspaper,—both of which are written in more or less literary English—continue to speak their own form of language among themselves. And in each of these provincial dialects there are many old and quaint expressions which often throw light on a classical survivor. Again, in discussing special subjects, we are driven to use a large number of technical, scientific, and foreign expressions, many of which are unintelligible to the ordinary speaker. It is these technical, scientific, foreign, and even slang words, which swell our dictionaries to such an enormous size. It is said that the new Oxford Dic-

tionary, when completed, will contain a quarter of a million words. No one Englishman knows a quarter of a million words, unless it be the compiler himself (and he is a Scotchman); we can get on very well with a fraction of them. Indeed, we are assured that there are labourers in some country parishes whose supply is limited to 300 or 400. This does not mean that they would not understand more than that number; for the Bible, which they hear in church, contains about 6,000, and they know their meaning more or less, though they would never think of using them.

Ordinary well-educated people use from 3,000 to 4,000 words in conversation. Accurate thinkers and reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions and wait till they find a word that exactly fits their meaning, employ, of course, a larger stock; eloquent speakers may even rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who had a greater wealth of expression than any other writer, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words: Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the Old Testament contains 5,642.

Our language, therefore, is not after all so formidable as it seems, when we hear of a dictionary of 250,000 words. Skeats's Etymological Dictionary, which is limited to primary words (that is to say, it would explain *luck*, but not *lucky*, or *unlucky* or *luckless*) deals with no more than 13,000; and among them, are some really antiquated ones, which were used some centuries ago, but are now to be found in the Dictionary only. *Anred*, meaning single-minded, is among them. It is derived from *red*, a plan or scheme, and like *anfald* (in German *einfallig*) meant originally "not scheming." In the thirteenth century people spoke of the "onrednesse of luve"

and "onnesse of hearte." *Bangster* is another example. Sir Walter Scott uses it in *THE ABBOT*, but it is not a living word. There was an old legal expression, to commit a burglary "by bangstrie and force." This would scarcely be intelligible now except to a student of law. In another legal phrase, "by assault and battery," battery still retains its original meaning of beating or striking; but in conversation it would sound strange to speak of a boy getting a battery, when we mean a flogging.

It is curious to note how often the meanings of words have deteriorated from their original signification, and how seldom they have improved. Knave was originally only a youth, like the German *knabe*. In the court cards, the knave is simply the page or knight, by no means the villain. Villain itself was, at first, merely the inhabitant of a village. Swift relates that, at a trial in Kent, when "Sir George Rooke was indicted for calling a gentleman 'knave and villain,' his counsel got him off by alleging the words were not injurious; as 'knave,' in the old and true sense, only meant a servant, and villain [in Latin, *villicus*] a man employed in country labour." If that had happened in the present time, when courts of law revel in a quibble on words, probably the opposing barrister would have asked leave to call somebody an *idiot*; for that originally signified a private person, one who did not meddle with public affairs. Afterwards, it came to mean one who kept aloof from his fellows, whence an ill-informed man, and so, by degrees, to idiot as we know it.

Pagan was an inhabitant of a *pagus* or hamlet, as opposed to the dweller in a town. It came to mean heathen because it was chiefly in the country districts that the worshippers of the old national gods were allowed

to continue. A heathen was a person living on a heath. Hoyden is the same word in another form. Now it is used for a romping girl, but in old authors it is chiefly applied to men, as clowns and louts. If we called a boy an imp, he would probably be offended; but in the *FABRIE QUEEN*, a noble lady addresses Arthur as "Thou worthy imp,"—*imp* signifying graft, and thence applied to offspring: to graft in German is *impfen*. *Brat* is rather an offensive word, even for a child: it is said to be Welsh, and to mean a rag; but, in an ancient sacred poem, we find "O Abraham's brats, O broode of blessed seede."

In short, to use the same words for such opposite meanings, is possible only where there is historical literature, which keeps alive the ancient as well as the modern usage. In illiterate languages antiquated words are forgotten and vanish.

Moffat relates that among the Bechuanas there was formerly the word *morimo*, signifying "Him that is above," and attached to the word the idea of a supreme Divine Being; but that, in his journeys, he found not more than one or two in a thousand who had ever heard it, and they were very old men.

Some of our words still retain, as living significations, the various phases through which they have passed. Think of all the meanings embedded in the word *nice*, from the Latin *nescius*, ignorant. No doubt at first it was applied to artlessness, a charming simplicity, then to an affectation of artlessness, fastidiousness, to a man nice in his tastes, difficult to please; and, speaking of things, difficult to manage, a nice matter, or a nice business, or a nice mess. The word good has two totally distinct meanings; useful, complete of its kind, and self-surrendering.

Certain expressions, which we call

slang, were perfectly correct some centuries ago. The Americans are very clever in making out that most of their slang was classic English at one time, or some time, if you have leisure to hunt it out. A distinguished American politician once declared in Congress that, in certain circumstances, he would let even the Constitution "slide." That was certainly slang; but, when he was reproved for the disrespectful expression, he appealed to Chaucer and Shakespeare. The former uses the word in such phrases as "Well neigh all other cures lete he slyde" and "Lete her sorwe slyde," and Shakespeare in the well-known line, "He lets the whole world slide."

It is often difficult to say why certain expressions are considered vulgar, while others are allowed to pass. To say "bad health" is certainly condemned; health in itself meaning soundness of body. Yet it is considered perfectly correct to speak of "good and bad luck," although luck is soundness of fortune. The frequent use of the verb to *get* is in bad taste; but it can scarcely be called wrong.

We must not forget that in its origin all language might be called vulgar, for it was the language of the *vulgus*, or populace, before it became the language of literature. Even Dante styled his Italian *Il volgare*, and he was the first to use the common idioms for literary purposes.

It is, I think, Trench who says that all language is, in one sense or another, "faded metaphor"; and Emerson calls it "fossil poetry." Just as in fossils beautiful and curious shapes of animal and vegetable life are embedded, and rescued from the oblivion which would otherwise have been their fate, so in words are preserved the thoughts and imaginations of ages gone by. Molière's hero was

astonished to find that he had been talking prose all his life. We may be surprised how much poetry there is in our every-day words, if we analyse and trace them to their source. He who first spoke of a dilapidated fortune must have had in his mind's eye some stately building crumbling to ruin, stone falling from stone. Look again at the word sincere,—*sine cerum*, without wax—transparent, capable of being held up to the light. The makers of such epithets must have had poets' minds.

Again, as there are sermons in stones, so great truths are illustrated in words. For instance, tribulation, from the Latin *tribulum*, a threshing instrument. A writer of the Early Christian Church used this simile to set forth a higher truth. Sorrow, distress, and adversity being appointed means for separating the frivolous and poor in men's minds from what is solid and true, he called these sorrows and trials *tribulationes*. The word, in this sense, was unknown to classical antiquity, belonging exclusively to Christian literature.

For another example, let us look at the words pastime and diversion, mere amusements to make time hang less heavily on our minds, or to turn away our minds temporarily from an engrossing thought,—in contrast with transport and rapture (literally a snatching) and ecstasy, which is a Greek word with the same meaning, all three pointing to delights which take us beyond and out of ourselves, and are, therefore, really satisfying to our spirits.

Again, we have mythological legends, which the Teutons brought with them, connected with such words as dwarf, oaf, wight, nag, night-mare, granary, and changeling. And belief in astrology has left us the legacy of jovial, saturnine, and mercurial; as well as disastrous, ill-starred, ascen-

dant, influence, and, the Italian form of it, influenza. The Arabs were the arithmeticians and astronomers, chemists, and merchants of the Middle Ages; and, from them, we have got words like alchemy, alcohol, alembic, algebra, almanack, cypher, elixir, magazine, tariff, zenith, zero; also all words relating to the monastic system, anchorite, ascetic, hermit, monastery, monk, &c., proving that the system had its origin in the Eastern branch of the church, not in the Latin. The word church is of Greek derivation, and signifies "the House which is the Lord's." It came to us from Constantinople in a curious manner. While the Anglo-Saxons, and other branches of the Teutonic race were nearly all converted to Christianity by contact with the Latin or Western Church, some Goths on the Danube had been brought to a knowledge of Christ at an earlier date by Greek missionaries from Constantinople; and this word church passed over from the Greek to the Gothic tongue, the Goths, in their turn, handing it on to other German tribes, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, among the rest.

To sum up, English may be said

to hold a unique position among languages. It has been the privilege of those who have spoken it, to be thrown in contact, one way or another, with representatives of nearly all the great divisions of the Aryan family, and from them to add to the stock of their language. Anglo-Saxons thrust themselves into a land occupied by Celts, and have been associated with them ever since. They were, thanks to Christianity, united with those who spoke Latin, and by the Norman Conquest with those who spoke a language derived from Latin. Later, with the revival of learning, came the study of the literature of Greece and Rome; and, later still, by the conquest of India, they are associated with Asiatic members of the family. All this intercourse has left its marks on the language, till from nearly every branch of the Aryan family, has this one member received wherewithal to form itself.

It has come to us enriched by the thoughts of millions of men who lived, thought, spoke, and wrote before us, and bearing the impress of national history and character throughout long ages. Let us not depreciate our inheritance.

S. C. WALKER.

## THE ANGEL.

*(A Psychological Enigma.)*

## I.

It was in a quiet Sussex lane that Roland Hawke first saw the thing that was to make his life so different from the lives of other men; I will not say to mark it out from other lives, because the hallucination (it must be called that) from which he suffered was certainly not suspected even by those nearest him; and of course it may be that there are other lives which have inwoven into them some similar strand of recurrent and abnormal experience. But this particular experience seems to me (and I have laboured through the curious books of psychologists) to be different in kind from anything of which I ever heard, because of the abnormal moral element which seems to enter into it. And here again a fresh difficulty comes in; but before I discuss that, let me tell the story, so far as it can be disentangled from the rather voluminous diary which he kept, the neat volumes of which lie before me as I write.

## II.

"I had a curious experience to-day," runs the diary for January 3rd, 1899. "I was walking alone with only Pat [a dog] to bear me company. I turned the sharp corner of the lane that leads to Lower Thornfield; there was no one in sight. I passed the gate of Masetts Farm. The road is there very straight and runs between high copses. I went on about a

hundred yards. I was thinking over the odd conversation I had with Fred yesterday, and I was trying to make up my mind to do what I was intending to do. I mention this because I know that my mind was definitely occupied, when I became aware that someone was following me about twenty paces behind, very silently and intently, as a man might follow a person who was, we will say, talking to himself, and was moving very gently, to try and catch what was being said. I saw this out of the corner of my eye, when I happened to turn my head to see what a little pattering noise was which I heard in the hedgerow. I then turned round to see who it was, because I was not aware that anyone was following me. Now comes the surprise; there was no one in the road. I thought at first that I was mistaken, and walked a little further, when, on turning my head slightly to the left, I became aware again that I was being followed. Again the same thing happened. I turned round and there was no one there. This time the figure seemed to glide away, like one of those evasive specks and blurs in the eye which race away out of the field of vision when one tries to fix them. I was not exactly alarmed, only a good deal surprised. The same thing happened a third time; I then walked back a few paces and saw nothing. I watched Pat carefully to see if he was at all disturbed, as I have often heard that dogs are conscious even more quickly than

human beings of anything abnormal; but I could not detect that he was conscious of anything unusual. I cannot say what the figure was, but it seemed to me to be that of a small man. But I saw it no more for nearly an hour, and my thoughts fell back into their former preoccupation. Once again, in a road nearer home, when twilight was falling, I thought I saw it, but I cannot be sure for it was growing dark and the light was somewhat uncertain. In the evening, after tea, I was sitting alone in my room; there was a screen behind me to shelter me from draughts, as I was sitting between the window and the fire. I saw the figure again; but it was not between me and the screen, nor indeed between me and the wall, but at some greater distance. I cannot explain that, but it seemed so. The odd thing is that it does not in the least alarm or even excite me; it seems somehow perfectly natural for it to be there."

### III.

Before I go on to record the further appearances of the figure I must say shortly who Roland Hawke was. He was at the time of the entry a man of about thirty-five. He was in a solicitor's office in London, the junior partner of a not very prosperous firm. He lived in West Kensington in a small house with a sister. He was not a man of many friends; he was fond of books, fond in a vague way of writing, and kept, as I have said, a full diary. He had a taste for pictures and music, and lived a very simple, rather commonplace life, somewhat isolated and lonely. At the time when the first appearance took place he was staying for a short holiday with an aunt in Sussex, a

widow, who had a comfortable house at Upper Thornfield, which is not far from Hayward's Heath. Mrs. Drew's husband had been a partner in the same firm of solicitors, and had left a moderate fortune.

But two things require to be mentioned. The first is this; I see from the diary that a certain moral impatience was growing upon Roland Hawke. He had lived a conventional and respectable life; but it is clear from the diary that this was due more to a certain timidity of spirit and sensitiveness to opinion than from any deep moral conviction. It is an obscure and delicate matter to indicate in what direction this impatience was developing; and indeed, though I draw my own conclusions, I do not think that I am justified in regarding them as at all certain. But I think that he refers to an unhappy engagement, or rather entanglement, into which he afterwards drifted with a girl of much lower station. So far as I can gather it was with reference to this subject that he had been talking to Fred Drew, his cousin, on the morning of the same day. The diary says:

"I talked to Fred,—I do not know what made me do it—about the determination at which I have arrived. I could see that he was a good deal shocked; but I can't help that; he is rather a priggish and Pharisaical person. But I get so sick of silence on these matters and of course I can't talk about it to Ella [his sister]; and sometimes when I am well and strong, as I happen to be now, and see my path clear, I have a whimsical mood that comes over me, when I don't seem to care whether I shock people or not. After all, life is short, and one must make the most of it. I am tired of doing only the things that other people take for granted one will do."

The other thing that must be men-

tioned is that, on the previous day, Roland had slipped on the steps of a library ladder, in getting a book out of a high shelf, and had fallen to the ground. He was not otherwise hurt, but he gave his head a hard blow and had a bad headache for the rest of the day. He was all right, however, he says, the next day, that is the day of the first appearance. But I cannot help wondering whether the blow, slight as it seemed, did not in some way shake his sensitive and imaginative nervous constitution, and precipitate matters; whether it did not, so to speak, jar a door in the house of life, which for most of us remains closed all our days, and let some shadowy element through. But this is a mere supposition, and I prefer to suppose that the appearance was a hallucination, as a medical friend assures me, though the fact remains that it was a hallucination of a very extraordinary kind.

## IV.

I cannot give in detail the frequent appearances of the figure which Roland afterwards experienced. I can only quote two or three of the most remarkable, and summarise the rest. He did not see it again for several weeks, and indeed there were long intervals when he never saw it; but he grew, I see from his diary, to connect the appearances with moments of mental tension. The appearances were indeed entirely inexplicable, sometimes occurring on the most trifling occasion, and sometimes not taking place when it seems that he expected them. He grew to see the figure rather more clearly, though it always evaded his direct gaze; but he could discern gestures, and he grew to interpret the emotions that seemed to animate it. He came at last to believe that, in some way or other, the

occasions on which he saw it were momentous from a moral point of view. He calls the figure in his diary the Angel. There is the following curious passage about it.

"There are good angels, angels of light, and evil angels, angels of darkness. I don't know which my visitor is. I sometimes suspect it is the latter; but an angel be it; and I shall perhaps know some day."

I will quote a few extracts from the diary about some of the more curious of the appearances.

"I was lunching to-day with Hoskyns. Something was offered to me, a confection of some kind. All at once I saw the Angel behind me showing strong agitation. I can't explain this. I refused the dish; but others partook of it and no bad effects followed. I think that there must have been some incident connected with the preparation of it, or the ingredients of it, of a painful kind; but I could not discover anything about it and it is only a fancy."

Again:

"I was engaged to-day in what may prove a bad business, but I can't help it; money I must have somehow. All the time I was expecting to see the Angel, but he never appeared."

Again:

"I was much out of temper to-day, and Ella as usual was rather aggravating; suddenly the Angel appeared behind me. I don't know what was the matter, but he threatened me in a way I did not like, and which I had never seen before. It was a shock, I confess. I made my peace with Ella, and she afterwards produced a waistcoat she had been working for me, intending it as a surprise; I felt very sorry that I had been so irritable."

Again:

"I went to shoot to-day [he was

again staying with his aunt] with the Rodhams. I haven't shot for a long time and was looking forward to it. But the Angel was with me all the time; I had never seen him like this before,—he appeared to be praying. It quite put me off. I missed several easy shots; but I could not go on. I have never really approved of shooting. I made an excuse after lunch saying I was not well, and George Rodham said that he thought I was a little off colour. I went home afterwards; but I don't think I can shoot again. I am very much puzzled."

It seems that Roland Hawke was never alarmed by the appearance. He says again and again that it feels quite natural; and also he says that no one ever seemed to notice that he saw anything or looked round; indeed he says in one place that he had learnt never to look round at the figure, but found that he saw it most clearly by remaining as he was.

## V.

The inexplicable fact about the appearance is that Roland grew to regard it, as I have said, as a certain moral influence; but the bewildering part of it is that it seemed not to concern itself with conventional morality at all. He several times records the fact that he had gone through experiences of a kind that he had been accustomed to regard as sinful,—he does not specify what they were—and that he had seen nothing of the Angel. In one place indeed he makes an attempt to draw out a theory of the appearance; it is a confused passage, but worth quoting.

"The Angel does not seem to concern himself with matters of social morality at all. Any infraction of

the rules that Society makes to safeguard itself seems to be disregarded by him. He takes no account of bodily indulgence, of certain kinds of untruth and deceit, of monetary matters, of failure or success. On the other hand he seems to remonstrate against all unkindness, all insincerity, all meanness. Again and again I have expected to see him and have not; yet on other occasions the most trifling thing appears to arouse his sorrow or his wrath."

The melancholy part of the business is that Roland Hawke went, as it is popularly called, to complete grief. He married the girl of whom I have spoken, who was really a very disreputable person; he fell a victim to drink; he diverted to his own use a large sum of money that belonged to the firm. The Angel proved, it must be confessed, from the human point of view, a very inefficient guardian and guide. The diary becomes deeply distressing reading, because Roland Hawke seems to have been quite unaware of his moral obliquity, and displays the most callous indifference to the results of the shameless and nefarious practices in which he grew to indulge. It seems that he came to regard the Angel as a sort of conscience; but the strange thing is that viewing it as a hallucination, it seems quite inexplicable that the conscience should, so to speak, have projected this shadow which was so frequently entirely at variance with its own dictates; and that the non-appearance of the figure, on occasions when Roland's own conscience accused him, caused him such frank surprise. I do not attempt to explain the sad mystery. I am inclined to believe that the blow which he received disordered in some subtle way a naturally unbalanced temperament, and led him into paths



which he had perhaps already trodden in his guilty imagination.

## VI.

Hawke found himself at last confronted with complete ruin. His health was gone; his circumstances and surroundings were miserable; and at last it became clear to him that he could no longer conceal his defalcations. He determined to take his life. The last entry in the diary must be given in full. In the previous entry he takes a survey of his position, but with the same lucidity and indifference as if he were writing of the proceedings of a third person. He seems to have then procured some poison, and to have passed a peaceful night.

"Slept well and woke refreshed. My course is now clear; there will, I think, be enough for Jenny to live upon. I will encumber the earth no

longer. I have made many mistakes, but I cannot wholly regret them; and this is the end."

The pen appears to have dropped from his hand, as there is a great splash of ink several times repeated, as though the penholder had rolled on the page. He goes on:

"I have seen him at last; he has done what he has never done before; he has come round opposite me, and sits watching me while I write. He approves of my decision. He is a man with a beard; I cannot say if he is young or old. He looks fresh and radiant, but full of experience and tenderness. He looks at me with open eyes as I write, waiting till I have done, and then I think he will come closer and take my hand and help me through the door. I never felt less afraid."

An hour later Roland was found dead, bowed down over the little book which is blotted with what I think are tears.

## THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

## V.—TURGOT.

AMONG the Fellow-workers of Voltaire Turgot and Condorcet alone were not merely great, but also good men. Even Condorcet, though himself of blameless and noble life, had not that high standard of living, that sterner modern code of purity and uprightness, which were remarkably Turgot's.

But Turgot was something more even than the best man of his party. He was the best worker. While Voltaire clamoured and wept for humanity, while d'Alembert thought, Grimm wrote, Diderot talked, and Condorcet dreamed and died, Turgot laboured. Broad and bold in aim he was yet content to do what he could. To do one's best here and now, with the wretched tools one has to hand, in the teeth of indolence, obstinacy and the spirit of routine, to compromise where one cannot overcome, and instead of sitting picturing some golden future to do at once the little one can,—that was this statesman's policy. It was so far successful, that all men now allow that if any human power could have stemmed the avalanche of the French Revolution, it would have been Turgot and his reforms.

By birth he belonged to the lower ranks of the nobility. His father was the Provost of Merchants of Paris and has earned the gratitude of Parisians by enlarging the Quai de l'Horloge and joining it by a bridge to the opposite bank of the Seine, and by erecting the fountain in the Rue de Grenelle de St. Germain.

Anne Robert Jacques was his third son, and a timid shy little creature. His mother who, like a true Parisian, thought everything of appearance and manners, worried him on the subject of his clumsiness and stupidity, which naturally made the child self-conscious and increased the faults fourfold.

Anne Robert's birth was contemporaneous with Voltaire's return from his visit to England in 1727. The child had already two brothers. The eldest was bound, after the foolish custom of the day, to follow his father's profession: the second brother must go into the army; and for Anne Robert there was nothing left but the Church.

He was sent to Voltaire's school,—Louis-le-Grand—and when sufficiently advanced moved on to the college of Plessis. As a schoolboy his pocket-money disappeared with the usual rapidity, but not in the usual way. This shy little student gave it to his poorer companions, to buy books. From the time he was sixteen,—that is in 1743—until 1750 he was a divinity student. At Saint Sulpice, whither he went in 1748 on leaving Plessis, he took his degree as a Theological Bachelor, and from there entered the Sorbonne.

The Sorbonne, which was swept away by the Revolution, was not unlike an English university. Young Turgot found there Morellet, of the MEMOIRS, and Loménie de Brienne, besides a certain Abbé de Cicé, to whom in 1749 he addressed one of the first of his writings, a LETTER ON PAPER MONEY.

In 1749 young Turgot was made Prior of the Sorbonne, in which *rôle* he had to deliver two Latin lectures, choosing for his themes, *THE ADVANTAGES OF CHRISTIANITY*, and *THE ADVANCE OF THE MIND OF MAN*. All the time he was reading, thinking, observing on his own account, studying especially Locke, Bayle, Clarke, and Voltaire. A priest he could not be. To be sure, the fact that he was a sceptic, and vicious to boot, did not prevent his friend Loménie from becoming a cardinal and Archbishop of Toulouse; he would have been Archbishop of Paris had his Majesty not been so painfully particular as to demand that the Primate of the capital should at least believe in a God. But Turgot was of other metal and was not minded to go through life with a mask on his face. The course at the Sorbonne was always a critical time for deciding one's profession. All Turgot's friends begged him to keep to the lucrative career assigned him, surely, by Providence. "You will be a bishop," says Cicé comfortably, "and then you can be a statesman at your leisure."

The argument was very seductive; but this student was in every respect unlike other students, with a character breathing a higher and finer air than theirs. Morellet records, not without the suspicion of a sneer, that from their coarse boyish jokes and language he shrank, blushing like a girl, as one shrinks from a blow. Even Condorcet, himself so pure in life, laughed at people wasting time in quenching the darts of the flesh; but Turgot vindicated purity as well as practised it, and reached a level of principle, as well as of conduct, which in the eighteenth century was unfortunately almost unique.

His father, wiser than most parents in like circumstances, countenanced

his objections to the priesthood. He had already studied law, as well as theology. In 1750 he left the Sorbonne, and Loménie gave a farewell dinner in his rooms, with Turgot and Morellet of the party, and the light-hearted guests planned a game of tennis behind the church of the Sorbonne for the year 1800. The year 1800! Before then the Sorbonne itself had perished with Church, monarchy, and nobility; shallow Brienne, having done mighty mischief, had poisoned himself in the château his ill-earned wealth had been gained to restore; Morellet was writing revolutionary pamphlets; and Turgot was dead. In 1752, two years after he left the Sorbonne, Anne Robert obtained the legal post of Deputy-Counsellor of the Procureur-General, and a year later was made Master of Requests.

One must picture him at this time as a tall, broad-shouldered, rather handsome man with that old boyish constraint in his manner, and that strict high-mindedness which his own generation could not be expected to find attractive. Add to these qualities that he was not in the least carried away by dreams and visions, as were nearly all his friends, that even then he saw the world as it was, and meant to do with it what he could, that, though in lofty aim he may have been an idealist, he never fell into the idealist's fault of believing that, because there is everything to do, he must do everything, or nothing. Just, reasonable, practical,—what a wholesome contrast to your visionary Rousseaus and to your impulsive Voltaires!

He was about three or four and twenty when he first began to frequent the intellectual society of Paris,—when Montesquieu, d'Alembert, Galiani, Helvétius found the stiffness of manner more than redeemed by

the wealth of the mind. Presently he was introduced to Madame de Graffigny, that stout and emotional lady who had stayed with Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet at Cirey, and quarrelled with them, and whose *LETTRES D'UNE PÉRUVIENNE* had made her something of a celebrity. Turgot complimented her by writing a long review of her *PÉRUVIENNE*, which, as giving his own views on education, on marriage, and on the fashionable avoidance of parenthood, retains all its interest. It is strange to hear a pre-Revolutionary Frenchman urging love-marriages, — “Because we are sometimes deceived, it is concluded we ought never to choose” — and strange also that, out of all the great reformers with whom his name is associated, Turgot alone perceived the fearful havoc which neglect of family duties makes in the well-being of the State.

He was introduced to Madame Graffigny by her niece Mademoiselle de Ligneville, whom the aunt, with her passion for nicknames, called Minette. A very lively amusing girl was Minette, who did not find it at all difficult to draw Anne Robert of five and twenty from the intellectual society of her aunt's *salon* to a game of battledore and shuttlecock. Ponderous Morellet, watching the pair, professed himself pained and astonished that their friendship did not end as nearly all such friendships do and should. Most of Turgot's biographers have sought the reason why Minette became Madame Helvétius and not Madame Turgot, — and have not found it. As for Turgot, he said nothing. It remains idle to speculate whether he conceived for this bright creature a passion, which his awkwardness, perhaps, prevented her from returning; or whether he had already devoted his life to his public duty, and thought that private

happiness would be a hindrance and not a spur to his work for the race. The only certain facts are that Minette married Helvétius, and that Turgot remained her life-long friend.

In 1754 he made the acquaintance of Quesnay and of de Gournay, the political economists, who influenced his life and thought not a little. He soon began writing articles for the *Encyclopædia*, though he never joined in that battle-cry of the *Encyclopædist*s, *Écrasez l'infâme*, and was wholly without sympathy for the atheism of d'Holbach and the materialism of Helvétius. Turgot, indeed, may be said to have been, in the broadest acceptation of the term, a Christian; or rather he would be called, and call himself, a Christian to-day. But his Christianity was not of Rome nor yet of Protestantism, but that in whose honest doubt there lives more faith than in half the creeds. He certainly gave little expression to it. It was the religion of the wise man, — which he never tells.

In 1760, when he was on a geologising tour in Switzerland, he saw the great Pontiff of the Church of Antichrist at Délices. That generous old person was warm in delight and admiration for his guest. D'Alembert had introduced him, and d'Alembert's friends must always be welcome. And then Turgot's article on *EXISTENCE* in the *Encyclopædia* had made even more impression on this impressionable Voltaire than on the world of letters in general. He took this young disciple to his heart at once. If not precisely a disciple he is at least, said the old man, a most “lovable philosopher” and “much fitter to instruct me than I am to instruct him.” It was Voltaire who was dazzled by the young man's splendid possibilities, not the young man who was dazzled by Voltaire's matchless fame and daring genius.

Turgot was never dazzled; it was his greatness, if it was also his misfortune, to see men and the world exactly as they are.

In 1761 he was made Intendant of Limoges. It was the great opportunity; he had wanted practical work, —not to think, to write, or to dream. Voltaire wrote of him afterwards as one who sought truth only that he might act well. He wanted to do good; and here was everything to be done.

The Limoges which Turgot found was one of the most beautiful districts of France, —and one of the most wretched. Here, on the one side, rose the *châteaux* of the great absentee noblemen, who, always at Court, left behind them middlemen to wring from the poor innumerable dues, with which my lord, forsooth, must pay his debts of honour and make a fine figure at Versailles. The few nobles who did live on their country estates expected their new young Intendant to be an agreeable social light as his predecessors had been, who would keep, for the *élite* of the neighbourhood, an open house where one would naturally find good wine, rich fare, and delightful doubtful company. On the other hand were the clergy, —often ignorant, but generally cunning enough to play on the deeper ignorance of their flock by threats of the Hereafter, and to keep from them that knowledge which is the death-blow of superstition.

And then there were the poor. Picture a peasantry whose homes were windowless, one-roomed huts of peat or clay; who subsisted, in times of plenty, on roots, chestnuts and a little black bread; who had neither schools nor hospitals, teachers nor doctors; who were the constant prey of pestilence and famine; whose bodies were the possession of their lords, and whose dim souls were the

perquisites of the priests. Consider that these people were not allowed to fence such miserable pieces of land as they might possess, lest they should interfere with my lord's hunting; nor to manure their wretched crops lest they should spoil the flavour of his game; nor to weed them lest they should disturb his partridges. Consider that, if such land could have borne any fruit, a special permission was required to allow its owners to build a shed to store it in. Consider that their villages, in which they herded like beasts, were separated from other villages by roads so vile that they would have rendered commerce difficult, if legal trammels had not made it impossible. Consider that these people had been scourged for generations by hundreds of unjust and senseless laws, made by and for the benefit of their oppressors, and that they were now the victims of taxes whose very name has become an indictment and whose description is a justification of the French Revolution.

On the one flank they were whipped by the *taille*, —the tax on the income and property of the poor which absorbed one half of the net products of their lands —and on the other by the *corvée*, which compelled them to give yearly twelve or fifteen days' unpaid labour on the roads and the use of their horse and cart if they had them. The *milice* demanded from each parish its quota of soldiers, the rich being exempt as usual, and compelled the parishes to lodge passing detachments of military and to lend cattle to draw the military equipages. The *gabelle*, or tax on salt, forced each poor man to buy seven pounds of salt per annum, —whether, as in one province, it was a halfpenny a pound, or, as in another, it was sixpence —and let the noble, the priest, and the Govern-

ment official go free as usual. Toll-gates were so numerous in the country that it is said fish brought from Harfleur to Paris paid eleven times its value on the journey. Wine was taxed; corn was taxed.

And this was not all. If these taxes were cruelly unjust, they were settled and regular. Irregular taxes could be levied at any moment at the caprice of the despot at Versailles, who no more realised the condition of his peasantry than an ordinary Briton realises the condition of a tribe of Hottentots. One, called with an exquisite irony the Tax of the Joyful Accession, had been raised when Louis the Fifteenth reached the throne of France,—to topple it down the abyss. Another was the *vingtième*, or tax on the twentieth part of a franc, which could be doubled or trebled at the pleasure of the Government.

Apart altogether from the taxes, the peasantry were subject to tithes exacted by the Church, itself excepted from all taxation, fees for christening and marrying, for getting out of the misery of this world and avoiding worse misery in the next. The clergy were on the spot to exact these dues, just as the middleman was on the spot to exact the dues for the nobles. Some of these dues and seigneurial rights are so shameful and disgusting that their very terms are unrepeatable; even that vile age permitted many of them to lapse and become a dead letter.

What effect would hundreds of years of such oppression have on the character of the oppressed? Hopeless, filthy, degraded, superstitious with the craven superstition which made them the easy prey of their unscrupulous clergy and left them wholly sensual and stupid, as animals without the animals' instinctive joy of life and fearlessness of the morrow,

with no ambitions for themselves or the children who turned to curse them for having brought them into such a world, with no time to dream or love, no time for the tenderness which makes life life indeed,—they toiled for a few years because they feared to die, and died because they feared to live. Such were the people Turgot was sent to redeem.

What wonder that many men gave up such a task in despair; that many even good men found it easier in luxurious Paris to prophesy a Golden Age than to fight hand to hand against the awful odds of such an awful reality? Turgot was thirty-four when he went to Limoges, and forty-seven when he left it. He spent there the most vigorous years of his life; if he did not do there his most famous work, he did his noblest.

He began at once. It was nothing to him that his own caste shot out the lip and scorned him. Stiff and distant in manner, regular and austere in life, and as pure as a good woman, of course they hated him. But it was much to him that the clergy who ruled the people were also his foes, that the very people themselves were so dull and hopeless that they too suspected his motives, and concluded that, because for them every change had always been for the worse, every change always would be. Slowly, gradually, he gained the favour of the priest and the love of the flock. He could not turn their hell into heaven: he could not *make* earth at all what Condorcet, uplifted in noble vision, would dream it yet might be; but he could do something.

In 1765 he procured for Limoges an edict restoring free trade in grain in that province. Versailles, wholly abandoned to its amusements, did not in the least care whether edicts were granted or whether they were re-

voked. Turgot did care. He perceived the Court was not minded to be plagued with his reforms; and he plagued it till it gave him what he wanted,—to go away. Then he turned to the other taxes. The existence of a privileged class who pays nothing and devours much by its shameful exactions, is itself a monstrous thing. *Taille* is the crowning iniquity; but it will take a Reign of Terror to kill it. In the meantime Turgot, in the teeth of the besotted ignorance and opposition of the wretched beings he was trying to help, could and did see that it was fairly administered.

In place of the personal service demanded by the *corvée*, he substituted a money-tax; which was better for the taxed and better also for the roads.

As to the *milice*, he proposed wide changes. But since the Government would not rouse itself to act on them, he took advantage of its self-indulgent indifference and permitted evasions of the law; when an unlucky creature drew a black ticket in the conscription in Limoges, the new Intendant permitted him to find a substitute or to pay a fee. He also built barracks, which removed the necessity for quartering the soldiers on the poor.

The fearful trammels which crippled trade and industry and doomed labour to sterility, he in part removed. He made new roads; he became President of the first Agricultural Society in the district; he founded a veterinary college. In the teeth of strong opposition he promoted the cultivation of the potato; and by having it served daily at his own table proved to the ignorance of the peasants that it was at least safe for human food. He also introduced the growth of clover, and entirely suppressed a worrying little tax on cattle. He first brought to Limoges a properly qualified midwife,

who taught her business to other women. This was the beginning of the Hospice de la Maternité. During Turgot's Intendancy the china clay, of which the famous Limoges pottery was afterwards made, was discovered.

Besides these public acts he was engaged in hundreds of small individual charities. Among others, he educated at his own expense a youth whose father had been entirely ruined by taxation and famine. The youth was Vergniaud, afterwards the stirring orator of the Revolution. In his home-life Turgot remained most frugal and laborious, treating his servants with a benevolence then accounted contemptible, and working out his quiet schemes with an infinite patience and thoroughness. When he was offered the richer Intendancy of Lyons, he would not take it. Here, as he said of himself, though he was "the compulsory instrument of great evil," he was doing a little good; only a little, perhaps, but if every man did the little he could, what a different world it would be.

In 1765 he paid a visit to Paris, and in the Calas case, made famous by Voltaire, spoke on the side of tolerance with a vehemence unusual to him. Morellet, d'Alembert, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse were still his friends. Condorcet was in his closest intimacy, and destined hereafter to write his life, "one of the wisest and noblest of lives," says John Stuart Mill, "delineated by one of the noblest and wisest of men."

In Paris he met Adam Smith, the political economist. As a result of their acquaintance Turgot produced in the next year his *REFLECTIONS ON THE REFORMATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH*, fertile in conception, arid in style, and anticipating many of the ideas familiar to English readers through Adam Smith's *WEALTH OF NATIONS*.

But the insistent claims of Limoges on his time and pity narrowed his hours for study, even for the study that would serve it well. In 1767 he cleared the province of wolves, by a system analogous to that by which Edgar rid Wales of the same pest; and in 1770 Limoges and its Intendant began their fight with Want. When Turgot came to the province, the wretched place was a million francs in arrears for its taxes. Some he had certainly lessened. The work he had initiated was just beginning to bear its first little harvest of good, when there came the withering blast of the two years' famine. Its horrors were unthinkable. Turgot wrote to Terrai the Controller-General that it was impossible to extort the taxes and the arrears without ruin, or even with ruin, to the taxed. The people could not only not pay what was demanded of them, but they had nothing to sell for the barren necessities of their own existence. God knows they had learnt by long and bitter practice to subsist on little enough; but now they must surely sit down and die.

Then, strong and calm, Turgot rose up again. From the Parliament at Bordeaux he obtained permission to levy a tax on the rich in aid of the sufferers. He himself opened workshops in which he gave work, and paid for it, not in coin, which would certainly be spent at the nearest tavern, but in leather tickets which could be exchanged for food at the cheap provision shops, also of his own institution. Far beyond his age in every practical scheme for the benefit of mankind, he was beyond our own age in that he clearly perceived that the free soup-kitchen, and all the sentimental philanthropy which gives money in lieu of work, instead of paying money for work, must be demoralising, and in the long run

create more misery than it relieves. "Such distributions," said he, "have the effect of accustoming the people to mendicity." Even through a famine he sent every beggar he could lay hands on to prison. Then, again far beyond his age, he induced the ladies of the district to teach the poor girls needlework; and so to give them "the best and most useful kind of alms,—the means for earning it."

The fight was long and hard; but it had its reward. The people came to love him who had helped them to help themselves; who had given them, not the bitter bread and scornful dole of charity, but the power to earn a livelihood and their first taste of self-respect.

On May 10th, 1774, Louis the Sixteenth succeeded to the throne of sixty-six kings; and on July 20th Turgot was made Minister of Marine and thus called to wider and fuller work. The Limogian peasants clung about his knees with tears, and the Limogian nobles rejoiced openly at his departure. The one leave-taking was as great a compliment as the other.

The merits of this wise, philanthropic Turgot with his sound schemes of reform, had not been in the least the reason of his promotion. But schoolfellow Cicé had whispered pleasant things of him to Madame Maurepas, the wife of the Minister; and Madame had settled the matter with her husband, who was a lively shrewd old man of seventy-four, not disturbed by any serious ideas of public duty, and with a very strong sense of humour.

Turgot was Minister of Marine for just five weeks; but in that time he had eighteen months' arrears of wages paid to a gang of workmen at Brest and made many plans for the improvement of the colonies, which more than twenty years ago at the Sor-



bonne he had significantly compared to "fruits which cling to the parent tree, only until they are ripe." And then, on August 24th, he was made Controller-General of Finances in the place of Terrai. It sounded a fine position, but was it? Limoges represented all France in little. A ruined Treasury, a starving people, in high places corruption and exaction, and in low places misery such as has rarely been since the world began.

Terrai, profligate and dissolute,— "What does he want with a muff?" said witty Mademoiselle Arnould when he had appeared with one in winter; "his hands are always in our pockets"—had left to his successor, debt, bankruptcy, chaos. The King was not quite twenty, weak with the amiable weakness which is often more disastrous in a ruler than vice. The Queen was nineteen, careless and gay, loving pleasure and her own way, and meaning to have both in spite of all the Controllers in the world. Maurepas, not being inconvenienced by principles, would readily abandon his *protégé*, if he perceived for himself the least danger in that patronage. And if Voltaire wrote that he saw in Turgot's appointment a new heaven and a new earth, and the enlightened among the people dreamt that the Millennium had come, why, Voltaire was but a voice crying in the wilderness, and in the councils of State the people had neither lot nor part.

Once again Turgot, realising to the full the difficulties, the impossibilities even, of his position, resolved to do what he could. Within a few hours of his appointment he wrote a long letter to the King, urging the absolute necessity of economy in every department, denouncing bribes, privileges, exemptions, and daring to plead equality in the imposition of taxes. No bankruptcy, no increase

of taxation, no loans,—this was to be the motto of his Controllership. "I feel all the perils to which I expose myself," he wrote. He was not even religious in the sense that officials were expected to be religious. "You have given me a Controller who never goes to Mass," grumbled Louis to Maurepas. "Sire," answered the Minister very happily, "Terrai always went."

The new Controllership was still a nine days' wonder when Turgot restored throughout France what he had restored in Limoges—free trade in grain. In 1770 he had written on the subject some famous LETTERS in answer to Terrai's revocation of the edict and the witty DIALOGUES of Galiani supporting that revocation. Then, bolder still, he suppressed an abominable piece of official jobbery, the Pot de Vin, or bribe of 100,000 crowns which the Farmers-General had presented to the Controller when he signed a new edict. If the Farmers turned away sulkily, angry with a generosity they were by no means prepared to imitate, from the country came a long burst of passionate applause.

"It is only M. Turgot and I who love the people," said the King. Well, this poor Louis did love them, but his was not the love that could stand firm by the man sent to save them. "Everything for the people, nothing by them," was Turgot's motto, and, according to Mr. Morley, "the cardinal error of his policy." The King was to be the lever to raise his kingdom; and the weak tool broke in the Minister's hand.

The first disaster of Turgot's Controllership was the disaster that spoiled his Intendancy. In 1774-5 scarcity of bread made many distrust his edict restoring to them free trade in grain. With his firm hand over Louis's shaking one he suppressed the

bread-riots of that winter, as it was never given to a Bourbon to suppress anything. But he would not in justice suppress, though he might have suppressed, Necker's adverse pamphlet on the question called *THE LEGISLATION AND COMMERCE OF GRAIN*; though half the Encyclopædists, and many of Turgot's personal friends, were led thereby to adopt the opinions of the solid Genevan banker.

Then, in the January of 1775, Turgot presented his budget. The deficit left by Terrai was enormous. Let us pay then, said Turgot's sound common-sense, the legitimate contracts of Government, not by your dear old remedy, taxation, for the ruined country can yield no more, but by limiting the expenses of that Government and of the Court. Officials and courtiers alike took as a judgment from Heaven the fact that, very shortly after this monstrous proposal, the audacious proposer was sharply attacked by the gout.

Turgot's Controllershship lasted in all twenty months, and for seven of them he was very ill. When he was blamed once for overworking himself and trying to force everybody's hand, "Why, don't you know," he answered simply, "in my family we die of gout at fifty!" His present illness kept him in his room many weeks, but did not prevent him from dictating an enormous correspondence, and trying urgently to persuade his master to begin his economical reforms by having his coming coronation ceremonies performed cheaply at Paris, instead of expensively at Rheims; and to make good his professions of tolerance by omitting from the service the oath binding him to extirpate heretics. Of course Louis was too weak for these drastic measures; he characteristically contented himself by mumbling the oath.

and the senseless expenses of the coronation were as large as ever.

But Turgot, undaunted, went on working. In January, 1776, he presented to the King what have been justly called the Six Fatal Edicts,—the first for the suppression of *corvée*, four for the suppression of the offices interfering with the provisioning of Paris, and the sixth for the suppression of *jurandes* or the government of privileged corporations. The first and sixth were the real cause of battle, and embodied one of the great aims of Turgot's administration,—to make the nobility and clergy contribute to the taxes.

A loud outcry of wrath and astonishment burst from the Court. Make us pay, *us*! Versailles had always scorned Turgot with his shy, quiet manner, his gentle aloofness, and the reflection cast, in the most odious taste, by the purity of his life on its own manner of living. But now it hated him. Tax *us*! Curtail *our* extravagances! Reduce *our* expenditure! What next? He has already abolished a number of our very best sinecures and lessened the salaries attached to several enticing little offices where we were enormously paid for doing nothing gracefully. He has given posts to persons fitted for them instead of to our noble and incompetent relations. If one of *us* (even when one of us is the Duc d'Orleans himself) wants to do something—well—illegal, he will not allow it. As though the makers of law could not be its breakers if they chose! And Versailles rustled indignantly in its unpaid for silks, whispered, murmured, connived at the fall of this calm, strong person who had not a thought in common with them,—nor a thought of himself.

But he had a more dangerous enemy than the Court in the Queen. Quick-witted, wilful, impetuous, with a husband whose slow, hesitating

intellect she must needs despise, clever enough to love to meddle with great things, but not wise enough to meddle well,—Marie Antoinette took her first deep step down the stairway of ruin when she chose to be Turgot's enemy instead of Turgot's friend. Could he have saved her too, if she would have let him, as, but for her, men thought he might have saved France? God knows. Marie Antoinette wanted to be amused, and her particular amusement, gambling, was very expensive; she was infinitely good-natured and impetuously in love at the moment with Madame de Lamballe, and wanted for her the revival of the old post of Superintendent of the Household, with its enormous emoluments. And at her side stood Turgot, saying, "No." Maurepas had long since deserted him. It was much easier, and safer for one's own interest, to give the Queen what she wanted and have done with it. As for Louis, he was, as usual, weak with the weakness that brought him to the guillotine and ended the French monarchy.

Turgot so far controlled him that the six edicts were registered by the unwilling Parliament of Paris. Then Monsieur, afterwards Louis the Eighteenth, expressed in a pamphlet of very feeble wit the feelings of the upper classes against this terrible reformer. That paltry skit had begun to turn the King against his Minister, when Maurepas showed him a sharp financial criticism on Turgot's calculations as Controller-General, and some forged letters purporting to come from Turgot and containing expressions offensive to the royal family. Not man enough to take them to Turgot and demand explanation, the wretched King went on distrusting him and giving him feeble hints to resign.

But until there was a better man to occupy his place, Turgot would take no hints. For the sake of

France he would push those edicts through, and gain his principles before he lost his power.

Then another friend failed him. Malesherbes, the brave old hero, who was after to defend and to die for his King, but who, as Condorcet said, found on every subject "many fors and againsts but never one to make him decide,"—resigned his post in Turgot's government. "You are fortunate," said the hapless Louis gloomily, "to be able to resign. I wish I could." The storm was coming up fast. But the first man on whom it was to fall remained calm and staunch. On April 30th, 1776, he wrote to his King a note begging him not to appoint Amelot as Malesherbe's successor, and containing these ominous words: "Do not forget, Sire, that it was weakness that brought the head of Charles the First to the block." Louis made no answer. Finally the match was put to the tinder of the Queen's wrath by Turgot's dismissal from office of her worthless *protégé* de Guines; and the Minister, it was whispered, had also declined to pay a debt she had incurred for jewellery, as against the new rules he had himself made. Rules for a Queen! This must certainly be the end of Queens or of Ministers! In this case, it was the end of both; only Turgot's fall came first.

On May 12th, 1776, as he was sitting writing, Bertin arrived to announce to him that he was no longer Controller-General. He had been drawing up an edict; laying down his pen he observed quietly, "My successor will finish it." His successor, it has been well said, was the Constituent Assembly. Two days later Marie Antoinette wrote exultantly to her mother of his dismissal. What did she care for the just reproaches of the King and of the whole nation, which that old kill-

joy, Mercy Argenteau, declared that this deed would bring on her head! She would have liked her enemy turned out of office and sent to the Bastille the very day that de Guines was made a Duke. Poor Queen! Her little triumph was so short, and her bitter punishment so long!

On May 18th Turgot took farewell of his master in language nobly dignified and touching. "My one desire," he said, "is that you may find I have judged wrongly, that I have warned you of imaginary dangers."

Clungy was appointed Controller-General; *corvées* and *jurandes* were re-established; the edict establishing free trade in corn was revoked. The Court rejoiced aloud; the Paris Parliament was delighted. Old Voltaire at Ferney, indeed, wept and said that this was death before death, that a thunderbolt had fallen on his head and his heart; and the wise knew that nothing could save France now.

Turgot retired quietly into private life. That he was disappointed, not for himself, but for his country, is very true: it is true, too, that he was angered at the backstairs policy which had dismissed him; but far beyond this there was so much he could have done, which now he could never do. Faithful to his life-long principle of gathering up the fragments that remain, he read and studied much, corresponded with Hume and Adam Smith, often met and talked with Franklin, went to see Voltaire when he came to Paris in 1778, made experiments in chemistry and physics, and was active in private benevolence. Was the brief evening of his life

solitary? The one human affection which, in its perfection, makes loneliness impossible, was not his; or at best was his only as a dream or a memory. But in the great family of earth's toiling children he must have known there were many to love and bless him, many he had saved from wrong or from sorrow, some whom he had made from beasts into men. Another blessing was his,—he did not long survive his active labours. He died in 1781, aged fifty-four.

Was his life a failure? It may be so, but a failure beside which many a success is paltry.

Turgot could not save France from her Revolution, but he gave her, and all countries, practical working theories on government, on the liberty of the Press, on the best means of helping the poor, on the use of riches, and on civil, political, and religious liberty, which are still invaluable.

He has been justly said to have founded modern political economy, to have bequeathed to future generations the idea of the freedom of industry, and to have made ready the way for the reforms which are the glory of our own day.

Among the Fellow-workers of Voltaire, there are far more dazzling personalities. But from their fiery words, exalted visions, and too glorious hopes one turns with a certain sense of relief to this quiet, strong, practical man, and understands why the people, whose instinct in judging the character of their rulers seldom betrays them in the long run, specially acclaimed Turgot as a friend.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

ALTHOUGH Geoffrey Hernshaw had steeled himself to the point of enduring events with an impassive countenance, it is not improbable that he was glad of the plausible excuse to absent himself from the wedding which was to be found in the continually arriving reports of disaster from the settlement. The sympathetic captain of the steam-launch which carried subsidiary mail-streams from a dozen points on the river had offered him transport to the creek, promising, moreover, to stand by for any settlers who having lost their homes and possessions desired to seek refuge in the county township.

Although it was after ten o'clock when the boat arrived at its destination, a gleam of gum-torches on the little rickety wharf showed that their coming was not unexpected, and many were the blessings rained down on the head of the skipper who had not deserted them in their hour of need.

"Is that you, Geoffrey?" asked a shy, pleasant voice, as the young man ceased from assisting in the task of getting a large family and some miscellaneous bundles safely stowed on the deck of the little craft. The voice was so pleasant, and such a

friendly turn was given to his Christian name, that Geoffrey's sore heart was touched even while he wondered.

"Why, of course, Lena. How stupid of me not to guess! Where's Robert? Good heavens! have you been burnt out too?"

"No, no; we're all safe. The fire went on and left us; but Robert hadn't had any sleep for ages, what with fighting the fire for ourselves and other people. He was just worn out, poor boy; so after tea I got him to take off his boots for three minutes, and he's been asleep ever since."

"And what are you going to do here?"

"You have just done it for me. Those were my brothers and sisters you carried on to the boat, and that was my mother you took the bundles from."

"Is that so? I thought there was something angelic in the faces of those youngsters, and this shows how a good action may be its own reward."

The bustle on the wharf ceased presently; the last bundle, animate or inanimate, was put aboard. The captain stood stretching his legs by the gangway, chatting with the men-folk on their experiences, and regretting that he could not spare a few hours to run up and give them a hand. Snatches of their conversation

floated to Geoffrey and Lena as they stood on the land-end of the wharf, waiting the departure of the boat.

"Mark Gird hadn't been dead three hours." "Well, anyway, it's a strange thing that all the years he lay dying there was not a serious—" "Don't know how the idea got going, but the bushmen believed in it—" "One death since; yes, but that was fire—well, it may be nonsense, but the feeling comes over you at times and you can't get rid of it."

"I should have mentioned your loss, Lena. It was terrible, but it was heroic. No man could meet a more honourable end than to die a great death in the cause of humanity."

Lena put out her hand and pressed her brother-in-law's fingers, at once gratefully and restrainingly. "Please say no more, Geoffrey," she said; "God alone knows the secrets of that dreadful night"; and quick to grasp a hidden meaning in her words, Geoffrey was silent.

The little group stirred and parted. The captain stepped across the gangway, blew his whistle, and amid a chorus of good-byes the black hull slipped away into the darkness.

Lena shook her torch into brighter flame and turned towards the track. "What a terrible thing life is!" she said, with a seriousness that contrasted strangely with her sweet face and few years; "and yet every now and then you seem to see the finger of God intervening, as though to prevent it from being worse. Is it as He would have it? Or has He also to wrestle with a Power nearly as great as Himself?"

"Men have thought so, Lena; they have founded their religions on that hypothesis. But come, this is only the night, and to-morrow the sun will shine again. Give me the torch. Did the fire get down here?"

"No; the wind was off the water.

But all the lovely Bush between the road and Bald Hill—do you remember?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Ah! but you had only known it a few years. There is nothing left but the black trunks. Doesn't it seem sad? And I had known it all my life."

"Where else did it go?"

"It began just beyond Mr. Beckwith's. You can hardly see where the house stood now. Then it spread to Flotter's, and they lost everything too. It missed Green's place, except the Bush near the front; but it crossed the road there, and spread right along in front of us. You never saw such a sight; and if the wind hadn't been in our favour, and the house so far back from the road, it must have shrivelled up where it stood. The fence was alight in a dozen places at once, and at last we had simply to let it burn and run for our lives, the heat was so terrible. After that the fire seemed just to leap through the settlement. It crossed back to the riverside and burnt out the Finnertys and Robinsons. Mrs. Robinson saved herself and the Finnerty children in the cattle-tank, and now the men are going about the settlement with their arms round one another's necks, the best friends in the world. It made a clean sweep of everything right down to Girds' Bush, and there for the moment it stopped."

Lena stopped also, and pushing open the charred and twisted remnant of the picket-gate, led her brother-in-law toward the house. At scattered points around fires gleamed, where fallen logs, long since buried in vegetation, were being slowly consumed. Under the close-drawn screen of the night monstrous smoke-wreaths crawled, fading spectrally as they receded from the glowing arch

of conflagration in the west. At intervals a clot of flame showed above the tree-tops, the sky lightening and darkening like a winking eye.

Leading the way softly into the house, Lena turned up the lamp and indicated a seat on the sofa. "I will just go and have a peep at my boy," she whispered, "then we can tell one another all the news."

When she returned she brought some sheets and hung them on a chair before the fire. "He hasn't moved," she said. "He was just dying for a sleep. He has done wonders, and the settlers have said such nice things to me about him."

"Robert is not one to spare himself," Geoffrey said.

Lena busied herself in preparing food for her guest, then with housewifely care she turned the sheets, and at last came and sat down beside him.

Geoffrey had watched her movements with contented eyes, and a relaxing of the tense self-repression under which for months he had existed. The grace and beauty of the young wife were delightful to witness; but it was her kindness, her thoughtfulness for others, her complete self-unconsciousness which warmed his heart towards her. So, though in his acute distress of mind he had desire neither for food nor speech, he accepted both from his brother's wife with a pathetic gratitude.

"I thought it very likely you would come through to-day," Lena said, as she took her seat, "and so I tidied your room in readiness."

"Yet I received Robert's note and knew that you at least were all right."

"It was not on account of what was happening here that I expected you," Lena said wistfully.

Geoffrey shrank as from the touch-

ing of a raw wound; even that tender sympathy was as yet unbearable. "You were telling me about the Girds," he said quickly.

"Mark Gird is dead,—did you know? He died on Tuesday night. Dr. Webber was there from the township and told us on Wednesday morning. The fire was burning then, and whether any one went to see poor Mrs. Gird or not I don't know. And after that no one could get there by the track, because the fire was all round."

"I thought you told me it stopped at Gird's Bush?"

"Yes; but, if you remember, their section only begins half-way down the track, and the strange thing is, that it stopped dead short there when there was nothing to prevent it going on."

"They say that Bush-fires do behave in that unaccountable way at times, crossing apparently impossible gaps, and checking at nothing at all."

"Well, everybody thinks this is particularly strange," said Lena; "and they are saying that the fire will not cross the boundary so long as Mr. Gird's body remains there."

Geoffrey smiled at her earnestness. "That is framing a theory to account for facts with a vengeance," he said. "And has no one been through to the house yet?"

"Oh yes; Robert and some others were there this morning. You can get through now quite easily. The body is to be brought out to-morrow evening. I am going there in the morning myself. Poor Mrs. Gird!" added Lena, her eyes brightening with unshed tears. "It seems so cruel that she who was always ready to help others should in her own trouble have been left quite alone."

"That appears to have been unavoidable, and I hardly think she would have had it otherwise could she

have chosen. There are some people to whom it is difficult to offer an acceptable sympathy, and I doubt if I should have found a word to say to Mrs. Gird."

"Well, I don't think the men said much. They took up some planks with them and made a coffin, and they decorated the outhouse with palm-leaves and fern-fronds and put a sprig of *kowhai* over the door, and left him alone. Mrs. Gird made them some tea, and asked after every one, and seemed quite cheerful, Robertsaid."

Geoffrey was silent awhile. "Where is the fire now?" he asked at length.

"Where isn't it?" returned Lena. "It has gone right along the road and crossed at half a dozen places into the big Bush. Then it is working back towards the upper settlement on this side, and unless it is checked somewhere they will have to fire the beautiful Bush behind the school-house to save the building. Robert would have been there now if I hadn't persuaded him to take a few minutes' rest." Lena looked smilingly at her brother-in-law.

"Happy Robert!" said he.

"Now it is your turn to tell me the news," said Lena, lowering her eyes. "We hear that Wairangi is so full that people are camping out on the beach."

"That is so far true that the natives have a camp under the Christmas trees."

"And Eve will be married to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Lena stroked her hands nervously. Her old childish awe of her husband's brother was not quite extinct, but the worship of one man gives a woman confidence in dealing with others. "We hoped it would never come off," she said at last; "we hoped you would prevent it."

"Ah, Lena, it is not every woman who is kind as well as lovely."

"Why didn't you marry her, Geoffrey?" his sister-in-law asked coaxingly.

"Did I have the opportunity?"

"Did you not? What was it came between you at the last?"

"Madness, false report, lying, pride, —all the deadly things that lie in wait for happiness."

"Tell me."

"Some day, perhaps."

"Tell me now."

He looked into the fair, sympathetic face and found it irresistible. And after the first effort, when once the gates of reserve were fairly broken down, the task proved less difficult than he had anticipated. He told his story with a certain plainness and an absence of comment from his tones which were perhaps remarkable enough. Shades of anger and bitterness there may have been, but a quick intelligence is a stern disciplinarian, and from the taint of self-pity the tale was wholly free. For all emotion his voice betrayed he might have been relating the story of another man; yet the bare facts were sufficiently unkind, and Lena's tender heart was moved to pity.

"What a cruel thing!" she exclaimed, gazing at him with tearful eyes. "And oh, Geoffrey, the pity of it if nothing can be done to put it right!"

"Nothing can be done."

"Do you think Mr. Fletcher really believed it was true, or did he only make use of it for his own purposes?"

"He had my assurance that it was false. Many months ago, shortly after the rumour first reached me, he gave me reason to think that he had heard the story and believed it. I wrote to him at once, requesting the thing should be put in plain words,



and challenging an investigation of the facts. He never replied."

Lena sat looking at the lamp, the expression of her face changing momentarily. Presently she gave a little shiver. "I was once very unkind to Robert for a long while," she said. "I thought it would be best for him to give me up, but I made him miserable, and ah, how miserable I made myself! How my heart did ache! How hard and terrible the world seemed then! Do you think she may be suffering like that?"

"God forbid!" Geoffrey said fervently. "But ask yourself, Lena," he added a moment later, "whether it is likely. You loved Robert, but I have no assurance that she ever cared for me. Could she have done this thing if she had? Look into your own heart and answer me."

"Yes," said Lena after a pause, "it is possible. In a moment of insane jealousy a woman could do that."

"And stand to it?"

"She could be held to it."

"Even supposing the thing had been true, why should she be jealous of the past?"

"Why should one be jealous of the future, of the present,—why at all?"

"Yes, that was well said. After all, there is no justice in demanding that her feelings should be different from my own in the same circumstances."

He was silent after that, and Lena, searching vainly through the maze for a loophole of escape, was silent also.

The following day the brothers were up before daylight. Early as they were, Lena had the fire burning and breakfast ready for them when they appeared; and after breakfast, as it was possible they might not find time to return in the middle of the day, she cut them some lunch with

her own housewifely hands. More was to depend on this precaution than any of the three at that time imagined.

Through the long morning hours and until midway in the afternoon the fierce conflict raged round the upper settlement. Not only were the school-house and newly erected Wesleyan church in danger, but also the homes of a dozen settlers, who, ere the day was well advanced, found themselves surrounded by a zone of fire. The danger to most of them lay in the conflagration spreading through the dry grass, and more than half the available labour had to be devoted to thrashing out the insidious, all but invisible menace from this source. For the rest there was the herculean task of holding the monster in check in the Bush itself. A track was selected cutting through the arm of Bush which projected into the settlement, and from this point the undergrowth was fired and again thrashed out. No water was available had it been possible to use it, and the only weapons of the defenders were branches of young tea-tree continually renewed. The phenomenally dry season had withered the undergrowth to the point when it was only necessary to drop a lighted match to arouse a conflagration. A hundred times it seemed that the fires of their own making must break away from them and become their masters in place of their servants; but scorched and suffocating, with labouring breasts and aching arms, the band stood heroically to its work, and in the end the victory was theirs. The mighty conflagration sweeping up towards them suffered a sudden check. For awhile it licked at the lofty foliage and sought to sweep over what it could no longer undermine, but in half an hour the danger had passed and the settlement was saved.

Geoffrey stood alone, hot and exhausted, hearing to right and left the triumphant cries of the settlers. Already with the cessation of toil the exhilaration of the last few hours was dying away. He heard advancing footsteps and moved onward through the fire-blackened trees in the direction of the road. He could condole with them in their despair, but in their triumph he desired no partnership. Soon their voices faded away and he was alone. He looked at his watch and noted that it was past three o'clock. By this time Eve would be married, probably have begun her wedding-journey. He glanced at his soiled rough clothing and blackened hands, contrasting them with the doubtless immaculate person and attire of the bridegroom. "Damn him!" he muttered savagely.

Now and then his steps took him through a little green jungle, left miraculously like an oasis in the general desert. Whither he was going or why he had no idea; a torturing unrest possessed and drove him forward. Yet afterwards when they came to track his path through the ashes it was seen that he had moved with a strange directness to a certain point on the road. Before that point was reached he was in the midst of the burning forest, not unconscious of danger nor actually indifferent to it, seeing the fires closing in on his tracks and, as it were, pushing him forward. Yet when he came to the road he had but to descend the cutting and step across to comparative safety. He stood looking about him. To the left a huge tree had fallen across the way and was crackling and blazing merrily; to the right his view was cut off by a sharp bend in the road, round which volumes of smoke were rolling. He stepped down and began to make his way across.

Nothing was visible in the hollow round the bend, but a deep roaring sound showed that in that direction the fire had gained a good hold. He paused a moment to consider his course. The road to the settlement ran under the burning tree and was clearly impassable. It would be needful to enter the Bush and strike the road farther along. Suddenly he turned his head quickly and looked into the rolling smoke.

Was it possible that amid the continuous uproar he detected the sound of galloping hoofs? Yes,—there was no mistaking that frantic clatter, momentarily growing nearer, thundering out of the darkness to meet him. He stepped quickly aside as horse and rider burst through the smother of smoke, swept past him and reined up abruptly in the clearer atmosphere between him and the fallen tree. He could see the whites of the horse's eyes as it reared and wheeled. He had time also to note the perfect seat of the rider ere she turned to look at him.

Then, like a man who nears the end of a dream and fears awakening, Geoffrey Hernshaw moved towards her.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

EVE was on her feet by the time he reached her. Her face was deathly pale. "Is the road impassable?" she asked at once.

"For the horse quite." Geoffrey possessed himself of the reins of the plunging animal despite a movement on the girl's part to resist the attention.

"And it is not possible to turn back? Then what is to be done with the horse?"

Geoffrey looked round and shrugged his shoulders. "Freedom is the only chance for him, Miss Milward."

"I was married this morning," she said quickly.

Geoffrey removed the saddle and bridle and turned the horse loose. He made no comment, nor did he look at her as he said brusquely, "Where do you wish to go to?"

"I was on my way to Mrs. Gird's, but if that is impossible—"

"Mrs. Gird's is as possible as anywhere else from here. Wherever we go we have only the alternatives of the Bush or the fire. You shall say which it is to be."

"How did you get here yourself?"

Geoffrey pointed up the bank. "Return that way, however, is no more possible than it is by the way you have come."

The girl stood silent. The horse after snuffing the wind had entered the Bush and was breaking his way noisily through the undergrowth.

"Show me the way then," she said at last.

He took a step forward and paused.

"There is no way, and I know the direction no better than yourself. It is best you should understand that clearly. The Bush is thick and rough, and there may be difficulty in getting through."

"You have said there is no alternative."

"I was wrong; there is one. We can stay here on the chance that the fire will burn itself out before it reaches us. When there is a certainty that it will not we can take to the Bush."

"By that time we shall probably be in darkness."

"Yes, that is inevitable."

"Then let us go now while we have the daylight."

Geoffrey turned and led the way into the jungle. For all his set face there was the glow of an Indian summer in his heart. To him, and not to her husband, was given the

blessed privilege to help her in her hour of need, and if the moments of their companionship were destined to be few, they should at least be unforgettable while life lasted. Yet he moved forward in silence, only occasionally pausing to hold aside some obstacle from her path or to assure himself that she was close behind him.

At first the Bush was intersected by cattle-tracks running in all directions, most of them formed during the winter when the soft roads were all but impassable, and by taking advantage of these he hoped either to strike the road or to arrive in the vicinity of the Girds' section. But in this idea he had reckoned without the fire, which, having crossed the road at several intervening points, was slowly eating its way into the dark unvisited depths. Time after time they were forced from the direct course and pushed farther back into the forest.

Not every man born in a Bush country becomes a good bushman, and to many a long-time dweller in cities has it fallen in time of need to demonstrate that the faculty of direction is as much a gift as that of mathematics. But Geoffrey Hernshaw was not of these, nor did he possess the long experience which might serve in the absence of the finer quality. So long as they kept to the tracks, even though they were those of mere beasts, their case was not hopeless, but in the confidence that he moved in the right direction, and tempted, as many a poor victim has been before him, by a stretch of country easier than the track seemed to afford, he made the fatal mistake of attempting to break fresh ground in the jungle. Then, as it were, a net spread for their feet, and the great mysterious forest closed silently upon them.

It was long ere they discovered it,

and meanwhile their progress increased in difficulties and deviations. At first the girl resisted the proffered assistance of her companion. She had pinned up her riding-habit, and though suffering more inconvenience than the man, her physical strength and experience in many a Bush ramble served her now in good stead. Yet his assistance was at times inevitable. Twice with trembling fingers he extricated her skirt from the spines of the *tataramoa*<sup>1</sup>; once she gave him an icy cold hand in stepping from one moss-grown trunk to another; and once she allowed him to lift her down a steep rock in a ravine, and then he was aware of the rapid beating of her heart, and the extreme pallor of her face.

"Is it peace between us, Eve, at last?" he asked.

"Yes," she said and stood still, looking at him with strange eyes.

When all is said as to the mistakes of those first few hours, there remains the distraction of their thoughts to account it may be for everything.

The inevitable moment arrived at last. With great difficulty they ascended the other side of the ravine, only to find a Bush still denser and gloomier than that they had quitted. Geoffrey looked thoughtfully around him,—at the matted growths, the darkening sky.

"I confess I am at fault here," he said lightly enough.

Eve looked neither to the right nor the left, she stood patiently waiting, her face absolutely expressionless.

"What is your idea of our course?" he asked suddenly.

"Between those two palm trees," she replied at once.

"Really? I should have thought exactly the opposite."

"Go on then," she said.

"No, no. We have had enough of my bushmanship."

He turned in the direction she had indicated and began to force a slow passage through the dense growths. The ground rose gradually, and in the end culminated in a ridge whence a glimpse of the surrounding country was obtainable. It was no more than a glimpse, a few acres of tree-tops, a narrow ribbon of darkening sky, with a segment of lurid cloud low down on the horizon. Not a leaf stirred, not a bird sang, an appalling loneliness held the scene. Even as they gazed a star twinkled forth, then another. Night was setting out his lamps in the ocean of space.

Whatever thoughts may have passed through the man's mind in the moments of gazing, they found no expression in his voice.

"Do you wish to go on?"

"It is impossible to go on."

"Then—what?"

"There is nothing to be done but wait for the daylight."

For the first time her voice showed signs of unsteadiness, and he turned quickly towards her; she was still gazing at the remote cloud. "The night will be long and probably cold," he said in matter-of-fact tones. "If you will sit down, I will light a fire and find you some protection."

She obeyed in silence, and he busied himself in collecting firewood, of which an abundance lay scattered around the little opening. Soon from that island in the ocean of vegetation there arose a slender pillar of smoke that brandished itself against the stars and was lost in the growing darkness. Through the heights above went a faint whisper like the sweep of a garment. Remote at first, scarcely perceptible to the ear, it grew rapidly in volume, the leaves turning themselves softly in the air, vibrating expectantly. Swiftly accumulating, the river of

<sup>1</sup> A species of bramble.

melody swept onward until the surrounding forest rocked and danced with a frenzy in the embrace of the first wind of night. A few minutes later a second gust followed, and after a further interval a third, then all was still.

"Will you come to the fire?"

Even in the shelter of the forest the night air struck chill. The girl rose with a shiver and followed him. He had cut some palm leaves and plaited them into a sort of screen, against which he had piled a heap of dry fern-fronds.

"That is the best I can do," he said. "I am afraid you will suffer some inconvenience, but no more than can be avoided. The screen is on the weather-side. I will see that the fire does not go down during the night." She looked at his preparations but made no motion to avail herself of them. "It is unfortunate," he added after a moment, "that my companionship should be forced upon you, Mrs. Fletcher, but I will endeavour to remind you of it as little as possible." Had he been watching her where she stood in the red of the firelight he would have seen her wring her hands with a despairing gesture, but still no word escaped her. "I have brought you an incredible distance in the wrong direction," he went on with the same biting calm; "probably it would be impossible to convince you that I have not done so intentionally—nevertheless, such, is the fact."

Then she raised her eyes and looked at him,—looked at him long and reproachfully. "Hate me if you must," she said in a low voice; "I have earned your hatred, but do not think it needs your cruelty to make me suffer."

He drew back sharply, as a man withdraws who finds himself unexpectedly on the verge of a precipice. When he again approached the fire

her figure was almost indistinguishable among the fern.

"Eve," he called softly. The girl moved and sat up. "I had forgotten I have some food in my pocket. Are you hungry?"

"No, but I am very thirsty."

He unstrapped his water-bottle and, kneeling down, held it up between her and the light. "There is not much," he said; "and if we are many hours in the Bush to-morrow, you may need it more than you do now. Does that seem cruel?"

"Then give me just a mouthful."

He complied and watched her as she eagerly drained the small metal cup. "Now another," he suggested.

Eve declined resolutely, and passed him the little vessel. The hands that held it were icy cold, and he possessed himself of them and held them with some force between his own.

"Why are you like this?" he said. "The night is not so cold. Are you in pain—in fear? Tell me." Slowly, yet forcibly, she extricated her hands one after another from his grasp; but her manner showed no resentment—hardly, indeed, feeling of any kind. "Have you no speech for me?" he asked bitterly. "Is our separation such that even circumstances like these are unable to span it?" Still she was silent. He rose and stood looking down. A log on the fire fell in, suffusing her face with light. "Is it in your mind that some sort of explanation is due between us?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Will it come before we part?"

"If you insist."

"And if we never part?"

She looked up, and in her eyes was the same unreadable expression he had seen in them hours before in the ravine. That was all the answer she gave him; nor was there any further

interchange of speech between them until the morning.

For Geoffrey the night was spent in attending to the fire, his labours broken by brief snatches of rest that never lapsed into complete unconsciousness. He had tasted no food since the early morning, and hunger conspired with cold and anxiety of mind to keep him waking. That they were now aware of the direction in which the settlement lay counted for little; for if they had been unable to strike the road when close to it, what chance had they of doing so when separated by two or three miles of untracked forest? Little, indeed! yet the attempt must be made and persevered in,—must be made, too, possibly without water, and with very inadequate supplies of food. The absence of water constituted, indeed, the greatest threat. During the fight with the fire, "water" had been the chief cry of the workers; and he knew that the forcing of a passage through the Bush was a task little, if any, less arduous. How was it possible the girl could endure such hardships? Yet with the coming of the light these gloomier anticipations vanished, and the thought of the long and intimate companionship with the woman he loved which was destined to be his filled his mind with a great unreasoned happiness.

In the first grey light Eve sat up. A tinge of colour had returned to her cheeks, and a greater serenity seemed to dwell in her eyes.

Geoffrey produced his supplies and began quietly to explain the situation. "Fortunately," he concluded, "Lena has generous ideas as to what constitutes a mid-day snack, so things are not quite so bad as they might be. The liquid department, however, is in other case, and that is where the shoe is likely to pinch before long."

Eve listened in silence. "Very

well," she said, when he had concluded; "if you will divide one of the sandwiches between us, we will eat it before we start. As for the water, we will take it when we must."

"I'm afraid you have not been listening very attentively," he returned quietly. "I endeavoured to explain beyond possibility of mistake that these things were for you, wholly and solely, and that I have no idea, immediate or remote, of sharing in them."

"Then put them away," said the girl, her eyes flashing. "Before I descend to a vileness like that, may I die a thousand deaths!"

"But you cannot surely be serious? Consider our probable disparity in powers of endurance. There can be no fair partnership where one person is called upon to endure more than the other."

She rose to her feet. "Are you ready?" she asked finally.

He looked at her in perplexed reflection. There was a semblance of the old sunny smile he knew so well lurking in the depths of her eyes, and that more than anything convinced him that it was useless to continue the argument.

Before starting again on their journey, Geoffrey examined the scene long and carefully. "If we can reach that big *kauri*," he said presently, indicating a tree a quarter of a mile away, "and then keep to the side of the hill, every step must take us in the direction of the settlement. I can see no better landmark than that."

For upwards of two hours they searched the Bush in vain, and long ere those two hours elapsed their sense of direction was again obscured. Trees of every other description there were in countless numbers, but of *kauris* apparently none.

"We have been keeping too close in," Geoffrey decided at last. "We must try further afield." And they

pushed on with the idea of widening their circle of explorations. The third hour was nearly spent before their search was rewarded.

"I see it!" Eve cried suddenly; "there below you." And in a few moments they were by the huge tawny barrel of the King of the Woods. He stood, as is the manner of his kind, in royal isolation from the remainder of the forest, so magnificent in his suggestions of strength and eternal youth that, for a moment, the pair paused, forgetful of self, in that mute reverence which the mighty works of Nature must for ever arouse in the heart of man.

"It is lower down the hill than I thought," Geoffrey said at last. "However, our course should be simple; we have only to keep to the same level, and the trend of the spur must bring us to the road."

"If only we could find some water!" Eve said, seating herself under the tree.

Already the demands on the bottle had drained it of its contents, and every creek they had so far come to had been dry. Geoffrey looked at her uneasily and then down the slope.

"There should be water in the gorge," he said. "I can try while you sit here and rest yourself."

The girl sprang at once to her feet. "If there is water we will rest beside it,—together."

What evil lurked in the words to cloud his eyes with cold suspicion? "Are you in fear that I will desert you?" he asked.

For a moment her eyes blazed passionately, then she turned away with cold indifference. "Go, then," she said.

But in an instant he was at her side, had snatched her hand and carried it to his lips. "God forgive me! God

forgive me! But try to conceive the miracle your presence here is to me. For months I have lain under the lash of your scorn, I, who would have died to save you an instant's suffering. Eve! Eve! there is not a drop of blood in my body that does not worship you. Life and death have no torments that can blot out the love I feel for you. Look up, my dear one, look up and tell me, however it may have been in the past, that now and for ever you trust me."

The face she raised to his glowed with an indescribable radiance. "Now and for ever," she said, and gave him her other hand.

So for awhile they stood in all but perfect understanding. And over them the *kauri* spread his leafy screen. Rooted in the centuries, he had watched through a thousand generations of man the fleeting shadows on the forest floor; and still they came and went.

The journey to the bottom of the gorge was made together, and, with the subsequent reascent, it proved the most arduous task they had yet encountered. Every foot of the way was a struggle with the dense vegetation that rioted in those dark and humid depths, where even the fiercest sun-ray was powerless to penetrate. Tangles of supple-jack, declivities of bare rock, fallen trees buried in filmy ferns blocked their way at every turn. And when at length they reached the pit of the gorge, where only the shade-loving palm found the heart to grow luxuriantly, they found that the long drought had penetrated even there, and the bed of the creek was dry.

Then, exhausted, they sat down on the rocks, which in the winter time were covered by a foaming torrent, and looked despairingly at one another.

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE NOVEL.<sup>1</sup>

NEVER in the whirligig of time has such a strange thing been seen as the Revival or New Birth of Japan. We watch the unprecedented evolution of a new force with interest and admiration, but it is not too much to say that the wonder is greatly mixed with an undefined sense of uneasiness, similar to that experienced by those who watch the irruption of a hitherto unsuspected volcano. Within so short a space of time that many of us remember it well, that wonderful country tried to shut the door in our faces, and would have nothing to do with foreign devils; and to-day they beat one of the aforesaid devils, and not the least powerful of them, in open warfare by sea and by land. And there is yet a stranger symptom; one of their novelists now writes a preface to one of his novels expressing the hope that Englishmen and Americans may thereby become more acquainted with the ways and thoughts of insular Japan.

Though in no way concerned with politics, there is no doubt that in the sad story of Nami-San, or Nami-Ko-San (for the name is written in different ways), the author, Kenjiro Tokutomi, gives the English and American public something to think about. When we see to our unbounded astonishment how the Japanese can act, it is of the greatest importance that we should know a little how they think, the one being the cause and precursor of the other. We learn again from

this book what we have always more or less known, that outwardly they have much in common with us, but inwardly differ from us in many surprising ways; and we hazard the theory that we might perhaps learn more about our allies from the way they handle the pen than from the way they handle a gun. We must dismiss as of no importance the anomaly that they blow the Russian fleet out of the water on a diet of rice and raw fish, and that the novel was probably written, or rather painted with a brush-full of Indian ink and then typed on a Remington, or taken down in Japanese shorthand which, considering what a fearfully complicated thing their language is, must be one of the most difficult performances of the kind, though Japanese newspaper reporters think nothing of it. These matters are not essentials. When we ask ourselves where this new development is likely to stop, and whether it will bring what so many people profess to dread as the Yellow Peril nearer to us, we should dismiss all thoughts of precedents, for the situation is unprecedented. The case of the Huns, who by sheer force of numbers once overran Eastern Europe and took the Roman Senators by the beard, is not on all fours with the present situation; they were driven on by a sort of instinct inherent in wandering tribes, and we have now to count with an intellectual awakening of a decidedly home-loving race. It is as easy to over-estimate this new power as to under-estimate it. The question is not, how many warships have

<sup>1</sup> NAMI-KO, by Kenjiro Tokutomi; translated by Sakae Shioya and E. T. Edgett. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1904.



they, how many men can they put in the field? The question is, are they mentally and intellectually our equals, or even our superiors? Did they know the answer to this perplexing doubt when they shut their door against the Western Barbarians, and practically only opened it wide when they had assimilated and made their own the few sciences, mostly in the engineering way, which they wanted to be more than a match for us? In the innocence of our hearts, or rather let it be said in our conceited ignorance, Europe superciliously gave them what they wanted, and only too late we see that it might have been wiser to imitate them by shutting our own door. Even now, after the unexpected Japanese victories, the public at large are not fully alive to the magnitude and the danger of the Japanese Question.

If we are to judge from all we hear and read, when we listen to those who have studied them at home, we find that they do not themselves admit any inferiority whatever. That they are intensely patriotic is much to their credit but does not prove much either way, patriotism being the only admirable virtue that requires no foundation in fact. Many years ago the Japanese servant who accompanied Miss Bird on her travels by the unbeaten tracks of Japan, candidly informed his mistress that he thought very highly of her but that, not having the advantage of being Japanese, she was in one way his inferior. Miss Bird did not altogether relish that notion, but one who was presumably a better judge, the late Sir Edwin Arnold, always gracefully conceded their superiority over Europeans, and as a proof of his sincerity in the matter married a little Japanese girl. As we know and regret, the pretty little wife

of,—well, of O-Edwin-San, was left a widow, who is a much more important personage in Japan than a wife, and it is of the strange power invested in a widow as head of a household that Mr. Kenjiro Tokutomi treats in the story of Nami.

The technique of the novel is astonishing. To those acquainted with the usual flowery inconsequential nonsense of Eastern literature, a novel like *NAMI-KO* comes like a revelation not inferior to that of Admiral Togo's successful actions at sea. If we except a certain weakness in the dialogue, an almost childish simplicity of a truly Oriental character but out of place as an effort at realism, the story might have been written by one of our own novelists. Of necessity we must also exclude the plot, which we must take as absolutely true to Nature though we cannot understand it. *NAMI-KO* or *HOTOROGISU* as it is called in Japanese, could not have been written in Europe, because such things never did and never could happen in Europe. It does happen in civilised Japan; in fact the novelist tells us it is founded on fact, as he himself has heard Nami's tragic story told. This may or may not be true; they are so wonderfully imitative that it would be strange if their literary men, who have Tolstoy and Flaubert at their fingers' ends, did not make use of our own well-worn literary tricks.

Be that as it may, exclaim as we will against the monstrous power invested in the hands of a widow, a power described as a national custom too well known to require explanation, here we have an officer in Admiral Togo's victorious navy parting with tears and sorrow from a dearly beloved bride,—and divorced from her the moment his back was turned, without knowing anything

about the matter himself, by sentence of his mother who in Japan seems to have all the powers, and more, of a judge in a High Divorce Court, for no earthly reason except that she disliked her daughter-in-law and that she, the young wife, was consumptive, and she feared infection for her son. On the judgment of that singularly constituted Court, the father of the bride, a general in high command, without a murmur, without waiting to hear what his son-in-law might have to say in a matter which somewhat concerned him, meekly took his disgraced daughter back.

Let no one run away with the idea that this novel, so inauspiciously started, is pure unadulterated nonsense. This, as the main plot of the story, is the only thing we Westerns cannot understand; it seems preposterous, one has to admit, but the rest is true human nature, and would be as true in London as in Tokio. If we wish to understand the Japanese we must take the trouble to place ourselves at their standpoint and allow for the tyranny of immemorial custom, just as a Japanese would have to take very much for granted in our own social customs, to him quite as inexplicable. It is not so very difficult to understand the position of poor Nami-San; God knows we have victims of unwritten laws among ourselves. Nami-San was purely innocent of any evil, but so are some of our victims, and the ethical and moral customs of Japan, even including this one, are such that, woman for woman, there must be considerably less suffering in this respect in Japan than in England. We must try to understand; it is not for us to throw stones.

Well, this shockingly ill-used officer, a gentleman and a hero, wounded in the action off the Yalu River, returns home to find his wife gone, and

according to the social rules of his country lost to him for ever. His behaviour in these trying circumstances is that of a saint, if not precisely of a sailor. We are unregenerate enough to think he ought to have smashed something, his own and the widow's furniture at least, but he did nothing of the sort. He knew how to handle a breach-loader, how to settle a Chinese ironclad, but before his fractious, unreasonable mother this gallant sailor was as weak as a lamb. Takeo and Nami had sworn to die together some day, so distasteful to them was the bare idea of separation; they parted as true and passionate lovers, and when he returns and finds his wife divorced from him by his mother, without his consent having been asked, he hardly forgets his filial duty so far as to scowl at her; he talks to her, stiffly, formally on indifferent subjects, enquiring after everybody's health and how warm it is, both avoiding in a painfully natural way to touch upon this burning topic, if ever a topic burned; they both knew the threatening explosion if this foul, unnatural thing were mentioned between them, a thing worse than murder, for of course poor Nami dies of it. What are we to think of this gallant officer's conduct? Do we understand what goes on in his brain? Not a bit. As a friend, as an enemy, how far would we trust such a sphinx-like individual? There is more behind this question than appears for the moment.

The Western world could probably not show a more efficient or a cleverer staff-officer of a modern line-of-battle-ship than Baron Takeo Kawashima. The tender, well educated, and infinitely ladylike Nami-Ko-San, as we see her on her wedding trip on the balcony of the hotel, dressed in the quietest grey crape silk, the cheeks

a little thin, the eyebrows a little too close together, slender, graceful, would not be out of place in any modern well-bred society. But their thoughts are not as our thoughts. When the fiat of the despotic mother-in-law has gone forth during the young husband's absence fighting for his country, the lovers do not try to meet again; they never met in this world again, and in another world they do not believe.

Yet not a shadow ever came between them. Just before they were for ever parted, we listen to their innocent talk, so very English, with a dainty shade of reticence in it. Just so might we overhear the drawing-room talk of Cissy Smith and Captain George Smith, R.N., home on furlough.

"When I think," says Nami-San, "that you must go on duty again so soon it makes me feel that time passes all too fast."

"But if I stayed always at home you are sure to say on every third day, 'My dear, you had better go out for a walk, had'nt you?'"

"How dare you say that?—More tea?"

This is just the sort of innocent, slightly unmeaning chat of a country where a mother-in-law may be inconvenient at times but never spells doom. It beguiles us into believing that there really is not much difference between the two countries after all. Takeo sips his tea, knocks the ashes from his cigar into the fire-box, and looks contentedly round the room.

"I seem to be enjoying a second honeymoon; doesn't it seem so to you, Nami-San?" . . . . Words were now lost between them, and they only smiled and looked at each other in dreamy ecstasy. The delicate fragrance of the plum-blossoms filled the room as the happy couple sat together before the fire.

This may be called an English

picture, not our conception of a Far-Eastern one. Before the blow fell which crushed these two young lives, we may be sure dainty Nami-San was often seen riding her bicycle in the suburban roads round Tokio, for Japanese ladies of the better class ride as much and as well as their sisters in England. And as a background to all this there is the unchanging East, the Eastern warp of thought, the Eastern cruelty and insensibility to pain inflicted, the stoical bearing of that pain.

But though they never again spoke together, they once by accident saw each other for a moment, and this is as beautiful and touching an incident as any English novelist could have imagined. Poor Nami-San, dying of grief and in the last stages of her illness, is taken by her father the General to a sanatorium on the hills. As the train slowly leaves the station another train as slowly runs in, side by side, and the young wife in the first-class carriage of the one recognises a young man in naval uniform in a second-class of the other. For one single instant the ironbound social custom of ages is thrown to the winds. "Oh Nami-San!" cries the broken-hearted Takeo, while Nami-San rushes to the window, regardless of danger, of her father, of her nurse, who vainly try to drag her back, hangs half out of the carriage and with streaming eyes throws her violet handkerchief as a last token to her loving husband as the trains slowly draw apart.

What are we to think of this? Is such a situation conceivable? So much valour, so much culture and refinement mixed with such impossible social laws and customs seem like the bewildering confusion of a dream. That was the last glimpse they had of each other, and one must admire the art of the novelist who makes a

skilful use of the hero's professional duties to keep the days or hours in which they could have met within probable limits. Flesh and blood could not have stood too much, for the breaking of unwritten laws, however strong, is not an unknown thing even in Eastern countries where such laws have a power beyond our imagining. These laws are in full force to-day, for this is not ancient history; it is supposed to happen in 1894-5, and the personages of the realistic story all move in good society, are all more or less Europeanised; the General and Takeo, when off duty, go about in tweed mufti; we get glimpses of telegrams, of billeting in time of war, of queer army contracts,—all as it might be among ourselves; and the author moreover expresses a faint hope that a more public discussion of such customs may have some salutary effect. It is evident, therefore, that at the present day almost incredible contrasts between feudalism and civilisation go hand in hand, and such impossible customs, with of course a hundred others which we could not for a moment reconcile with our Western notions, seem absolutely compatible with the highest outward refinement and the greatest military and naval supremacy.

As a slight concession to more modern ways of thought, General Katoaka, the father of the shamefully ill-used Nami, when after her death he one day meets her divorced husband at her grave, is made to say: "Takeo-San, though Nami is dead, I am still your father." This was very handsome of him, considering he entirely acquiesced in the disgraceful affair and took the Japanese view of it. It is true he adds, as a final tag to the book: "Come, be a man; all our misfortunes have been to prepare us for a greater work." This is not a bad example of Japanese consolation,

for they have a saying, "To kill at Nagasaki one's enemy at Yedo," and Takeo may later on have struck all the harder at the Russian for not having been able to strike any one at home; but it would have suited our Western minds better if the stout General, who stands in this book for the incarnation of Japan's knightly spirit, had, while his poor daughter was still alive, made a knightly attack on the insufferable mother-in-law and had shaken some common-sense into her. But things are not done that way in Japan. There is still a considerable confusion between East and West, for which the altogether bewildering language of the Eastern country must be greatly responsible. Literal translation is of very little use, seeing that we cannot shape our thoughts into sentences mutually intelligible; in other words, and this goes to the root of our difficulties, the Japanese process of thinking is different from ours. If the good General had asked us how he could have set about that difficult business of shaking the mother-in-law, he would, according to the dictionary and the highest authority on the subject, that of Professor Chamberlain, have said: "O Shiete Itadakitai," which literally translated is "Honorable-teaching-wish-to-put-on-the-head," and means in the very nearest approach to sensible English, "I wish you would be so kind as to show me how." Small wonder if little misunderstandings arise sometimes. We can only take our leave of this sorely afflicted family by saying, "O Kino Doku Sama," which literally rendered is rather a puzzling expression, meaning nothing less or more to us than "Honorable-Poison-of-the-Spirit-Mr."; but to the Japanese it means, "I am sorry for your sake."

And now for the practical application of this strange story, for it would

be a mistake to think it held no lesson for us. It is claimed for this novel that it is a realistic work, and as such, whatever its defects may be from our point of view, it lays bare a small corner of the soul of Japan to the best of the native writer's knowledge and powers of observation. If such inexplicable actions go on behind the civilised guns of Oyama and Togo, what other mainsprings, directly or indirectly influencing national and individual action, may not remain to be studied and understood before this nation is admitted without suspicion as one of the great Powers of the world. Is it safe to judge of what such a nation may be likely to do, to reveal or to conceal, if we trust too much to the apparent civilisation which we judge from our point of view and from which we expect results, actions, and decisions identical with our own in similar circumstances? When all is said and done, if the man behind the gun is of more importance than the gun itself, the national drift of thought behind that man is of greater importance still. In our Kaffir wars the greatest disasters have always resulted from our natural and complete ignorance of what a Kaffir would be likely to do in certain given circumstances; and some day we may awaken to the discovery that we have failed to grasp what a Japanese would be likely to do. To put the matter in a nutshell: where would all the Chancelleries of Europe be if for instance they did not know, and know intimately too, the extent and direction of French thought and character, if they were as much in doubt about it as we confessedly are about that of Japan? Who can say how much of the disasters of the present war may not be due to that same hopeless want of insight into the Japanese brain? Does an engineer trust an unfamiliar piece of machinery of

which he does not understand the working?

It may be objected to this rather gloomy view of the Japanese Question that we are confronted by similar difficulties in our dealings with all other Oriental races, and have not done so very badly with them after all. That is true, but Turks, Malays or Bengalese, though they may be difficult to deal with, do not stand on the same plane with the unfathomable Japanese. There is no mystery about an Afghan or a Kurd, but a Japanese is nothing but mystery. Residents for a lifetime in their country give up the riddle in despair. Mr. Petrie Watson, after a residence of three years in their midst, says that Japan is unknowable, incomprehensible, not to be understood. The common experience seems to be that when you have been six weeks in Japan you know everything; when you have been there six months you begin to have your doubts; at the end of six years you know nothing at all. When Takeo Kawashima came home he did not do what we should have expected of him, because he belongs to a mysterious race, mysterious in its origin and history, mysterious in its sudden evolution. Take him as a type, and we are confronted by a great mysterious nation that may any day surprise us by a still more wonderful evolution, by a still more mysterious line of action. It is a feather in England's cap that she should have concluded an alliance with this rising Power before its real greatness was apparent to all the world. It is in its way as fine a piece of political foresight as was the much commented-on purchase of the Suez Canal Shares. We are all agreed that it is a good thing to have a powerful friend; whether it is equally desirable to have a mysterious friend to whose thoughts we have but

the very slenderest of clues is another matter on which opinions may differ. The rapid evolution of Japan is in any case a very disquieting problem; the marvellously successful assumption of Western civilisation, thrown on as easily as one throws on a cloak, is not one of the least disquieting features of the cloud (or is it a star?) that has so ominously risen in the East; ominous because we do not in the least understand it. Its Nami-Sans are so gentle and ladylike, its Takeos so brave, so like ourselves and yet not in the least like us; pleasant, courteous and inscrutable; victorious over China, victorious over Russia, yet always quiet, silently self-possessed, showing to the outside world only that queer Asiatic deprecating smile, "the smile that was childlike and bland." Nobody believes that the balance of power may some day be transferred from the West to the East, and yet, as the writer we have already quoted says very pertinently: "We should once have laughed to be asked to think of a Japanese Sphinx who should call a halt to us with riddles of life and death." We do not laugh to-day. It is a cloud already a little bigger than a man's hand; it may, for what we know, be beneficial or it may presage a cyclone. Certain it is that we cannot afford to neglect any opportunity of getting better acquainted with the true heart

and inwardness of Japan. Information gained through the usual diplomatic sources does not go to the root of the matter. In our fearlessness and proud consciousness of power we Europeans lack that sense, so strong in uncivilised races, of a suspicion of the unknown. A Zulu will steal anything he can lay his hands on, but you may safely leave your small change on your writing-table if you take the precaution also to leave a few bits of paper arranged in the form of a cross or a circle. The Kaffir does not know what that may mean, and because he does not he gives the table and the money a wide berth. But the White Man, proud in his strength, is as a general rule very careless of any writing on the wall. What we see and understand of the heaven-descended Mikado's realm impresses us far more than what we dimly guess to be concealed behind the veil. The Japanese will never swarm and over-run the West, like the Huns of old. So much we know; their numbers are comparatively small and they are home-keeping. There is another instinct, another national or racial impulse at work which we do not understand because this instinct or impulse is now shown for the first time in the world's history, shown by a people who are eager for information and give none at all in return.

## THE OLD ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

THERE are certain articles essential to comfortable human existence, and produced in their best form by certain materials that cannot be improved upon. Thus, bread is of all foods the most important, and the peerless raw material of bread is wheat. Beef and mutton are the most nourishing of flesh foods, and are furnished in perfection by grass-fed oxen and sheep. Genuine wine and ale are the most refreshing and wholesome of alcoholic beverages, and can only be produced from the grape and the bearded grain. Science may do her best to devise substitutes for these classic materials and products; Nature laughs her to scorn, and triumphantly indicates the primitive simples.

Since the birth of sanitary speculation certain methods of life have been held conducive to health and happiness. One should live as much as possible in the open air, be temperate in food and drink, and take moderate and agreeable exercise. The rules are indisputable, yet the simplest thinker might evolve them. There are maxims that inculcate the secrets of national prosperity. One is that there must at least be intervals of wise and altruistic government; another, that concessions must be made to liberty. Moderation in expenditure, sterling faith with foreign Powers, freedom of thought and debate, are mottoes old as the hills. Yet national prosperity is not wholly dependent upon sound politics. Its foundation is that element of which, according to the holiest authorities, man was made, and unto which he shall return. The race that would remain invulnerable

must be able to produce its own sustenance as well as to assert, defend, and govern itself. The land that has no strong peasants will soon have few brave soldiers. It is with nations as with individuals, none may slight Nature without incurring disaster.

The importance of prosperous agriculture has been a favourite theme with many direct reasoners. Bacon puts the case admirably in his observations upon the excellence of a true peasantry as fighting-stock. Goldsmith's lines in *THE DESERTED VILLAGE* are known to everyone. Recently we had Ruskin and Morris, and thousands of their disciples remain, some of whom seem to think that tapestry, pageants, and black letter are the true redemptive agents. The Church provides a few earnest declaimers, who would found religious communes in remote nooks of the green shires, and destroy Mammon by avoidance. Some of the superior country-folk have become mildly altruistic, and lure the villagers into travesties of the maypole and morris-dance. The awakening influence has reached the business centres of the great cities. The rich trader whose predecessor was content with a house in the suburbs, the wharfinger whose ancestor dwelt above his place of business, these find life insupportable without a manor in the Surrey hills or the Kentish weald. The small shopkeeper dreams of a villa in rural Essex, and a latter-end sanctified by incessant gardening. The petty clerk must have his annual spell of the open air; a fortnight of cycling on dusty highways, or basking on a shore that

is an Inferno of tolls and by-laws. The workman in constant employ has his beanfeast and Sunday outing; the casual regards his month of hopped-picking as a recreative picnic.

The fact seems to be that there is nothing genuinely altruistic in these furtive and unsatisfying snatches at the blossoms of Arcady. They are rather symptoms of a disease which, by undermining olden spirit and genius, and weakening the glamour of ancient traditions, is slowly blighting the English race,—the disease of over-centralisation. The town-dweller's jangled nerves crave the ever-receding ruralities; the manhood of the open country, that during forty years has been steadily streaming from its proper channel, still trickles downward, though the source is nearly dry.

There is talk of re-colonisation, and the designers as usual start with incorrect notions, notably as regards the past. The proposition that English agriculture may be revived by settling upon the land all the human rubbish of the cities is unworthy of challenge. The concomitant opinion that creation of a rural class from the dregs of the old peasantry would be undesirable and difficult I traverse with the statement that it is impossible. I do not, in the present essay, propose to enter upon demonstration of the practicable; indeed, I hold it will be quite early enough to indicate systems of colonisation when we have so far amended our laws as to render it possible for land to be bought without being paid for twice. Mine is to be more a pastoral than a sociological essay. If, while reminiscently picturing quaint villages and genuine originals, I succeed in correcting sociologists' ideas upon recent rustic history, I shall be satisfied for the present.

It is generally conceived that English rural life during the early half

of the last century was an unbroken experience of famine, slavery, and brutishness, and that the yokel even of the early sixties was as represented in certain comic prints, a feeble Yahoo with a turnip face, hair like tangled straw, and calfless legs,—one given to sitting upon stiles for the amusement of quizzical tourists, to whose questions he made idiotic answers in a dialect compounded of Somersetshire, Yorkshire, the Midlands, and the Berkshire Downs. I hold an entirely different opinion, and venture to think that mine, being based on observation and worthy legend, may be the correct one. At any rate, it will commend itself to disciples of what may be termed the genial barbarism, people who are somewhat scornful of the full stomach and the blessings of monotonous employment, people who refuse to believe that the highest destiny of the Englishman is gradual conversion into a mere engine, stoked with chemical foods and guided by routine. It is to such gallant eccentrics that I chiefly address myself, lovers of the green foot-way and the murmurous woodland, who are pained, in visiting an English village, to find the inn turned into a meeting-house and the skittle-alley into a futile institute, to behold a neglected artificial fountain and a rusty ladle in the green hollow where of old cakes and ale were scrambled for.

Seventy years ago the laws were terribly severe, and sometimes enforced with great brutality. Food was occasionally scarce and dear, books were hard to get, illiteracy was prevalent. The long, cold winter evenings were often endured with but scant fire and light. Rural labour was badly paid, and the yokel sometimes had to walk eight or ten miles to his work of a morning. Yet he who listens to the unrestricted talk of old peasants will detect something



redeeming in the recapitulation, something melodious as the thristle's deepest note, sweet as the scent of violets. The poor folk of the remote villages knew many lovable sleights; there were glee-parties galore and mummings of Plough-day and May-day; neighbours frequently visited each other and danced the whole night, and the wake or feast was often as sprightly and beautiful as the author of *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS* has described. There were toil-crushed and weather-worn ancients in the villages, but there were strong active men as well, and women round-limbed as Hebe. I know many old peasants of both sexes whose beauty seems impregnable by years, and gives the lie direct to the caricaturists. The songs were not, as now, mere echoes of city rowdyism and inanity, but rude and telling versifications of local history, quaint settings of rustic love, often exquisite ballads which are now well-nigh forgotten. Records survive of gallant and manly cudgel-play and wrestling. Some who at present adore the little yellow man, and gape at the marvels of Jujit-su, are probably unaware that their own rustic ancestors were good men of their hands and feet, and would have thought little of the foreign athletes who ruffle it so profitably in the emasculated England of to-day. Men who walked eight miles to work, and lived principally on barley-bread and porridge, yet could wrestle and fight as the old-time peasants did, were not moulded like the Yahoos of the comic prints. There must have been sterling mettle in a class that, in spite of hard times and crushing labour, kept so tight a hold upon simple poetry and manhood.

Let us get back to so recent a date as 1864 (the beginning of the end) and view the last of the smock-clad worthies. It is a balmy morning in

early summer, and I am walking with a young cousin to visit an old peasant to whom we are distantly related. We pass many arable fields, in which sunburnt men and women are hoeing and weeding. There is a persistent odour of new-mown hay, and the melody of rubstone and steel rings from the high-hedged meadows. As we near our destination, two farmers ride past, stout as oak, red as madder. We meet a troop of village children straying to school, the girls shy yet yearning for acquaintance, the boys openly hostile. A lad from a village two miles away is a foreigner, utters a strange dialect, and must be baited accordingly. My cousin engages in combat with a stocky youth of his own age. A tall, horsefaced man arrives, carrying a yoke and pails. He sets down his gear, and solemnly superintends the fight, in which, after a tough struggle, Cousin Tom conquers, with the loss of one tooth and much blood from the nose, and the gain of a black eye. "I didn't mind the tooth," says Tom, as we proceed on our journey; "'twere loose afore. But blarm this eye! Old Dad'll twig it when I get home, and 'twill be an excuse for another wallopin'." Blowed if he ain't allers wallopin' me! I had one last night for breakin' a jug, and I never bruk' it at all, neither. Sister Nell owned up to it arterwards; he never lays a finger on her. 'Never mind,' said old Dad, 'a wallopin' or two ain't wasted on one o' my boys.'

The road runs downhill between high banks, and leads us into the straggling, picturesque village. The bulging cottages are founded several feet above the roadway; rough stone stairs lead to their ivy-crowned doorways, their thatch is spangled with flowering weeds, their gardens are redolent of roses. Some gipsies have camped on the green, and are lounging in the brilliant sunshine, the men

dark, white-toothed, raven-ringleted, the women beady of eye, carneying of tongue, covetous of coppers. Yonder are the squat, ivied church and the sweet parsonage beneath the soaring elms. The three brothers Belton are mowing the parson's close. Such peasants one will look for in vain in 1870, when the pick of the Beltons and Redmans and Oldacres will have drifted into the towns or gone over-sea. Two of them are wondrous tall and wide-shouldered, lean as grey-hounds, hard as trained pugilists; the third is short, thick-set, huge-calved, bull-throated. All have curly chestnut hair, clear grey eyes, and flashing teeth, and wear corduroy breeches girded tightly, blue worsted stockings, and clean white shirts open at the neck. Chests, arms, and faces are tanned dull red. No three in the shire can out-mow, out-reap, out-pitch, or out-dig the Beltons. The short one can carry six hundredweight; the others, though bred on the clods, can run and leap like stags, as my lord's keepers know to their cost. The Beltons are friendly with my father, and hail me over the hedge with "Hullo, little 'un!" Then they turn to their work, and the scythes sing musically through the grass. We climb the bank and watch them. It is a bonny spectacle, the standing portion of the meadow fluttering and bending in the furtive breeze, the long swaths of cloven grass,—

The young men whistling as their great  
arms sweep.

On the edge of the green stands the mill, and the miller's man is loading sacks of corn into a waggon. We have seen a deal of work this morning, and thus far every toiler has been whistling. The miller's man cannot whistle as he goes, for he has a straw in his mouth, but he hums a tune

through his nostrils. And, by the spirit of England, it happens that this is a wondrous fellow too, with great slouching limbs, and so round of build that his clothes seem to be falling from him! One may perceive that he is very strong; he carries the big sacks straight athwart his shoulders, toddles easily up the step-ladder, and throws them into the waggon as though he were tossing off his cap. "Hot work, Dick," says the blacksmith's journeyman, crossing the green with a jug of ale, making for the red-eyed forge. "That it be," says Dick, relieving himself of a sack, and gazing thirstily after the jug. "Any chance?" "No, yer mouth's too big," laughs the smith. Dick selects another straw to chew, and proceeds with his labour.

We arrive at old Nat's cottage. It stands on a slope, protected from the north and east winds by a ridge of woodland. The southern gable bulges in ghastly fashion, and is supported by a huge prop, and the undulating roof is verdant with moss and herbage. Nat is a thin old fellow with lank white hair and small straight features. He is in shirt-sleeves, and wears fustian breeches and gaiters. "Come in, boys," says he; "your grand-aunt has made ye a gooseberry pie." We enter, and seat ourselves, well knowing that grand-aunt's gooseberry pies are worth walking twenty miles for, let alone six.

The house is one-storeyed and one-roomed, the walls are of immense thickness, there are only three windows, and they very small. An alcove near the chimney serves as pantry, and a loft under the roof as bedroom. From the threshold we step a foot downward to reach the floor, which is of mud. A rough deal table and a few homely chairs constitute the furniture, and on a beam

hang Nat's reaping-hook, shears, and violin, the last article only in use, for Nat is past heavy labour, and subsists by performing odd sleights of abstruse village-work, and on an annual dole from a bedehouse fund. He is highly respected, being considered "a well-schooled" man, although really most of his knowledge is self-gained. He is a musician of no ordinary class, and possessor of the phantom of a fine tenor voice; and everyone of humble rank within five miles that knows aught of music, singing, sign-painting, and land-measuring has been taught by him. His favourite books lie on a rough shelf near the chimney; the Bible, an ancient Cocker, *THE YOUNG MAN'S BEST COMPANION*, Shakespeare, *PARADISE LOST*, and a volume of ballads, much dog's-eared at *THE NUTBROWNE MAYDE*.

Grand-aunt is a bonny old dame with a set colour, and golden down growing on her plump cheeks and arms. She holds her husband to be the wisest man in the world. Whom he is civil to she regards with favour, and detests all others. Her bitterest resentment is reserved for the schoolmaster, who, in the course of an argument upon land-measuring, once ventured to call Nat "a conceited, hedge-schooled old humbug," and refused to withdraw the aspersion even when the curate proved Nat in the right. The said curate, Nat's firm friend and trusty confidant, she honours with her most gracious and comprehensive curtsies.

While Tom and I are at our meal, the curate arrives, and produces, according to custom, a paper of tobacco. Grand-aunt supplies two long clays, the worthies light up, and at once commence discursive discussion. Our curate might sit for Mr. Abraham Adams. He is tall and sturdy, with big, red-knuckled fists, and a face like

unto that of a very large, clever boy, a face in which sincerity, courage, and sympathetic appreciation are delightfully exhibited. Nat has submitted to the schoolmaster a home-made arithmetical problem, to which the schoolmaster has returned a correct answer, arrived at by an incorrect system of working. Nat explains this with great gusto; the curate, gravely puffing his pipe, examines problem and work, and concurs with Nat.

Grand-aunt opens the door, and the sunlight falls on Tom's face, which is distended with gooseberry pie. "Hallo," says the curate, "hallo, this boy has been fighting!"

Tom bolts the mouthful of pie, and tugs at his forelock. "'Twarn't my fault, sir," says Tom, blushing purple; "he *would* fight."

"Who?"

"One o' the Needham boys."

"Ay," says the curate, "they're a turbulent crew. Who won?"

"I did, sir," says Tom, blushing still deeper.

"There's a deal to be said in favour of honest fisticuffs," remarks the curate. "Bad blood will be, and it is better it should stream from the nostrils than fester around the heart. Did you shake hands, boy, after the fight?"

"No, sir."

"Then you should have done so," says the curate severely. "Did you ever fight when you were young, Nathaniel?"

"No, your Reverence, being but a wastrel, and not built for the like. I have always had the knack of argey-in' out my quarrels. But I'm a rare good judge of a fightin' man. I love to look on a well-built young man; there's no finer sight in the world."

"I agree with you," says the curate, squaring his big shoulders. "Man was originally created in God's own image, and, but for habits and

practices repugnant alike to God and Nature, would never wear a likeness to the goat, the pig, or the monkey. Such habits and practices, I regret to say, prevail among all nations, and have stamped their insignia upon the faces and forms of the greater portion of mankind. Much of this, Nathaniel, is due to the class from which I am descended,—the better class, as it is called—that in pure thoughtlessness has measured out privation and slavery in endless doses to the poor.”

“But your Reverence,” says Nat, “may call yourself one of the poor, being little better paid than a day-labourer, and yet ready to give the shirt off your back to the first in need.”

“Such poverty as I endure,” says the unaccountable clergyman, filling his pipe, “I accept as a divine visitation for the sins of my ancestors; men, Nathaniel, whose lives were steeped in riot and profusion, and who bequeathed me nothing but the bare means of education, the recollection of their own cruel extravagance, and a tendency to gout which I combat with much exercise and barley-water.”

“I was born a weakling,” says Nat, “and have heard my mother say it was through bad times, my father having foolishly borrowed money at a wicked rate of interest, and brought such hardship on his family that ’twas a wonder I ever came into the world at all. But I’m not over angry with him that I haven’t big legs and shoulders, for I think my headpiece gained by the weakness o’ my body, as is often the case wi’ the children o’ the poor.”

“I have observed it,” says the curate. “There is a child in the school at Marpleham who has hip-disease, and will never grow into a man. He owns a most wonderful memory, and is the brightest lad I

know. He has a brow like an angel’s; I have never seen such an expression elsewhere.”

“There should be something done for him,” cries Nat.

“Unless I can succeed in interesting some of the gentry in him,” sighs the curate, “I fear he must be left to weaving baskets and knitting stockings. We take more care of our beasts, Nathaniel, than of our kind. Indeed, we will not even plant flowers and vegetables in unsuitable soil, yet we thrust young people wilfully into ways of life that are poison to them. I would I were a rich man; I would make little Grainger my especial care. May God provide for him!”

“’Tis to be hoped so,” says Nat, “for if your Reverence fails to work him good nothing short of a miracle may do it.”

Tom and I have finished our meal, and slip out of doors, making for the wooded ridge. There is a great elm on the crest of the hill, and we climb to its topmost branches. The village lies far below, crowned with wreaths of blue smoke; beyond is a great mound of woodland, and farther still are the green prairies and arable of the hunting shire. A skylark hangs a hundred feet above us, showering melody upon the country-side, and swaying in the sun-glow like an angel’s feather adrift from blue Heaven. The southern breeze rocks our perch deliciously, and we opine it would be glorious to have a cabin amid the rustling boughs. When we descend, I explain to Tom how, in my opinion, Robinson Crusoe would have fashioned the cabin in question, and somehow this causes a quarrel, Tom being a bit of a blockhead, and having never read the book. We bombard each other, first with epithets, then with stones. Finally I return to Nat’s, hoping that the curate may still be there.

The debaters are in the garden. I crawl amid the currant bushes, and listen attentively.

"Nathaniel," says the curate, "you have never been in a theatre, and—"

"I have seen plays," says Nat; "I once saw *MACBETH* played in a barn at Marpleham. 'Twere nonsense. All that terrible, dauntin' business crammed into a couple o' hours! Nowt natural about it, sir. *Read* the plays,—that's the only way. Remember Shakespeare had little good to say o' play-acting. 'The best in this kind are but shadows,' said he."

"In my youth," says the curate, "I had a great idea of stage life, and—"

"A man needs few sarmons and few books," says Nat, dogmatically, "that reads and understands bonny William. I think he'd ha' given us better sarmons and better thoughts still if he hadn't been an actor. We must admit there's a deal o' poor stuff in his works, put there, no doubt, just to please the play-goers."

"Indeed, I disagree with you," says the curate. "Being the wisest of men, he knew the best way to display his wisdom was to spread it before people in a form that would interest them. As for the poor stuff you speak of, I'd like a specimen."

Nat proceeds to quote at wide range, snatching scraps of turgidity from *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* and *TITUS ANDRONICUS*, and bits of "skimble-skamble stuff" from *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS* and *LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST*. At the end he says: "Surely poorer nonsense couldn't well be put into form by a wise man. If people talked to each other like that in ordinary life the dogs would bark 'em down. This stuff was put together for the play-goers' groats. Now, listen, William himself is speakin'!" He declaims, with immense energy and sonorousness, from *JULIUS*

*CÆSAR*, his favourite play. "Your Reverence," says he, "this Cassius, though a great self-seeker, is a most wonderful man, wi' the clearest possible style of expressin' his mind. I don't wonder that he envies *Cæsar*, knowin' himself to be a deeper and more determined man. This play and *KING LEAR* are the greatest things in print."

"How do you know?" says the curate pettishly. "You have read but few books."

"When I see a mountain," says Nat, "so mighty that eyesight cannot reach its crown, mayn't I say, 'This is the highest mountain i' th' world'? It fills my mind, and leaves no room for owt else."

"You are against all the great authorities," says the curate. "Why prefer *KING LEAR* to *HAMLET*? As for *JULIUS CÆSAR*, you're the only man living who would claim first place for it."

"There is the grandest language in it," says Nat. "And I am partial to *KING LEAR*, because 'tis the only play in which Shakespeare says a good word for the poor."

"We shall never agree on these matters," cries the curate, "we shall never agree. You are over-confident of natural and unaided judgment; you should pay more respect to the opinions of the learned. Ay, and though I own you have a marvellous memory, I'm sure you went wrong in the last quotation." Nat smiles superciliously. "I'll fetch the book and prove you wrong," says the curate, growing wrathful. "I have some little skill of memory, and indeed I read the piece but last night." He strides into the house, returns with the volume, and discovers that Nat is right. They drift into fierce argument, walking up and down the garden, and part almost in dudgeon. Grand-aunt tells me, as

she watches the curate stride swiftly down the road, swinging his stick as he goes, that they often argue for hours together, and, no matter how angry they are at parting, the curate always turns up next morning, "as pleased as pie."

Good-bye to the village of 1864. From that date degeneracy is easily traceable. It commenced with the eviction of the cottagers, an admirable class of small holders whom the craze for large farms drove off the face of the land. Huge holdings and agricultural machinery did away with the old skilled rustic labourer, one able to plough, sow, reap, mow, stack, thatch, shear, dig, drain, hedge, ditch, fell, and bear burdens, one knowledgeable in horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, a reader of the stars, an understander of herbs, a secure weather-prophet,—in short, a many-sided expert. The sturdier of the young men made for the seaports and became stevedore's labourers, or went navvying, or emigrated. The old sports and pastimes had already been snuffed out by such peculiarly fatuous meddlers as exist nowhere but in England, such as never fall across a clear-cut, picturesque human type but they spend much time and money in rendering it nondescript, their method being to bestow on the object of their solicitude everything that is unwelcome, and shut it off with a thousand barriers from the things desired. The peasants needed each a bit of land, and a good sound tap of home-brewed ale at the inn; the first was fiercely withheld, for the second was substituted a drinking-fountain. A drinking-fountain! Most surely a godsend in rustic England, where as a rule it does not rain oftener than three times a week, and there are rarely more than three streams to every square mile.

Now, the villagers dwell in boxes of brick and slate, the green has been hideously encroached upon, war to the knife is declared against all gipsies, there has not been a fight in the locality for years, and scarcely anyone knows how to dance; it is doubtful whether there be a hind able to carry a sack of corn, and the curate is a lisping effeminate who edits the poorest possible type of parish magazine. Every villager can read and write: *TIT-BITS*, *ANSWERS*, and *THE DAILY MAIL* constitute the favourite literature. Everyone has been by cheap excursion to London and the seaside, and considers that in the whole wide world there is nothing left to learn. Education has had its way, but there are no wise men. If Nat and the curate were to rise from their graves, they would find themselves outlaws of a greyer and cheaper life than of old, intruders upon a crew of zanies who have neither the grace to acknowledge nor the wit to understand an original.

Now I would say something of a certain London suburb with which I am well acquainted. Thirty years ago a huge forest, of late only to be approached through miles of brick and mortar, projected one of its green tentacles to where now stands the principal railway-station of a district populous as ancient London. Only fifteen years ago I rambled through woodland past a quaint rustic tavern that is now a great gin-palace. This vast suburb till within the last two years held few real Londoners; one heard in the streets the dialects of East Anglia, the Wealds, the Midlands, Scotland, Clare, and Kerry. Most of the settlers were young married folk, and thus the streets swarmed with the children of country-bred people,—children rosy, upstanding, good to look at. Here and there

(most significant spectacle) one beheld the old countryman, his quaint large face encircled with hoary whiskers, he intent chiefly on things still near his heart,—the stocks of the butchers' and green-grocers' shops—or the old countrywoman being led by her grand-daughter to church or chapel. Even for such gnarled relics there was no room in Arcady; they must come to the great suburb, and dwell with John or William who had set up shop, with Donald of the engineering works, or with Patrick in the Customs or Post-Office.

But now the more prosperous settlers are going further afield, acquiring at immense expense half-rood freeholds on desolate outlying marshlands, localities on which in Defoe's day the sun rarely looked till noon, so thick the white fog that overshadowed them, the fog that slew everyone not born in the marshes, and made it possible for an Essex farmer of old to have had his twenty wives, all imported from the uplands, all buried within twelve months of marriage. Now to the great suburb come the overflowings of the old East London, the frowzy, verminous aliens, and the gutter-snipes born and bred. Barrels of gherkins may be seen in furtive shop-windows, and the smell of fried fish is ubiquitous of nights. Fifteen years more, and the district will be a mere appanage of slum-land.

As fast as a city grows, it breeds the cankers of Pauperism and Degeneracy. To keep those horrid evils within bounds, the city must drink the blood of the country. There is a time waiting upon London when such transfusion will no longer be possible on any scale of benefit. Rural man-

hood will have dwindled; the rustic will be born weaker even than the town-dweller. From thence physical deterioration will be rapid. In the necessitous classes it will become almost universal, displaying itself not so much in decrease of stature as in scrofulous blood, protrusion of the dental structure, slenderness of the lower limbs, inability to lift weights and carry burdens. In the class removed from want the signs in the male will be increase in the length of neck, narrowing of chest and shoulders, sharpening of features, premature baldness,—in the female, anæmia—in both prevalence of sexual hysteria, bad eyesight, and especially imperfect teeth. Lack of earnestness, lack of grip, inability of self-restraint, will be the beacons of moral decay.

Of nostrums there will be many, principally devices for relieving the towns by improving agriculture. The statement may seem bleak pessimism, but is true that scientific tinkering with farming has never yet led to aught but waste of money, and that legislative attempts at direct adjustment of social inequalities will always end in chaos. The most momentous standing rebuke to those who would give officialdom control over farming is EMERSON'S *AGRICULTURE IN MASSACHUSETTS*. The best thing an English Government could do in the way of clearing the arena would be to drastically reform the laws relating to the inheritance and disposal of land, to convince railway companies that their obligations to agriculture and the public are not exactly bounded by their own preposterous by-laws, and then to leave the process of remedial adjustment to the natural reflux of private enterprise and effort.

GEORGE BARTRAM.

## THE LAST CHANTEY OF "THE HEART O' OAK."

SHE killed her man; twice she saved life; and her stern-post and compass are in the main entrance to the town-hall, with an inscription in silver-work above them; but she does not know, for she is dead: yet she lived in the hour of her requiem, to hear the glorious accents of her death-song soar above the tumult of the tempest, as she fell upon much desired sleep.

Often when the men went down to the sea, and the procession of the ships stood wind-bound in the harbour-jaws, the elder seamen, who steer by the withered morning-star when they beat up against the dawn in the rainy harbour-mouth, whistle for a wind, and in the break of the whistling, when the idle sails are whispering of coming life, the song of the sea-boys beats upon the bay.

Times are bad an' wages low,—  
Leave 'er, Johnnie, leave 'er:  
Times are bad an' wages low,—  
It's time for us to go.

But in one boat, THE HEART O' OAK, a lean long caravel, lithe as an eel, thin forward as a racer mackerel, the song was never of ill times and the weary dog-watch, or of snow-showers in beleaguered ports; but of sea-harvest, comradery of the fleet, the pleasant social shore; or, by chance, of loud nights and the blinded greater stars,—and that meant the doing and daring of seamen.

When the fleet was in the red eye of the west, shot with fire, and the solan swooping, with yellow glaring eyes and craning neck, in splendid flight, whatever the sound of the

singing of sad songs out of the other boats, in THE HEART O' OAK it was

Yeo, boys, yeo,  
For Girvan Bar, away;  
There's plenty o' gold, as I am told,  
On the Banks o' Ballantrae.

When the sea-fires were lit and leaping gloriously, and the bowsprit was raking the polar star, she, the pride of the fleet, went burying down by the nose in a hissing smother of white, and her bosom heaved and panted like a woman's in emotion. How she would gather herself on her trim haunches, quivering like a thoroughbred, and lie half back, as she knew how, to meet the weight of water, bracing herself, with every timber on the strain, like the muscles of a race-horse on the gallop. Shaking off the green mass with a toss of exaltation to the gulls, flinging it white over her shoulder, and her heart pounding and hammering, she would leap forward with a song of the brattle of the sea. With joy she saw it make way for her, curling and rolling in steady waves from her waist, green in the hollow, dark in the side, boiling white on the top.

"These are my precious stones," she thought, as the wave broke and scattered into sun-wrought jewels of light; and her sailing-song then as the sea-boy lay with his nose on her bowsprit seeing a new world in the waves was,

Rolling down to Rio: night, good-night,  
dear heart.

And when the red trumpetings of



thunder moaned on the walled clouds, and the stars had perished, skilled seamen made a reach by the weather ear, venturing up a blind shore on the strength of old tales and sailing songs, and the recollection of wise sayings by dead men, the prophets of the deep who knew her times and seasons. Then the wet sea-boy, who sat by the jib-sheet ready to go about in that hazardous sailing, sang as he dreamed of the longshore lights :

We rubbed 'er down an' scrubbed her  
down  
Wi' holystone and sand,  
To face the great Nor'-Westers  
On the banks o' Newfoundland.

But these days were over and gone, and now she was one with the cumberers of the beach, and sailed the seas no more. Yet it was never hers to play such a mean play to the end, to be one altogether with the sordid beach-combers which, ragged, unkempt, lived a life of dodging gales, patched anew, broken and mended again, caulked to the height of desperation ; no, gloriously she came to the beach on the night of the Tay Bridge, and for a season saw the fleet prepared against the day of adventure, thinking in sadness how, by reason of her wounds, she too would not go down to the sea where was the fortune that chance, and tide, and the cunning of man might bring. Yet in the end she sailed first and staggered home,—to her death.

She had carried crews of old men passing wise, of young fools fonder of the bottle and women than of her ; she had been the abode of joy, and once, alas, of grief. She had drowned a man, and it was her dear thought that yet, or ever she was like the other cumberers of the beach, and a plaything for boys to twist up her

gunwales, she might again be a saviour, as she had been on the night of the Tay Bridge. Then indeed would she of a surety have paid the price of her folly in that she had killed him who loved her well.

But England was to blame, England's Royal Navy ; for she was not as the other ships of pine, petty and futile traffickers of the lithe seas, who run like hares to a hole when the tempest is loosed. She was of oak, English oak ; and had sailed from Stornoway Bay south cross the Highland seas to Man.

There came the ships of war into her dreamy loch and made her a murderess. When the sound of battle raged round the isle, and the folds of the hills were filled with the reverberation of artillery, the thrill of war was upon her oaken sinews, and she was of the order of Nelson's ships.

As the thin moon broke the sky with light over the splintered peaks of Arran, she gazed unwinkingly on the search-lights which swept upwards as Eden's flaming sword. The silly boats of the fleet went about their business seeking herring, their scurvy souls filled with thoughts of husbandry. She alone regarded the fire-lit night, alone watched the leaping flashes and belts of flame when the great guns, the dogs of war, gave tongue. The baying moved her ; these ships were of her sires ; she was seabred, reared for waters torn with shell, nurtured for an atmosphere which streamed fire, born for the sea-fight which darkens the sun with shrapnel.

Her heart was on fire ; for once she gave no heed to the curses of Big MacCalman. She had never seen the blood-red tides, but felt it was hers to float on them with these great ships which were awakening the night

out of her rest upon the hills. She knew the quick death which leapt out of dark bays as she noted the lean destroyers slouch by; the oak in her bosom swelled at the laughter of the guns; it awoke deep down in her memory a consciousness of two ships locked and mad with slaughter, the battle-lanterns lit, and naked men, black with powder, cutlass in teeth, swinging inboard as the ship rose on the swell. She heard the tide of battle rise and fall; she felt the wash of blood in her scuppers; she saw the black Spanish town brooding on the bay, by reason of the English guns which were knocking at her gates.

Once again in the South the seas were lit by the guns, and the search-lights stabbed the stars. She strained round to catch the music; was it her fault if for a moment her quick eye lost the hill-squall and with a slat of the main-sheet Big McCalman's son went over the side? Then the blinding eye of the search-light went out; the guns fell silent, and McCalman's more awful roar pierced the night. She stood shivering in the wind, and horror and pity shot through her when she heard the whine that sobbed from him: "Oh Green Loch! what hae ye done tae me noo?" She had killed his boy: he was gone, gone for ever; and at his passing the lights of the ships of England went out over a bend of the sea.

Before it had been days and nights of the unwarrantable black clay, tales, jests by her sea-coal fire, and joyous sea-boys singing in the night-watches. Now there was a curse upon her: the men were always silent, and often McCalman jammed her savagely into head-seas; yet he could not smother her remorse, and she yearned for the day to come when she might perchance pay the price of her dark deed.

She became a wonderful ship, the

fastest and finest of the fleet, skirting the deep edge of Eternity on nights of tempest. In the fall of the year, after the passage of the brilliant moons, when there came the onset of the Equinox and the salt withered on the bows of the fleet, and the beaches were bleached, McCalman having lost the land, and failed of the tides, she smelt up home for him by the call of the sea when every other boat was sick with fear in a harbour that was one white smoke. From that night she thought his heart went out to her again.

But she knew it went wholly out to her on the night of the Tay Bridge. That night a big tramp steamer lay in the strait bellowing with fear, and McCalman, picking her up by the lightning flashes, got under her lee. She lay with a list to port; her bow, like a cliff half-buried in a roaring burn. HEART O' OAK sank in the trough to the very bowels of the earth, and rose soaring over against the steamer till the men saw the keen stars over the funnel; and every time she rose a man or two leapt from the torn bridge, where they had been for twenty hours. Three men were drowned that time, but it was none of her fault; they jumped too late. She was glad to be away again, for the seas had pounded her and pitched her on the steamer's quarter till the ribs were broken. And sorrow, sorrow! when running home with a wing of the jib, the stinging lightning, as a coward, leapt upon her bare pole with eyes of fire. She felt a thousand fiery little devils reel down into her bowels; again the eye of heaven opened and closed, and in the time that the vault winked, the devils of flame danced through her, stinging her, searing her, stabbing and wrenching at her vitals, till she could no more endure; the blue flame spitting at her mast-head set her so in agony

that the straight spar, the beauty of the port, cracked and crashed by the board.

"The mast's gone tae hell, boys," roared McCalman; and then to comfort the mariners of the tramp, for storms had made them weary, he added, "HEART O' OAK, 'ill weather it yet"; and she felt how he took her tiller and hugged it away deep in his huge arm-pit as if he were her lover; she heard the rasping of his moustache between his teeth and knew there was need of her strength.

They made a jury-mast of the star-board oars. She was bleeding at the stump; the great seas raved like fiends after her; sick and dazed with pain she reeled and fainted, heeling till she lipped the disastrous water. She came to, hearing McCalman's oath deep in his bull-dog throat, and, as a man kicks his favourite dog, he wrenched at her, though it was not the pain she felt but the agony of his wrath. She was heavy with water, gone by the stern; and the foreigners of the tramp steamer whined and whimpered, calling upon their gods.

With a droop forward, she staggered up again; with a shift of the wind she leapt away, her wet bow swinging across the seas; and her anguish was gone in the heat of the strife.

She lifted headland after headland, opened out round Rhumealdarroch, and "HEART O' OAK, oh glorious HEART O' OAK," sang the wet crew as they worked her in by the high sea-mark, and lifted the longshore lights of home. The men of the fleet listened on the quay-head. "The chantey o' HEART O' OAK," they cried and knew it was well with her.

On the morrow she was taken to the beach, where she was stripped; and the men of the port came up from the Western Gate and viewed her

wounds. The joyous mariners, whom she had plucked from death, were there.

"My butivul boat," said McCalman, laying his paw on her rudder-head with a touch quick and tender as a lover's. The rescued mariners gave her a splendid new spar and called her GOLDEN HEART O' OAK; with joy all the men on the beach drank to her, and not a few drank too much.

She lay among the wrecks, for it was the end of the season; these she told how it was her fond hope again to rescue men, but they mocked her.

Or ever a new season came, she went out to her death, on a day when the seas were troubled by reason of the north-west wind. Ships in the outer bay went foul of each other, and were dragging their anchors; a company of men aboard had death at their elbow.

The pick of the port came for a crew. Big McCalman, and Ned of the Horn, the same who was one-armed, and claimed that he was a navigator: Black Jamie with faded eyes, which had in them a private twinkle that saved his face from the gloom of sea-sadness: the Pilot of the Port, too, with his long jaw and eyes steeled to the sea; so big and ashamed of his bigness that when he walked apart in the sea-shore street, he crouched and slouched, a mild man whose daughter had married a minister.

The beach was black, the quay-head crowded with women and young girls crying in the twilight. No boat but her might do; she quivered to her nail-heads with pride, for every man had come to launch her. With joy she felt the rounded shoulders on her flank, the music of her keel on the gravel, as she slipped to the sea. The glory of that baptism! A white wall rose snarling and burst in a cloud over her stern. The crash

made her gasp: it braced her; and she drew her sinews together for the last great fight.

She trembled when in that driving twilight they stepped the new spar, the gift of foreign sailors; she was as a young girl being dressed to meet the bridegroom, though she knew Death was to sail as a comrade at her forefoot. She raced up to her anchors as they bent the sail on her, straining, leaning over them, sobbing to be off, backing and filling, rearing and pawing like a charger foaming at the mouth.

As Black Jamie made fast the main halyard about the pin below the forward beam, the quiet Englishman who lived in the hotel and owned the splendid yacht, walked down the beach and regarded her.

"The old lion, eh, to be baited at last? The old grey lion of the fleet going out to her death?" Then, after a moment's silence, "Men," he cried, "men, I bear HEART O' OAK company," and he went wading beyond the white-laced shore, and the whole beach, in the silence which fell, heard McCalman cry, as he pulled him aboard, "By God, you're a man!"

A deep piercing note rose with a moan through the wind. "She'll never face it," said Ned of the Horn. He was a man who had sailed in the Great South Seas and had lost an arm on the Horn. She shuddered, for he had knowledge of deep waters and had seen the Flying Dutchman.

Big McCalman's laugh rumbled in his throat. "Face Hell!" he said. "She's strong as the Islay tides."

She knew all the little gale-dodgers of the beach heard; here was matter for laurels. But Ned of the Horn in a rage, with two swings of his single arm cut the anchor ropes.

"Ned 'ill no droon, onywy; his cork airm 'ill warstle him hame,"

laughed Black Jamie; "forbye the breeze wadnae hae the cheek tae put a meenister's freen, ye ken, up or doon"; and Jamie regarded the Pilot, and the private twinkle reigned in his eye.

The mad life of the sea took hold upon her as she roared away in white along the quay; and the young men of the town, who stood there, saw her in a rush of water, and that it was the Englishman who sat at the tiller.

With the deepening of that awful boom in her ears came her wind-borne chantey from the quay:

HEART O' OAK O' braw, braw HEART O'  
OAK!  
Good-bye to the girls an' the tavern  
wines,  
The old pipe band an' the shops wi'  
their signs,  
O, it's blowin' hard sou' eas' for  
Derry!

But she heard not; she had taken the way of the sea upon her, and led, as she had done on many a despairing lee-shore. She swung away, a sleuth-hound of the sea, so that Ned of the Horn afterwards swore in the ANCHOR bar that the English yachtsman was the best steersman out of a snow-besieged harbour. She opened round the sea-mark and took it wet and stinging aboard at the break of the forecastle. A thrill shot to her heart, for there, in the grey tempest, were half a dozen boats with anchors fouled, huddled together like a snarling pack of dogs, and slowly driving to death.

She would never have forgot, had she lived to a hundred seasons, the yelp with which they welcomed her; and the next moment she was buried to her bowsprit. The mast was grinding the life out of her; the strain of the sail on her side was agony; she rose sorning with anguish, as a stricken war-horse plunges, screaming; the white sweat of torture poured from her forefoot.

Since the time when Ned of the Horn came by his mischance on a frozen night in Magellan Straits he thought he was afraid of gales. "My God! See't yonder; it's wan white smoke," and he pointed to where the fouled boats loomed and went out in an atmosphere of spindrift. "I'm for turnin'." Big McCalman, who stood by the Englishman at the sheet, cried, with eyes like a sword, "Do or die! Keep 'er sailin'." The Englishman nodded in the gloom.

"The gulls are away," she thought; "that's bad"; and she caught the piercing wail of the wind in the cordage of the doomed boats.

There was a cracking in the hills and the seas curled up like white paper. Again and again she was lost in the smother; and again she heaved up, choking, and thankful that Black Jamie and the Pilot kept the pump going. This was worse than a ten-hours' beat on a blinding night in the teeth of a head-tide; this awful Englishman did not ease her in her worst pitching.

With a scream, half of pain and half of joy, she went about, reaching like an arrow for the boats. It was a pleasure to feel the sure hand of the Englishman in that dangerous work as he ran her up on the lee-side. She heard the sob of death about her comrades, and felt pity raging in her heart because they were caught in a trap. Their crews leapt aboard, and none too soon, for the seas were breaking upon her, half-filling her.

"A wing of the sail,—cast off!" cried the Englishman. "Now comes the tug of war."

"Now indeed," she thought, for her belly was full of the water she had taken aboard.

The gale struck along the world out of the blue-black sky. With an upward leap THE WILLING LASS tore her anchors out of the bowels of the

earth and went pitching on the booming cliffs. HEART O' OAK, sagging homeward, heard the crash; the dark fell and a great star stood in the sky. On the edge of the sky a ragged band of cloud hung. "That is my flag at half-mast," thought HEART O' OAK.

She rose heavily; but the water in her and the dead weight of men aft were too much, and she wallowed by the stern. Again she floundered up, broken-kneed, and went staggering on her side round the sea-mark. The wind was throttling her. "I must bring them home," was all her thought; but in a lull she dreamed of release and the peace of death. She knew there was nothing but to run ashore; she could not live longer; and beaching meant death.

McCalman stood up, and the sword-sharpness was in his voice and eyes. "Ashore wi' her!" he cried. "By the Lord we'll show them we are men."

"It's a pity," the Englishman muttered; "the old grey lion's got to go." He crammed her crashing on the beach, a blind, reeling HEART O' OAK sick with pain.

A great sea came ripping her side; she took the wound deep, and the seas poured in choking her. With a sob she heeled on her side; death was cold in her throat.

"Jump," cried the Pilot to Blind Mary's son, "jump."

"I'm feart, I'm feart," wailed the boy; but the Englishman lifted him over the side. They all followed, except McCalman and the Englishman; why didn't they hurry? The combers knew they had her at last; they were charging like cavalry; she was slipping, slipping on the sloping beach; she could not lift her head, for she was sea-worn; she lost grip of the beach,—slipping, slipping into the dark. The big rent in her side was letting in the ocean. God! she

was choking, drowning to death; she who had been a bird, gasping, choking. She saw them shake hands, ready to die, for she had lost the shore; she saw the black beach, knew the stricken silence. A man could not live in that sea; the long sob of water was in her own throat. Could they not let her die? Her head fell and she heard a faint cheer as the shore-line sagged across her bow.

Quick, quick! time for one man at least! Ah, could they not see? She leaned over, lifting the empty cran-basket which was bobbing about in her. Yes, good Lord, they have seen it.

With deft fingers McCalman tied the shore-line to it.

"I go last," said the Englishman; and lifting McCalman in the basket, and with the line wrapped round his

right arm he let the next sea take him, crying, as he went under, "Good-bye, good-bye, HEART o' OAK!"

She heard the cheer as they were hauled on the beach. She felt weary, and leaned her battered head upon the sea as upon a pillow. Her work was done; surely now she had paid the price; now her desire was to fall on sleep. She was slipping, slipping; a great darkness, cool and comforting was taking her to itself. If this were death, it were easy.

She heeled over and her forefoot rose in the air; as the waters closed upon her she heard upon the rattling beach her own chantey:

HEART o' OAK, Oh golden HEART o'  
OAK!  
Good-bye to the girls an' the tavern  
wines—

J. M. HAY.

## A PURITAN BISHOP.

A PURITAN bishop seems a contradiction in terms ; but that Joseph Hall was both a Puritan and a bishop will be readily admitted by those who know anything of his eventful life. His theology, as set forth in his sermons, differed little from that of the unauthorised clergy of his day, while he steadfastly supported government by an episcopacy. During the disturbances and rigours of ecclesiastical polity, which were the offspring of the indiscretion of Archbishop Laud, some noted divines held to the principle of moderation. Among these the most celebrated were Bishop Hall and Thomas Fuller. Themselves imbued with Calvinism, while they clung to the government and ritual of the Established Church, they could sympathise with those who differed from them on less important essentials. Both were Puritans ; yet the one was a faithful bishop and the other a no less faithful prebendary. Moreover, Bishop Hall was one of the ablest writers and preachers who have ever graced the ranks of the clergy. He was equally remarkable for bravery and learning, and his moderation was as just as his piety was sincere.

The best account of his life was written by himself in two small pamphlets, *OBSERVATIONS ON SOME SPECIALITIES OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH* (1641), and *HARD MEASURE* (1647). "I was born," he says, "July 1st, 1514, at five of clock in the morning, in Bristow Park, within the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, a town of Leicestershire, of honest and

well-allowed parentage." His father was governor of the market-town where his son was born, under Henry Earl of Huntingdon, who was President of the North under good Queen Bess. His mother was Winifred Bambridge, a woman of delicate health and great piety, both of which characteristics, the bane and the antidote, she gave in large measure to her son. Once in the sorest strait of trial, she dreamed that she saw a physician, who promised to heal her. Being much impressed thereby she told her vision to the Reverend Antony Gilby. Of this worthy Fuller says :

He was born in Lincolnshire, and bred in Christ's College in Cambridge, where he attained to great skill in the three learned languages. But which gave him the greatest reputation with Protestants, was that in the reign of Queen Mary he had been an exile at Geneva for his conscience. Returning into England he became a fierce, fiery, and furious opposer of the Church Discipline established in England.

Fierce, fiery, and furious as he was, Gilby with some traces of superstition said the dream was of God. Mrs. Hall, being convinced, as every good woman ought to be, by the reasoning of the clergy, took heart and recovered. Had she been a Papist Mr. Gilby would have ascribed her dream to the Devil ; of such different interpretations are the visions of the night susceptible.

Her piety had a deep and abiding influence on her son Joseph, who from his birth was destined for the Church. When he was about fifteen

years of age, one Mr. Pelsett, then public preacher at Leicester, undertook to teach the boy all "he could learn at either university within seven years," and doubtless expected for so extensive a curriculum what Mr. Trapbois would have called a consideration. Hall was naturally filled with bitter disappointment, which was, however, not destined to trouble him long. His elder brother went to Cambridge to visit a Leicestershire man, Nathaniel Gilby, who was Fellow of Emmanuel College, then a new foundation. When he returned, he had been so much impressed by Mr. Gilby's persuasions, that he "fell on his knees to his father, and begged him rather to sell some of the land than to keep Joseph from Cambridge." The father, like a reasonable man, was persuaded, and his son's disappointment was transferred to Mr. Pelsett, who came next morning full to the brim of expectations and returned empty.

Joseph was entered in 1589 at Emmanuel College, where his old schoolfellow Hugh Cholmley shared his chamber and bed; for in the good old days room at the universities was scanty and undergraduates many. Another alarm awaited him in 1591, when the year before his graduation his father, who had "not a very large cistern to feed so many pipes," found his expenses in danger of outrunning his income, and was on the point of recalling the young man; but a mutual friend, Mr. Edmund Sleigh of Derby, came to the rescue, and Joseph duly graduated in 1592, when yet another crisis threatened him after he had taken his Master's degree. Two Fellows could not be chosen from his county, and Mr. Gilby being already one, Hall was on the point of being recalled home. The young student's disappointment was keen, but an unexpected turn of for-

tune took place. The Earl of Huntingdon, always interested in Hall, sent for Dr. Chaderton, the Master of Emmanuel, and asked him why his favourite was not chosen Fellow. On learning the true reason the Earl promised to make Mr. Gilby his chaplain, if he would resign his Fellowship. To this he consented and Hall was unanimously elected, by what he calls "a speciality of Divine Providence." While the election was pending, the Earl of Huntingdon died and Gilby fell between two stools. Hall at once went to Dr. Chaderton to beg him to stay the election and reinstate Gilby, who had been his old tutor. The Master replied that it was too late, and "Mr. Gilby must trust to Providence." Whether this worthy would regard Hall's election in the same light as Hall himself did is uncertain; history does not record any speciality in his favour.

A brilliant career now opened before Hall who was Professor of Rhetoric for two years till he resigned his office to Dr. Dod. He then took orders, and was looking about for some opening for his great talents, when a proposal was made to him to be governor, or supervisor, of Tiverton School. Blessings usually come in company, and Sir Robert Drury through his wife's influence offered him the living of Halstead near St. Edmundsbury. From his natural inclination Hall accepted the living, and his old friend Hugh Cholmley went to Tiverton. At Halstead there lived one Lilly, a witty atheist, who used his powers to estrange Sir Robert Drury from his beneficiary. He even took the trouble to go to London to make mischief, where he died of the plague,—another "speciality of Divine Providence" in favour of Hall, but hardly capable of affording equal satisfaction to Lilly.



Somewhere about 1605 Hall, in walking home from church in company with the Reverend Mr. Grandridge, was much struck with a daughter of George Winniffe of Bretenham. Indeed there is always a mutual attraction, which often ripens into an affinity, between the clergy and the gentler sex. Hall's companion strongly advised him to marry the young lady, saying that he had already "treated with her father for her as a wife for him." How long the wooing lasted is not known; but they were married, for in the days of James the First matches were often made without consulting the young lady. Naturally enough these arranged marriages were not always successful; but in the present instance Mrs. Hall was a constant and true helpmeet to her husband, and beyond a doubt assisted in keeping him alive so many years.

The same year he went with Sir Edmond Bacon, grandson of the celebrated Lord of St. Alban's, to Spa in the province of Liège. On this journey he learned that intensity of hatred to Romanism, which found expression later in his tract *NO PEACE WITH ROME*. Wherever he had an opportunity his controversial zeal was irrepressible, to the manifest discomposure of his travelling companion; but when two bantams meet, "the word is bilbow." At Brussels, in particular, he entered into an argument with a Jesuit Father Costerus concerning some reported miracles, and showed a fitting incredulity. Both the disputants grew hot, a common result of theological controversy; but evidently neither of them derived much satisfaction from their discussion, a no less usual ending of all disputation. Argument with Jesuits, where they were supreme, was neither prudent nor safe, and Sir Edmond dragged away Hall much against his will,

Who, as he left his foe, returned  
Once more to set a reason right.

Arrived at Spa, Hall found the mineral springs of much use to his health. His companion and himself returned by Brussels and Antwerp ("that paragon of cities," as he called it) and down the Scheld to Flushing. Here he went to find an old acquaintance, and, like Sinbad the Sailor, arrived at the harbour to see the ship in which he should have sailed far out at sea. He had to wait for some time, and when at last he set sail, like lesser folks he suffered severely from sea-sickness. On his arrival in England he was induced, though unprepared, to preach before Prince Henry at Richmond. The death of this amiable prince deprived Hall of a generous patron, and was largely the cause of the later civil troubles. He earnestly desired Hall to spend all his days at court, but the young clergyman had too much common-sense to fritter away his best days at the empty and pedantic court of the Scottish Solomon.

On his return to his living he found himself in a great state of discomfort, as his patron fraudulently kept back from him part of his income. But in 1612 his deliverance came upon him when Lord Denny presented him to the benefice of Waltham Abbey, where he preceded Fuller by one generation. Here he remained for fifteen years actively engaged in literary and parish work. He proceeded to his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1612; and soon afterwards became Prebendary of Windsor, where by dint of perseverance and law, two loving comrades, he got the Church lands restored which had been lost by a fraudulent conveyance.

In 1618 James, with that busy-body's love of meddling which was his leading characteristic, was much

concerned with the state of the Protestant Churches in the Netherlands. Rent as they were with differences on the absurdest of trifles, they must indeed have been in a sorry plight to desire the intervention of "the wisest fool in Christendom," as Sully, the French Minister, somewhat rudely styled our Defender of the Faith. Hall had two years before accompanied James Hay, then Viscount Doncaster and later Earl of Carlisle, on an embassy to France. During this journey he was attacked by what he expressively calls *diarrhœa biliosa* with a threat of dysentery. The same troublesome ailment afflicted him during the Synod of Dort, and ultimately forced his premature return. To Dort he went with Dr. George Carlton (Bishop of Llandaff), Dr. John Davenant (Fuller's uncle and Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge), and Dr. Samuel Ward (Master of Sidney College). The points under discussion were five, Predestination, the Extent of Christ's Death, Man's Free Will and Corruption, the Manner of Conversion, and Perseverance. The ensuing disputations appear to have confirmed the opponents in their respective opinions. Hall followed his golden rule of moderation, which he calls "the silken thread running thro' the pearl chain of all the virtues"; but illness, as has been said, attacked him, and after preaching a learned Latin sermon before the Synod, he was compelled to return home leaving his place to be filled by Dr. Thomas Goad. He received honourable recompense from the Dutch States, and a gold medal portraying the assembled Synod.

King James was so fully satisfied with Hall's conduct at Dort, that in 1624 he offered him the bishopric of Gloucester, which his modesty induced him to refuse. But on December 23rd, 1627, he was consecrated

Bishop of Exeter. Very little is known of his life for the next fourteen years, but no doubt he was busily occupied in literary work. On December 15th, 1641, he was translated to Norwich,—the only kind of translation in which the rendering is usually superior to the original. Here he had little peace, for the civil troubles were fast coming to a head. Though an apostle of moderation, he took a firm stand against the arbitrary measures of the Long Parliament, and joined with the Archbishop of York and eleven of his episcopal brethren in protesting against the validity of all laws made during the enforced absence of the bishops from the House of Peers. For this too kindly interest in constitutional orthodoxy, though nearly seventy years old, he saw the inside of the prison of the Tower of London. Here he remained till June, 1642, when he was released on finding bail for £5,000.

Bishop Hall's **HARD MEASURE**, composed nearly five years after some of the events narrated, gives a graphic picture of the beginnings of the Civil War. He speaks with scarcely sufficient respect of the early proceedings of the Long Parliament. The general cry inside and outside the House of Commons was "No Bishops, No Bishops!" The twelve before-mentioned with Hall, who had uttered their protest, were accused of high treason. "On January thirtieth" he says, "1642, in all the extremity of frost at eight o'clock in the dark evening are we voted to the Tower." With a rigour as severe as the wintry weather they were hurried off to prison, Hall alone, on account of his age, enjoying the attendance of the Black Rod. After lying some weeks in the Tower the prisoners petitioned the House of Peers to bring them to trial. By the careless-

ness or malice of the Commons the legal proceedings were delayed and the bishops sent back to prison. In June, 1642, without having the benefit of justice they were released by the "back stairs" of the law, and Hall preached openly to large and sympathetic congregations till April, 1643.

After this date he was put on the list of the sequestered clergy, and some few crumbs of what was legally his own were doled out to him. The Commissioners appointed for the purpose, who well understood in their own case that every pocket is improved by a golden lining, allowed him £400 a year. The Sequestrators including Messrs. Southerton, Tooly, Rawly, and Greenwood, of whom the last three were well named, came to Norwich and entered into possession of the Bishop's revenues. Whether they made an accurate return and an exact disbursement to the Parliament is not stated; they might have done so and they might not, but they at least behaved with great harshness to the old man. Indeed they would have robbed him of his goods and books, had not a neighbour Mr. Goodwin bought the goods, while the Reverend Mr. Cooke was security for the books. The latter, as Hall says with a touch of bitterness, he paid out of his pittance; and a pittance he might well call it for, after enjoying the first quarterly instalment of his allotted allowance, the allowance itself was stopped.

During these commotions amid the ordinarily peaceful life of the Bishop, his house was visited and searched. His own account is so vivid that it is quoted in his own words, as an illustration of the fact that the clergy had reason to complain against the tyranny of the Puritan Government.

But before this the first noise that I

heard of my trouble was, that one morning, before my servants were up, there came to my gates one Wright, a London trooper, attended with others, requiring entrance, threatening if they were not admitted to break open the gates, whom I found at my first sight struggling with one of my servants for a pistol, which he had in his hand. I demanded his business at that unreasonable time; he told me he came to search for arms and ammunition, of which I must be disarmed. I told him I had only two muskets, and no other military provision. He not resting upon my word searched round about the house, looked into the chests and trunks, examined the vessels in the cellar. Finding no other warlike furniture, he asked me what horses I had, for his commission was to take them also. I told him how poorly I was stored, and that my age would not allow me to travel on foot. In conclusion he took one horse for the present, and such account of another, that he did highly expostulate with me afterwards, that I had otherwise disposed of him.

The scene is lifelike. The reader is insensibly reminded of Scott's description of the Laird of Langcale before Tillietudlem who on his parley "uplifted, with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm.

Ye Gates lift up your heads! Ye doors,  
Doors that do last for aye,  
Be lifted up."

Trooper Wright was not so ceremonious. He stood threatening without, while the servants half-dressed and in their night-caps parleyed from within. When he gained admittance, with profound disrespect to the aged Bishop he conducted his search. When he examined the vessels of the cellar, he doubtless both tested and tasted their fluid contents. We can well imagine that Hall did not appreciate the incivility of such early visitors. Many good men were subjected to similar persecution, because they too, as well as their persecutors, were faithful to their conscience.

Though the Sequestrators left Hall nothing and had sold all his goods, they had the cruelty to require of him certain monthly assessments, and demanded the quota of arms which had been furnished by his predecessors.

They turned the old man unceremoniously out of his palace, and he might have been left to die in the street, but for the kindness of a neighbour living close by, who put his house at the Bishop's disposal. Hall had the added pain of witnessing the destructive fanaticism which robbed his beautiful cathedral of many of its choicest treasures. The story of an eye-witness is always valuable, and is given in full.

There was not care and moderation used in reforming the Cathedral Church bordering upon my Palace. It is no other than tragical to relate the carriage of that furious sacrilege, whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses, under the authority and presence of Lindsey, Tofts the Sheriff, and Greenwood. Lord! what work was there, what clattering of glasses, what beating down of walls, what tearing up of monuments, what pulling down of seats, what wresting out of irons and brass from the windows and graves! What defacing of arms, what demolishing of curious stonework, that had not any representation in the world, but only the cost of the founder, and skill of the mason. What tooting and piping upon the destroyed organ-pipes, and what a hideous triumph on the market-day before all the country, when in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession, all the organ-pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross, which had been newly sawn down from over the Green-Yard pulpit, and the Service-book and singing-books that could be had, were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train, in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a Service-book in his hand imitating in an impious scorn of the tune, and usurping the words of the Litany used formerly in the Church. Near the public cross, all these monuments of idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without ostentation of a zealous joy in discharging

ordinance to the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news upon this Guild-day to have the Cathedral now open on all sides to be filled with musketeers, waiting for the major's return, drinking and tobaccoing as freely as if it had been turned ale-house.

This pathetic story sheds a lurid light upon the methods of the Puritans, and is an illustrative comment on Dugdale's assertion that the earlier Reformers were the chief instruments of destruction in the cathedrals of our land. That they were so in the abbeys is certain, but their later descendants followed in the footsteps of their ancestors. The soldiers who did such havoc at Norwich were doubtless convinced that they were doing a good work, for ignorance often canonises sacrilege into reasonable reformation. Let no one wonder after such doings as these that the Puritan rule was succeeded by an ecclesiastical tyranny which gave birth to Nonconformity. It is not probable that Cromwell sympathised with such destructions, which were, however, generally perpetrated by the Independents; but fanatical force is not easy to check, and headlong zeal is the foster-mother of impiety.

Joseph Hall lived a few years longer attended by his faithful wife. On September 8th, 1656, the old man passed peacefully away before he had seen the Restoration with its wantonness and rioting. For more than four-score years he had walked the world with much learning and more modesty, with calm loyalty and calmer moderation, with sturdy courage and infinite tenderness, with a lion's soul in the body of a stripling. Fuller, who knew and loved and had suffered with him, thus sums up his attainments and character.

He may be said to have died with his pen in his hand, whose writing and living

expired together. He was commonly called our *ENGLISH SENECA* (by Sir Henry Wotton) for the pureness, plainness and fulness of his style. Not unhappy in controversies, more happy at comments, very good in his *Characters*, better in his sermons, best of all in his meditations.

Such is the portrait of Joseph Hall by a friend, who shared his confidence and whose skill in character-painting none can question.

It remains now to justify by illustration and comment Fuller's opinion of Bishop Hall. Like most men of letters he began with verse; but his satires, good as they are, have been more than once reprinted and need not be quoted here. A vast proportion of his work is comprised in his *CONTEMPLATIONS*, which are a kind of amplified paraphrase of the whole Bible. Useful and instructive as these are, it is not upon them that Hall rests his claim to literary immortality. Much impressed by Theophrastus he has left us an admirable collection of *CHARACTERISMS* made with profound insight and keen humour. Translating the Greek surroundings of his model into manners and dispositions thoroughly English, he has bequeathed to posterity an interesting and suggestive work, a favour which posterity does not appear to sufficiently appreciate. Of the wise man he says, "Both his eyes are never at once from home, but one keeps house while the other roves abroad for intelligence." One cannot help being reminded by this of the Sausage-Seller of Aristophanes, who, when the Slave Demosthenes bade him "Turn his right eye to Caria and his left to Carthage and contemplate both together," very naturally asked, "Will it do me good, d'ye think, to learn to squint?" But squint or no squint, Hall's description of the wise man is in its essence true.

Of the honest man he remarked

very finely, "If there were no heaven, he would be virtuous." A true friend is truthfully delineated:

In favours done his memory is frail, in benefits received eternal: he scorneth either to regard recompense, or not to offer it. He is the comfort of miseries, the guide of difficulties, the joy of life, the treasure of death; and no other than a good angel clothed with flesh.

No better description of friendship than this could be given by any Damon of any Pythias. Again, how true it is of the happy man that—

Censures and applauses are passengers to him not guests; his care is their thoro-fare, not their harbour; he hath learned to fetch both his counsel and his sentence from his own breast.

But if Hall could accurately describe the characters of the good, he could and did use all his powers of keen humour and nervous English to depict the bad. Much of his life was spent among that band of seeming saints who attached themselves to the genuine reformers with Oliver Cromwell, whose sincerity is unquestionable, at their head. Hence his description of the hypocrite is both scathing and exact.

He shows well and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness; a rotten stick in a dark night, a poppy in a corn-field, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; and an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The force of the language is great, and the metaphors are exact, and so varied that their strict applicability is wonderful; nor would it be difficult to find illustrations of them in the financial history of our own time. When Hall lived society was plagued

with busy-bodies, as it is to-day ; and the grave Bishop has small mercy in his denunciation of the mischievous prattle of those disturbers of public and private peace. Of the type he says, "His tongue like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries fire-brands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame." The wheel of society is very combustible, and the busy-bodies of life are the sparks which set it on fire.

Hall's hatred of superstition, which he calls "godless religion, devout impiety," was intense. His journeys to the Continent had given him an insight into the superstitions of Romanism, and his minute observation showed him the follies of men and women wise enough save in trifles. His picture of the superstitious man presents many features of much interest to lovers of folk-lore.

This man dares not stir forth till his breast be crossed, and his face sprinkled ; if but an hare cross him by the way, he returns, or if his journey began unawares on the dismal day ; or if he stumble at the threshold. If he sees a snake un-killed, he fears a mischief ; if the salt fall towards him, he looks pale and red, and is not quiet till one of the waiters have poured wine on his lap ; and when he sneezeth, thinks them not his friends that uncover not. In the morning he listens whether the crow crieth even or odd ; and by that token presages of the weather. If he hear but a raven croak from the next roof, he makes his will, or if a bittour [bittern] fly over his head by night ; but if his troubled fancy shall second his thoughts with the dream of a fair garden, or green rushes, or the salutation of a dead friend, he takes leave of this world, and says he cannot live.

In this powerful characterisation there is a curious blending of Romanist safeguards with the survival of heathen superstition, reviewed with a kind of contemptuous pity. Strong, clear, and unfaltering the Bishop saw the vanity of omens and dreams, and

denounced it with much force and refreshing scorn. He does not say how he regarded his mother's dream-physician, but probably only filial piety restrained him from exposing the phantom as a quack.

That Hall had met many disciples of sloth is certain from his remark, that the slothful man "is nothing but a colder earth moulded with standing water." That is presumably the constitutional reason for his warming himself in bed so far into the morning. Among the spiritually proud the Bishop had found many vain-glorious professors of humility, for whom he had no liking. His own innate modesty robbed him of all sympathy with their showy self-conceit, and his humour exhausts itself in the description of the vain-glorious man, of which two brief examples are given. "All his humour rises up into the froth of ostentation ; which if it once settle falls down into a narrow room" ; and again, "He is a Spanish soldier on an Italian theatre, a bladder full of wind, a skin full of words, a fool's wonder, a wise man's fool." Not even Juvenal in all his remorseless fury could give a happier summary than the last. It is not merely happy ; it is literally true. Such are scanty specimens of one of Hall's best known works, and yet how little known is it in comparison with its merits. His two books of *CHARACTERISMS* give evidence of a highly analytical capacity, which would have made their author an eminently able writer of fiction. His plainness of style, his singleness of thought, his pointed wit and subtle humour form a compound agreeable and impressive, and his own force of character is marvellous.

But Hall's most profound work is his *CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS AND VOWS*. Herein his pithy style and deep piety display themselves to great

advantage. Wisdom and moderation guide his pen, which is none the less pointed for such good company. Humour blends with wit, and both are consecrated to holiest service. And yet his works are so little remembered that the old folio volumes are valued at two pence a pound. Is it not a Samaritan's part to pay the price that some of their wisdom so long neglected may receive fitting care? A few gems are selected from the varied treasury of his thought, and all are set in the pure gold of his pointed style. His resolution of how to use his friend is brief, wise, and witty. "I will use my friend as Moses did his rod; while it was a rod he held it familiarly in his hand; when it became a serpent he ran away from it." Most people prefer to lay the rod on their friend's back to baring their own. Speaking of war he utters a prudent pronouncement to the friends of "peace at any price" with whom he has often and unjustly been classed: "A just war is a thousand times more happy than an ill-conditioned peace." With an eye to the irregular preachers of his day, he has a wise word to certain effusive personages who have been forced into public notice by babbling of what they little understand.

The basest things are ever most plentiful. History and experience tell us, that some kind of mouse breedeth one hundred and twenty young ones in the nest, whereas the lion or elephant beareth but one at once. I have ever found the least wit yielded most words. It is both the surest and wisest way to speak little and think more.

If all orators, political and social, would follow this golden rule, the country would be spared much irritation and themselves much folly.

Himself an active man, in spite of his feeble health, Hall had small

sympathy with idleness. His condemnation is strong, but not too strong.

An idle man is the devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease, who as he is incapable of any good, so he is fitly disposed for all evil motions. The standing water soon stinketh; whereas the current ever keeps clear and cleanly, conveying down all noisome matter that might infect it by the force of his stream.

The Bishop was not sparing in censure. In his restless activity he resembled a worthy Sunday School Superintendent of later date who got up sufficiently early to pull out of bed all his lazy male teachers. But Hall was not merely notable for dry humour and caustic wit. Sickly as he was, and in spite of his Calvinistic theology, he was in the main a cheerful soul. Though the end of his life was passed in shadow he could still say, "There would be no shadow if there were no light." He has left us an admirable receipt for happiness: "He is wealthy enough, that wanteth not. He is great enough, that is his own master. He is happy enough, that lives to die well." That he possessed all these qualifications in a high degree his life plainly shows.

Being unmoved by suspicion and prone to think the best of his neighbours Hall could truly say, "I had rather wrong myself by credulity than others by unjust censures and suspicions"; an instructive comment on the utilitarian maxim, "Once bitten, twice shy." Generous in affluence, he was liberal in poverty. Even in his last straits of affliction he found opportunity out of his almost empty purse to give a weekly dole to several poor widows. As he says with much beauty: "The poor man's hand is the treasury of Christ. All my superfluity shall be there hoarded up, where I know it shall

be safely kept, and surely returned me." He has gone to find his treasure, where he will not be disappointed. Always pious he quaintly says :

God's children have three suits of apparel, (whereof two are worn daily on earth; the third laid up for them in the ward-robe of heaven). They are either in black, mourning, in red, persecuted, or in white, glorious.

Here is an echo of sad experience and mournful Calvinism. We have lived to be almost freed from the red robe, and the black and the white appear to be blended in daily life. Lastly the spirit of contentment always possessed Hall's soul in patience. He could truly say :

I see there is no man so happy as to have all things, and no man so miserable as not to have some. Why should I look for a better condition than all others? If I have somewhat, and that of the best things, I will in thankfulness enjoy them, and want the rest with contentment.

This was the wise resolution of a wise man, and was faithfully preserved throughout a by no means uniformly peaceful life.

The works from which quotation has been made are not one-hundredth part of Hall's writings. They have been selected to illustrate his literary style and to throw a light upon his character. Every author paints his portrait in his works; but we are not indebted to these alone for a representation of our author. A fine engraving on copper exists with several paintings. The Bishop has a singularly beautiful face, with

strong features and a long white beard; but there is a pervading expression of gentleness softening the strength, and the expression does not belie the character of the man. He looks as he was, the very pattern of the true Christian gentleman. His sermons were as powerful as the rest of his writings, and were eagerly heard so long as he was permitted to preach. They are a treasury of witty apophthegms and profound spiritual insight, of unwavering faith darkened by Calvinism, and of strong controversial ability. Not so witty as Thomas Fuller, he could soar on a higher wing; not so varied in style, he was perhaps possessed of greater terseness. All his works are marked by a delightful pungency and a deep insight into things human and divine.

We can see him writing his *MEDITATIONS* with a pleasant smile lighting up his delicate face as some profound thought or happy expression occurred to him. We can hear him pleading the cause of Protestantism in Romanist countries. We can see his patience ruffled in the midst of argument in a Jesuit land, where it might have cost his life. We can imagine his profound learning so richly yet modestly displayed at the Synod of Dort. And especially during his last years we can picture the "old man eloquent" and brave. A giant soul in a sickly body he lived more than four-score years of unwearied diligence. He passed away full of honour; though to-day he is little known and less read. Posterity is ungrateful to its noble ancestry; still the reader of to-day can at least give a kind thought to the pure soul of Joseph Hall.



## HOW THE VILLAGE PAID THE DEBT.

## I.

IN a place where the payment of ready money had been as a creed taught in catechism days, such a thing as a debt lay like a bogey on the shoulders of the Village, weighing down the spirits of its inhabitants, when it stalked in their midst, or waited at the doorways down the street. It was a word the Highly Respectable would have parsed as an abstract noun, because they could neither see, feel, nor touch it. A public debt too, which only the Village as one man could wipe out, for it was the sum of £25 owing for a new harmonium, which had come to replace one, not unknown possibly in the days when Jubal handled harp and organ.

In the ugliest house in the Village, but because it stood high and overlooked its neighbours, lived a wealthy but eccentric spinster, to whom church, parson, and curate were as hobbies to be ridden, in many cases rough-shod and whip in hand, but usually to their ultimate welfare. She ruled the people also, but to them it seemed but interest they paid for doled charities, which they would have missed as the loss of grey blankets.

"We want a new harmonium badly," had ventured the Parson, who was Perpetual Curate in the clerical scale, and diffident, also poor accordingly.

"Why?" demanded brusquely the Grey Spinster.

"The old one is worn out, and has been for some time."

"Get a new one then, and don't come bothering me."

"But new harmoniums cost—"

"Hearts alive, man, I don't suppose you get them for nothing! But if I say, get a new one, it means I'll pay the cost, only don't set every silly sheep in the Village bleating that it's my doing."

The Perpetual Curate essayed thanks, but they were as completely brushed away as if a housemaid had swept them up with the crumbs, so he took up his faded wideawake and set off to write to Messrs. Jubal of London Town, with ready pen and a joyful heart.

On the evening of the day of the new harmonium's arrival, the soul of the Grey Spinster was required of her. Her heir, a distant relative, was a hard man and avaricious; even the paying of legacies to long-served men and maids was, as said one, "like drawing a check tooth." It will be thus understood that to him the keeping of a merely verbal promise was of no account; he hardly took the trouble to laugh his surprise that the Village should think it would be. "My cousin was a most estimable woman," he allowed to the Parson, "but possessed of obsolete ideas." With that he dismissed the subject; it is possible he might at one time have had his share of the milk of human kindness, but he kept it so long unused that it had turned to curds at last.

There remained the debt to pay. The Parson paced his lawn daily, and, alternately with composing Sunday sermons, laid the matter before a

couple of little stone boys who guarded the entrance to a top-heavy, earwig-peopled arbour. From the days of his predecessors they had held stone baskets on their heads, from which dribbled, in their season, long-limbed nasturtiums, Aaron's Beard, Creeping Jenny, and the like. It was early winter, and the stone baskets, bare of plants, caught only drifted leaves and the pale loose petals of out-of-season flowers as they fell. The little stone boys looked cold, though the rank grass reached up kindly to their ankles; their features had suffered from the summers and winters they had faced together, and this possibly gave the smile of stolid inattention with which they waited on the Parson's remarks. "The half of my goods I would give," quoth he, "to rid us of this debt, but, as it is, my income is out of proportion to the calls upon it, and mundane considerations obtrude on the spiritual needs of my flock. It is not meet that we should serve tables as Peter justly declares, but I have no alternative."

For though the debt was practically unknown in the Village, its first cousin care traded at the gates with a lean purse.

Farmers smoked many pipes in company at each other's homestalls, and after comparing last year's crops and this year's prices, fell to debating the debt, which diminished not as did their tobacco in the process. Not that it touched them acutely, but rather bore the same relation to their interest in the fattening and selling of their stock, as does our perfunctory commiseration for our brother the heathen; we are sorry for him comparatively, but for ourselves we are sorry superlatively, which is different.

The baker took longer going his rounds and the milkman sold extra quarter-pints of skim milk at such houses as were rented chiefly by ladies good at giving advice but careless in

the matter of dates. Lesser lights met at THE DEWDROP INN, which name may be a mere coincidence or a punning invitation on the part of the landlord. The Village Feminine wore the matter threadbare in front parlours and back sitting-rooms, sewing suggestions into shirtsleeves and wristbands, and darning deliberations into their children's socks and stockings.

Considered by position the first lady in the Village, since the Squire's sister married and went north, and his aunt died and went home, considering also the recent departure of the Grey Spinster,—the Parson's wife suggested timidly, for the Village atmosphere was such as forbade the airing of unsupported opinions, — "Would a sale of work in the Curatage drawing-room be any good, do you think?"

When one took a birdseye view of the labour entailed in the dismantling of what was virtually a china-shop and knickknack-museum, for the purpose of converting it into a mart for the buying and selling of goods, one realised what a spirit of self-sacrifice adorned this meek woman. But the collection of fancy articles which accumulated for the yearly sale of work, being for the most part fearfully and wonderfully made, had the drawback of seldom getting sold. There were bead mats, wool mats, and straw mats; crochet antimacassars, some of which had gone yet one step further on the road to ugliness by being dipped in coloured dyes, even as faded and many seasoned beauties are gowned variously to deceive their appraisers; book-markers, kettleholders, wax flowers with wire stems, with their woolly sisters likewise wired, were all there, indeed some had reached so advanced an age as to be looked upon as Village heirlooms. Children's garments multiplied, but mothers eyed them derisively as being

for the most part fashioned by spinster fingers which had scant idea of the stretching capacity of young limbs.

Therefore, to be just, it was with something besides a spirit of self-sacrifice,—for it was in a spare cupboard at the Curatage these treasures overflowed,—that the Perpetual Curate's wife made her suggestion. But the Village decided that a sale for aught but to aid the financial side of converting the heathen, might so infringe on that cause's revenue, as to be, in a manner, robbing Peter to pay Paul.

"But let us have a sewing-party at any rate," said a little thin woman, with so few interests in life that, apart from sewing-parties and similar excitements, she made her cat's want of appetite of paramount importance in her household, and the death of her canary a real and deplorable calamity. "While we are making things for next autumn's sale," she went on, "we might think of a way to pay the debt. I tried hard to think last night when I was sitting up with dear Trixy, who has influenza." Trixy was her dog.

"Let us meet soon and think quickly," urged another, who found the study of mankind to womankind of more absorbing interest than the welfare of tame beasts. "I declare the gentlemen can talk of nothing else; it's quite time they had something to distract their attention from it."

"Perhaps the debt distracts because we've lost the power to attract," lazily suggested the most beautiful woman present.

So they met to sew at the house of the People's Churchwarden, who being a man of ambition and aspirations, (save where the letter H was concerned), furnished his big wide-windowed rooms in what he was pleased to call Louise Cart'orse style.

"Up at the big furniture shop in London," he would explain, "they gave me the choice, with estimates, of Louise Quinsy or Louise Cart'orse. I tossed, and it came down Cart'orse. French they tell me, and to judge by the unsubstantialness of the chair-legs, I should say it was."

His wife was a breezy hospitable body, who welcomed her intimate friends with kisses which suggested the salute of twenty-one guns, and talked, as well as wrote, with a profusion of inverted commas. In earlier days she had displayed a habit rather of flopping than of sitting; of this the slender-legged furniture acquired by her husband, had somewhat cured her, but a sofa always attracted her as a magnet draws a needle. Her house was in high favour with sewing members, who were outwardly impressed by its furniture, while inwardly their minds were intent on paying it the sincerest form of flattery in their own homes; teacakes offered themselves in endless variety, and one could watch the slow consumption of crumbs, as with analytic tongue and judicial eye their brains weighed out ingredients the while.

The afternoon in question being one of discussion as well as sewing, it followed that lords attended ladies, Jacks came with Jills, and Darby accompanied Joan. A sprinkling of spinsters followed in the wake of their more fortunate sisters, lonely and hungry looking, as those who have missed their chance of picking up gold and silver on Tom Tiddler's Ground, and have perforce to hug to narrow chests the cold comfort of being useful instead. The Perpetual Curate and his brother the Assistant Curate were there, as also a Shepherd from an adjoining fold, the Churchwardens, and a stray bachelor whom the rustle of feminine skirts drew, as mushrooms are drawn by the moon.

Tongues flew faster than needles, for there was that demoralised feeling about the assembly such as pervades a school when its master is absent. They missed the Grey Spinster more than they would have thought possible,—the lynx eye and caustic tongue of their patroness, her spare, bony face looking out under a grey patch of hair, above which towered a bonnet whose original shape the oldest inhabitants could not with certainty describe; they only knew that the years added to it, chiefly by way of fruit, to which on occasion a loop or a bow reluctantly gave place. They called it the Orchard for so many fruits were present after their kind, till at length, not so much from weight of years as of bonnet, Death released its wearer. They missed her, most unaccountably, who seldom sewing herself, kept other needles busy, while she read aloud; generally the *Lives of Missionaries*, and whether they died violent deaths, sudden or peaceful, her relentless voice galloped them to their end. Tea only stayed the work of fever or cannibals till the following week, or if a short chapter closed their career, more precipitately than ever was the seal set to their doom, amid a fanfare of teaspoons jingling against teacups. None found courage to step into her shoes, nor indeed was asked to do so, and after a sort of funeral oration over the body of Cæsar, they passed on to the debt which Cæsar had unwittingly left them.

There floated on the waters of conjecture the suggestion of a concert, as a means of raising money, and so numerous were voluntary helpers, it was at one time feared performers would outnumber audience, and the Perpetual Curate's brother, who undertook to weed tares from wheat, had an unthankful task.

There was present a Dressmaker, a

lady by birth on a beggar's income, who had long since given up taking fashion by the forelock, but instead, with asthmatic tendencies, panted in the rear of his coat-tails, finding in time not a Deserted Village, but herself deserted by the Village, and life a threadbare garment on less than forty pounds a year. But with a starved frame she held a high head, and told the same unbelievable story at each working party, that she was up to her eyes in sewing, but felt her needle must sometimes work in the cause of charity.

It was at dusk, when it was too dark to sew and too early to light up, that the weak tired eyes had a trick of running water behind their spectacles.

Have we not all a vanity which some of us wear on our watch-chains, and some keep warm but hid beneath the cloak of humility?

The little Dressmaker thought she could sing, and, with a heart beating against her skimpy alpaca bodice, told the company assembled that in her young days the gentry round had complimented her on her voice. "Even now with practice, it was equal to little songs, — little light songs."

"Certainly, certainly," agreed the Perpetual Curate genially; "we should be delighted I'm sure, and so will the ladies,—er—"

An ominous silence gave the Perpetual Curate a sort of feeling that he had stepped in where angels feared to tread, so he turned to his wife, as was his custom, agreeing with all his parishioners had to say, and then trotting comfortably away while she did the necessary disagreeing. A pucker which made her eyebrows meet, was the only sign she ever gave of not liking the job, as now. "Thank you so much, so kind of you," she murmured; "we must think about

it"; then she too paused, and ended by thrusting her baby, metaphorically speaking, into the breach, told how he had cut a tooth since last working party, his manner of cutting it, and his forwardness even among the forward babies of the village, but—

"I always say that nearing sixty, nobody's got a voice worth speaking of, let alone singing on a platform," crushed the wife of a farmer who rented most acres in the Parish.

The Dressmaker drooped reproved and her eyes unaccountably watered, for in spite of being unassuming in manner and negatively dowered by Nature, the soul of the little needle-plyer had always longed to do something in public, and public to her only meant the sight of her name in print on the programme of a village concert. What if she were nearing the debateable ground of sixty, environed by her spare, preserved old-maidism? She had held with a tenacious grasp to lingering remnants of her youth; little vanities of twenty, which had been forgivable at thirty, had no reason for existence at fifty it seemed, and must be gathered up and put away out of sight with the lavender of memory, or if perchance ever taken out to look at, how contemptible they must appear in the strong light of middle age and common-sense. They should do so to herself, only she had been weak as a young thing, and it is hard when one is old and weak and nobody cares.

There was a glimmer of mistake here, for the Miller's Daughter, red of cheek and broad of shoulder as also of tongue, cared and was sorry for the "old body." She said pertly: "There's some of us hasn't got a voice this side of sixty and never will have. I'm turble sorry for 'em." She could say this, having such a great wholesome volume of sound welling up within her, that village churchgoers could

chronicle, and ill spare, her Sundays when she went visiting her "young man's people t'other side o' th' turn-pike." That she would sing at the concert, was a matter of course, for wilfully uncultured though her voice was, not a note rang false; only joy shone in her eyes as, without effort, she poured out her talent prodigally.

The Curate's brother sang likewise, and yet not *like*, nor altogether *wise*, for by comparison his voice was as the wind whispering through grasses by the marsh stream, so thin one could almost see it twine about the Adam's apple in his throat, trailing reedily from his stretched lips. He had once started intoning prayers at Morning Service, but the Perpetual Curate, who had been as a father to him from his youth up, continued the relationship.

The latter, after persuasion, agreed to read something from Dickens, and later promised irritably to his wife, that he would put a little spirit into it; "not as if you were reading an Ash Wednesday Service dear; Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller are so different from that," urged she, who wished him to shine, and strove ever to raise the bushel from his light. She herself offered to play a duet with a neighbouring parson's wife, one they had hammered out together as school-girls, a promise of better things to follow and therefore an excellent opener.

After the manner in which birds of a feather are said to seek their kind, in the Louise Cart'orse furnished drawing-room middle-aged bonnets gravitated towards the fireplace, for it was November and chilly, by reason of the dripping of rain and dropping of leaves; while the hats of their daughters clustered like a swarm of bees to the precincts of a bow-window. Little work was promised and less given, but they made a bid for origin-

ality, swerving from the conventional road-tracks of village custom. "If besides playing duets and singing and reading," said they, "two or three of us could act a small,—that is to say, quite a little play."

"Impossible," declared the wife of him who farmed most acres in the Parish, snapping her lips over teeth which did not admit of their being left long unguarded. "Impossible! It can't be done."

No greater incentive could the Village daughters have for persisting, and, mindful of past slights, the little Dressmaker lifted up her shabby, worn-out voice. "I'd make any dresses you required, at merely nominal prices, my dears," said she, "if I don't get any mourning orders between then and now."

"You wouldn't try anything very ambitious?" urged a lady whose daughters esteemed even Shakespeare lightly, and mangled his literary remains at birthday celebrations and Christmas festivities.

"Oh, quite a little simple play," she was soothingly assured by half a dozen, each with a conviction that she alone would prove a suitable heroine. Later it will be gathered that weeding again became necessary.

"Up at Roadsend Farm they could help," said a hitherto silent listener. "They give entertainments out in the oast to the farm-labourers. Even little Mick recites."

## II.

On a night of that week between Christmas and New Year, which is as an anteroom wherein we fold gently our memories of the Christ Child, even as we touch softly and without haste the left-off garments of dead little ones, looking up to nod a good-bye to the Old Year who is putting his house in order ere he turns his

face to the wall,—the Village gave its concert. For nine days the snow had fallen and all the fields were under a white wonder, and where the brown earth had been intersected by lines and wrinkles which men call roads and lanes, it was clothed in a seamless garment as of samite. On the tenth day snow ceased falling, and it was the day of the concert.

The Village collectively owned a big-bodied, lumbering chariot called a fly, with moth-eaten linings and musty smelling. Or rather they owned it theoretically, for when it came to hiring it out, and, as now, all the Village ordered it, the proprietor would start full early, make hay while the sun shone, and turn a deaf ear to those who got there too soon and to those who arrived too late. But having mercy on the springs of his carriage and the sinews of his beast, he objected to driving through snowdrifts and, fearing no rival but the Village omnibus, sent the butcher round on horseback with the curt notice that "his 'oss wouldn't be took out that hevenin fur nobody." Some wondered if a persuasive note would grease the wheels, but the butcher reported his friend as "pig-headed and not to be turned."

A characteristic of country folk is their objection to being outdone by circumstances,—which is pigheadedness also; so somehow and anyhow there were few who did not venture out that night. The Roadsenders stumbled in single file down a path dug out and piled high on either side, as stood the waters at the passing of the Israelites, to where a farm-waggon waited them, and with mighty creaks and rumblings the snow-clogged wheels turned slowly in the direction of the Village school-room.

Straw to the knees kept them warm, and a lantern threw patches of light on the snow. Gregory was footman

in the play which had refused to be suppressed; Letitia, with a voice wrapped carefully in shawls, was to sing, and little Micky, by way of practice, repeated the fate of Casabianca a great many times against his mother's shoulder.

Stray lanterns flitted past them up the Village street, and lights from upper windows threw shadows on the blinds. Gregory whooped shrilly when they passed the house where dwelt two maiden ladies, whose niece was Letitia's friend, and, in answer to Letitia's indignant prod, said: "Guessed she was at work with the curling tongs; made her jump, burnt her front hair off."

"I'll pay you out," said Letitia, who remembered no remotest period of her life when there had not been civil war (and not always civil) between her and Gregory.

Treading carefully in pattens down a brick path and under a yew arch, came Miss Job o' Mending, whose Christian name will need verifying what time there is recorded in the Annals of the Poor the day her last job o' mending was rolled up, for at all times she had some on hand.

"Do you never make?" one asked her. To which she answered: "Now and again, but not often. There's more than enough making goes on in the world, what with making trouble, making shift, making believe, and making a fuss, making mistakes or making new clothes, so I keep to mending." She was drawing on carefully now, for they had been mended so often, a pair of thread gloves, and it was said she took such sorts of sewing to the Curatage working parties. As the waggon jolted past her, she called cheerily: "Fine night for the concert my dears, I can only catch sight o' you young gents in the lantern light. How's Ma, and how's Pa?"

"Ma's here and Pa's got a cold,"

called out Dan, her favourite by reason of the practical jokes he had played on her, "Which," she argued, "shows the boy must ha' been thinking of me or he wouldn't ha' done 'em." "Have a ride in our carriage, Miss Job o' Mending?" he shouted; "there's room in the straw beside me."

Through the keen air they heard her answer: "No, no my dear and thanky kindly, but there's only a step twix' my house and school-house."

The omnibus lumbered up coincidentally with the waggon, and its horses were unharnessed under a walnut tree close to the school-door, for this chariot, not unlike a hearse in build, was later to do duty as a green-room for the hero, villain, and a footman in the play.

The school was filling fast in spite of the weather, and squeezed into a cupboardlike anteroom the lady performers left hats and cloaks.

A rickety table supported a small looking-glass, a comb, and a candlestick wherein a tallow dip guttered feebly. There was much pushing and scuffling, and remarks such as: "I do believe, Ma, my hair's coming down" (sympathy and hairpins from the mother). "And look, my fringe is all out of curl!" (elderly fingers imitate corkscrews and fight for possession of the looking-glass). "Fasten this hook for me and tell me if I shall do," imploringly from a third (fumbling in the twilight of one candle and efforts to get nearer to it). New arrivals heralded their coming by the knocking of snow-clogged boots against the door-sill, and told of difficulties surmounted on the way. How Jack, recently engaged to Jill, insisted on driving her in his dogcart which overturned and landed them in a ditch. Jill declared she liked it, for they were a couple so entirely and aggressively engaged, that a brother

had been heard to complain, "There was no chance of finding them disengaged till they got married."

At the further end of the school-room was the platform, carpeted with crimson cloth since the Squire's daughter married and they had spread it to the church for her white satin shoes to tread on. On it were the Perpetual Curate, his brother and both Churchwardens, trying to hang lamps where there were nails and where there were not.

"For all the world like hanging up saucepan lids in the dark," said an old woman in the sixpenny seats, whose fingers itched to set them right, having but scant respect for men's handiwork indoors. She had been heard to say, with no notion of irreverence: "The Lord knowed what He wur about when He set Adam to field work, for no doubt his fingers was too clumsy for house jobs."

Laughter and wit came alike from the sixpenny seats; those in the shilling and eightpenny rows sat with a judicial air and faintly clapped; those at the back of the room made up for it by stamping, shouting, and lustily taking up the choruses.

Steadily the room filled till some had to sit on the edge of the platform facing the audience, and the School-master beamed with the air of having given a party and called his neighbours in, for the walls, which mapped forth in square miles and seaboard the extent and glory of British Possessions, did but cover, as it were, those of his sitting-room. He scattered programmes and smiles, turning at times a menacing eyelash on the children, who applauded at his wink, holding "Muster Skoo'marster" greatly in awe. Later he thundered forth THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE with Balaklava-like effect, at the end not bothering to descend from the plat-

form, but waiting calmly till he should get his *encore* from an obedient dependency. Yet was this man an anomaly in the village, for there sat at home, scorning such frivolities as concerts, a diminutive dusty-haired woman, with a small peaked face and thin nose, who ruled the big man with a rod of iron. And not only was he hen-pecked past belief, but a family of small dusty-haired, peak-faced daughters held him chicken-pecked as well. Only a boy who happened midway between eight girls, red-faced as his father and soft of heart under a gruff voice, said once, deprecatingly: "S'pose you don't think, dad, you and me could hook it one day when they've got an extry big row on?" But they never did, and later Village records tell how the son married a woman as like his mother as two peas in a pod.

A trifle late, and sidling up the room under cover of a duet, with an effaced yet proud air, came Letitia's friend, the Companion. The concert was an event in her grey life; she had even bought a new frock for it, which was also grey, but only comparatively, and a joy to its wearer, who had such a love for pretty clothes and was an artist in the selection of them. She was chiefly acquainted with the society of the place through her Aunts' parlour window, beheld from the safe distance of a muslin short blind. Indeed she saw much of life over the top of a muslin short blind, and the seasons variously emblimed or caricatured by the ladies of the Village. She had once written a short article on Spring Fashions which found acceptance in a local paper, and was never sure if she were more glad or sorry that not a soul in the place guessed it was meant to be sarcastic. She sang small sad songs in a tear-flecked voice, which went to the heart of the Miller's Daughter, who loving all things great



or small, wanted often to catch up the little thing against her broad chest; but the Companion's manner, fringed and tasselled with an aloof pride, forbade all such advances, if indeed conscious of them.

She seldom spoke of how she looked after the Aunts, while the years made lines in her young face, thinking drearily of the probable life that lay before her. It was well enough for the rich unmarried woman; she had her home and folks came about her, and made much of her, and if at times she could see, beneath the attention and the fawning, eyes whose lids would not always shut over calculating plans, hands which, however controlled, would sometimes move with a certain grasping fingering of things not theirs, and if voices unconsciously dropped stage platitudes,—well, the rich spinster could shut her own eyes and stuff cotton-wool in her own ears,—that was her look-out. But the poor one; the lean hungry woman whose bony hands were red-knuckled through much work and scanty gloving; whose tired feet must always run on other folks' errands; whose interests must be made of others' interests because her shrivelled income will not allow her the luxury of having interests of her own; whose tired tuneless voice must read aloud the monotonous days through or recount the petty tittle-tattle of her surroundings! The Companion might have spared herself these sad musings, as we all might when the fit is on us. Years after, a lonely man who came suddenly and unaccustomedly into a portion of this world's goods, looked bewilderedly round, for he had only learned the earning and never the spending of money. He found the Companion, and, remembering past years, they together sowed with it the seeds of many fair flowers among the grey weeds of others' lives.

The Perpetual Curate, obedient to previous instructions, gave a solemn reading cheerfully.

Somebody from a neighbouring village played *LIEDER OHNE WORTE* in the way that rests tired people, feeling through the melodies and clinging round our memories.

Next the heart of the Mother from Roadsend, rose in her mouth and pride glistened in her eyes as they hoisted little Micky on to the platform, a tiny forlorn figure, his face aureoled with its sunshiny hair, turned piteously to "Muv-ducky," for so his baby lips always called her, wishing above everything he were tucked against her shawls, instead of so horribly alone with a sea of faces round him. But she who loved him best braced and held him with her shining eyes, as he told the story of *Casabianca*. To the end the baby voice sweetly told it, then kindly arms reached out and gave to the mother her own again.

The turn of the actors came at length. Bashful and red and tittering they marched the length of the room, for green-room and stage were as the poles asunder. The hero and villain were mild country specimens of their kind; the heroine, nervous and flurried, clutched her satin gown which was too long in front, with moist fingers, looked imploringly at the prompter and enviously at her maid, who being the *Miller's Daughter* and not acting at all, succeeded the best.

The audience was good-natured, criticising maybe, but more lavish of praise than blame; their feelings were not lacerated when the villain with a wobbly sword slew the hero in a not necessarily vulnerable spot, whereat the heroine swooned, and the footman, with the lady's maid's assistance, carried out the remains. Exit the Drama.

A Toy Symphony followed, for in the country we give you much for your money, and surely since Daniel's time

there was never so great a gathering of musical instruments. And the Village school-children, red-cheeked and white-pinafores, climbed on to the platform (I have called it stage when occasion required) to sing in shrill voices, *THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE*. It seemed as if each child's mother and each child's father sat listening, and they clapped while the little eager faces shone.

We rose as one man to sing *GOD SAVE THE QUEEN*, for it was near the close of the years when the Great Queen reigned in our midst and chiefly in our hearts.

Memory gets disjointed later. There was a jolting ride home with slow stumblings and many slippings in the deep snow, much chatter and gay laughter, the white ground underneath and the white stars overhead. A vision of Farmer Roadsend, long clay pipe in hand, standing in the fireshine of his doorway, with a steam as of hot elderberry wine mulling behind him, came to the Roadsenders, and lights from other homes showed eyelet-holes of welcome to returning inmates.

### III.

After the Village folks had gone, and a caretaker wandered about extinguishing lights, and the performers, cloaked and bonneted, had departed from the anteroom, comparative silence reigned, for feminine clamour had given place to men's voices, subdued and counting money. The Churchwardens and the Schoolmaster sat at the rickety table, and the Perpetual Curate looked on.

A confused mutter of three men figuring aloud could not total much more than £5, which is a long way from £25, though a step towards it; and they scratched their scantily

covered heads for ideas as to raising more.

Then one looked up and, standing in the doorway, a listless spectator, saw the Squire, who, since a multiplication of bereavements and money losses, had shut himself up in the Great House as though he were the last man left, yet, to the surprise of the few who noticed him, had been present at the concert. He came late, at the heels of the Companion, and sat down at the back of the room, next the blacksmith and his big family; to the blacksmith's wife he was all unconsciously a wonderful help in keeping the little ones quiet, for the mites fixed their solemn eyes on him and sucked sugar-sticks.

Rumours of the debt had reached him through that discreet filter and sole retainer, his butler, and so far as the Squire,—of whom long descent and rigid seclusion from his kind had robbed a certain vitality—could feel, he felt indignant at the conduct of the Grey Spinster's heir. Years ago he had been angry with the Grey Spinster herself, for her high-handed mode of dispensing charities to the folks who lived in his cottages; and though time had accustomed him to that, and moreover relieved him of much moral responsibility, he was not going to be beholden to her successor. The day before the concert, therefore, he ploughed his way round the snow-buried park, stumbled over broken-down fences which the snow hid, and came home to survey his wine-cellar, which resembled Mother Hubbard's cupboard what time her dog fell sick, for if bad years affected the farmers, they no less affected him.

It resulted in his writing a cheque, leaving the exact amount for the Perpetual Curate to fill in, and this he dangled handkerchief-fashion as he stood in the doorway. So long had he shunned his fellows that memory

hardly prompted him with what it was customary to say when they should meet. But these were simple, country-bred men, with whom deeds ever found favour rather than words; they pushed back their chairs and rose respectfully, as became them, in the presence of the man who was poor as they because he silently winked at arrears in rent-payments.

The Perpetual Curate met the offer of his hand as if it had been an everyday occurrence.

"Have you had a successful evening?" he asked them, stiffly as one turns a key to which disuse has rusted the lock.

"On the whole, yes," they answered.

"There's £5. 17. 8 in hand, and £19. 2. 4 still to look up, sir," said the Schoolmaster, carefully sorting the little lumps of money into silver and copper heaps.

The Squire pushed a limp, pink slip of paper towards the Perpetual

Curate. "Fill it up," said he; "I think you'll find it right. A fine evening, gentlemen, but more snow to come. Good-night."

The thin, stooping figure slipped out into the darkness again, as silently as it had come among them.

Next Sunday, after service, the lame man who earned his bread and cheese by playing the harmonium, struck up the National Anthem, and the people stood up, pleased in their pews, for the simple folks understood well enough that the lame man wanted to express their thanks, and it was not meet to lead them in *FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW*, in church and on the new harmonium. But at the next rent-dinner the farmers gave him that, and Kentish Fire besides, when, instead of sending his agent as heretofore, he sat down among them, silent and embarrassed as usual, but himself again.

## THE ENGLISHWOMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century has often been unduly disparaged, and it has also enjoyed a prestige which it does not deserve. It has been condemned for lacking qualities to which it could not, for its very virtues, pretend; and it has been invested by the novelist with a romance which it would not have envied, for the sake of the cocked hat, the lace ruffles, and the Chippendale furniture, which were its accidental appendages. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic, to a thoughtful observer, of those social and intellectual tendencies which we somewhat indiscriminately label *Eighteenth Century* is the contrast between the assiduous pursuit of culture and the coarseness and grossness into which even the most cultivated habitually slipped back. A super-sensitive nature like Pope's, fastidious by instinct, by habits, and by deliberate choice, was still capable of the obscenities of *THE DUNCIAD*. Was not the principal reason for this that the men had left woman behind when they set out on the pursuit of culture, that they carried it on in the coffee-house, and not in the *salon*? Swift says, speaking of an earlier period, "The methods then used for raising and cultivating conversations were altogether different from ours." The eighteenth century was a period of reaction from the apotheosis of woman which made her influence so charming and so remarkable an element in the thought and life, the literature and the art of the Renaissance.

The groups that gathered round Vittoria Colonna, the Duchess of

Urbino, or Marguerite of France, were only more brilliant and subtle exponents of the arts which were the guiding spirit of the Provençal Courts of Love, the arts which made conversation the principal charm of life in refining wit by sentiment and exhilarating sentiment by wit. Nothing of this kind was known in the eighteenth century. If some bold woman had ventured to set up a *salon*, where she would rally round herself all the wit that was not too coarse, all the learning that was not too pedantic, all the beauty that was not too animal, and would detain men by the attraction of discourses that were always and yet never the same, that were as subtle as they were not deep, as airy as they were earnest; if she had dared to seduce men by these means from the coarser and heavier wit, the more full-bodied intellectual diversions of the literary coffee-houses, she would have been laughed to scorn by the great ringing laugh of Fielding, her features would have been grossly distorted and caricatured by Smollet, her character would have been wounded by some poisoned arrow from the malice of Pope. Pope hated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, not so much because she boxed his ears and laughed at him when he made love to her, as because she was inclined to set up pretensions as a Queen of culture, and the crooked little Sultan could not bear a rival near the throne, even if that rival were a woman. I think the nearest approach we find to those women of the Renaissance is Addison's picture of the widow

who awed Sir Roger de Coverley by her learning, and conquered him by her charm, and by the subtle play of flattery and hope alternating with coldness contrived to keep him her humble slave for over a quarter of a century. Was not Addison drawing the portrait of his own widow,—the Countess of Warwick? She did not crack his brain by refusing to say whether she would have him or no; she spoiled his happiness by accepting him.

If women were not in power at this epoch, they were at any rate much in evidence. A proof of it is the large place that is claimed in the *TATLER* and *SPECTATOR* by women's fashions; perhaps a still clearer proof is the development of the novel in the hands of Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson. The novel is always a gauge, an evidence and an instrument of feminism. If the story-teller had always had mere men for his audience, there would have been no romance; nothing but the improving fable or the indelicate anecdote. The parable of Jotham to the men of Shechem presents a strong contrast to the human interest of the parables of the New Testament; it is because these last had women, too, for their listeners. The influence of the women of the Renaissance produced not only the *HEPTAMERON* of Marguerite but all its Italian congeners. The women of the eighteenth century are responsible for the existence of Fielding's and Richardson's novel; they are also responsible for its limitations.

It will give us a clearer insight into the whole moral and intellectual character of the period, if we enquire a little into the psychology of these women, in their various relations; these Sophia Westerns, Amelias, Clarissas, Emilias, that we know so much better than Lady Luxborough, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Delany, or even Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Thrale.

Every honest woman,—said some wiseacre of a moralist, and raised a responsive echo in every eighteenth century heart—must look forward to marriage as the chief end of her life. What was this aim, this ideal, that was to give meaning, if not joy, to life? Fielding has drawn for us a picture of an affectionate father. It is Squire Western, who loves his daughter better than anything else in the world except his horse, his dog, and his bottle. His sister tells him that Sophia is in love. "How! in love!" he cries in a passion. "In love without acquainting me! I'll turn her out of doors stark naked, without a farthing!" Again and again Fielding reminds us that Western was the most affectionate of fathers; but he spares Sophia no violence either of language or treatment.

Squire Western has nothing terrible about him; he is only the typical English squire, one of a class who may be said to have been the backbone of the nation. But every time that he mentions his dead wife, he raises in us an involuntary shudder. Richardson had been brought up in a different atmosphere; he was much nearer to the feminine standpoint. In *CLARISSA HARLOWE* Colonel Morden, who sides with the heroine against her family, yet writes to her urging a match which she detested; the more odious the partner, he argued, "the greater merit in complying with your parents' wishes that you should take him." It was necessary for the novelists that there should be some obstacle in the way of the hero's marrying the heroine, and that obstacle would naturally be the objections of the heroine's guardians. In this way the novelists appear, through the exigencies of their art, on the side of free choice; but in actual practice I imagine Fielding and

Richardson and Smollett would have insisted as strongly on the parents' or guardians' right to impose the man of their selection, as did Squire Western, or Matthew Bramble, or Mr. Harlowe. In their novels, even, they effect a solution of the difficulty by some unexpected circumstances which mollify the parents. Mr. Allworthy decides to make Tom Jones his heir, and Squire Western becomes as eager for the match as he had been bitter against it. Matthew Bramble is decided to approve his niece's choice by the discovery that Wilson is the son of his old friend, a gentleman of property. The only exceptions are where, as in RODERICK RANDOM, the guardian who asserts his authority has no moral claim,—under the will of Narcissa's father, her brother, Orson Topehall, has no right to dictate to his sister; or where the parent's consent, once given, is unjustly revoked. That is the case of Mrs. Harris in AMELIA. There is no instance, in these novelists, of a couple taking stand on individual liberty and being happily married in the teeth of their guardians' opposition.

CLARISSA HARLOWE alone challenges the justice of the prescription which puts the child's happiness in the parents' hands. That famous book, with all its admirable qualities, is especially remarkable for this, that it is the first declaration of woman's independence in the eighteenth century. It is the first case of a woman's deliberate arrogation to herself of the privileges of personality. Clarissa Harlowe refuses, whatever the cost, to let her destiny be over-ruled by others. She will not marry a man whom she despises, because her people approve of his settlements; she will not even marry the man whom she loves, if she feels herself under compulsion by circumstances that make

it expedient. Still less will she marry the man when he has cruelly injured her. She is a martyr for the privilege of unfettered choice, of inalienable personality. But these other heroines, these who do not rebel, these who plead against parental authority, not as a matter of right but of compassion,—what is the chance of happiness which they pray so pitifully to be allowed to snatch? A few flattering words, a shallow promise of amendment, and Sophia gives herself to Jones when he has lost all claim to her respect.

It should be noted that to the man of the eighteenth century the interesting age is an age of immaturity. Sweet seventeen is the climacteric of the time; fourteen or fifteen is the age of romance. Lady Mary Wortley Montague expresses her astonishment that in Vienna a woman of twenty-five should be thought still to have charms; with that age she herself associates "wrinkles, a stoop in the shoulders, and grey hairs." Perhaps women grew old early in England. Diane de Poitiers was supposed to have preserved intact her marvellous beauty by the assiduous use of cold water,—an unusual remedy! It was particularly unusual in England. Lord Chesterfield recommends an excellent cosmetic unknown to all the ladies of his acquaintance:

Take of fair clear water *quantum sufficit*; put it into a clean earthen or china basin; then take a clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener as occasion may require.

The notion of every Englishman of the eighteenth century was: "Catch your wife as she comes straight from the nursery, before she has discernment to discover all the faults of your character, and if she should have the intuition to guess them, dazzle her

parents with the temptation of handsome settlements, and overwhelm her resistance with the parental thunders."

The worst of it was that, after marriage, there was nothing more to be looked for. The women of the Renaissance also had come to regard marriage as something that they could not choose, something thrust upon them by imperious necessity, the necessity of a violent age, in which man was perforce the aggressor or defender, and woman the helpless prey. But they had the consolations of platonic friendship, of intellectual sympathies and interests outside. Thus marriage came to be regarded as a material partnership, a co-operation for certain prosaic ends of protection and worldly advancement; something uninteresting, purely compulsory, but honest and sound. To the women of the eighteenth century, as a rule, any of these intellectual interests and sympathies were denied. Marriage was compulsory and prosaic; all it could offer was a certain amount of external freedom, and sometimes a great deal of material luxury and wealth; but there was nothing better, nothing beyond. It was not surprising that most of these raw inexperienced girls made an extravagant use of the liberty which marriage gave, and were over-eager to get at least the satisfaction of luxury from it. It was not surprising that many a young girl, who, like Lady Teazle, had been accustomed till lately to ride to the market-town (the only town of her knowledge) on a pillion behind the coachman, when she found herself sold to some doting old man, should be passionate in exacting the price; should be insatiably greedy of fashionable pleasures, masquerades, ridottos, routs, dinners, and the card-table. Their ignorance had fired their imagination, secluded

as they had been in gloomy old manor-houses, surrounded only by country bumpkins, by seasoned old fox-hunters, who could not remember having gone to bed sober in their lives, and by old women whose minds had room for no other thoughts than the making of preserves, tansy pudding, and cordial of clo' gillie-flower. The ignorance of these young girls brought up in this stupid seclusion, fired their imagination with the passion of the court and the town. And when they had worn off the first lustre, there was nothing else to which they could turn to give their lives a new object; they could only quicken the pace, and leave themselves no leisure for reflection, in the bustle of strenuous idleness. They had no other resources, these uneducated, unformed girls, snapped up as they stepped out of the nursery by husbands who were amateurs of ignorance. How would Sophia employ her time when she was Mrs. Jones? With her household, her children, and her poultry, says Fielding. That is Fielding's ideal of wifely virtue; the old Roman one, "*Domum servavit, lanam fecit* (she stopped at home and spun)." Will Sophia develope into an Amelia, whose great delight was to prepare for Captain Booth his favourite supper, a fowl and egg-sauce, and mutton-broth? That is the wife of Fielding's imagination. No wonder Fielding married his housemaid. But I think he is mistaken in his Sophia. She has a spirit of her own, that girl. How she attacked Honour, her woman, who had informed her of one of Jones's innumerable deviations from the rule of right, so often and powerfully expounded to him by his tutor Square! She retorted that Mistress Honour was jealous of the person that Jones had favoured with his attentions, and she did it in so pungent an insinuation that it cannot be quoted here.

No; however submissive Sophia might be to the father who was always ready to "lend her a flick," as he phrased it, if she contradicted him, or to turn her adrift in her smock if she thwarted him, she would know how to take a different course with Jones. The happy pair, I believe, very soon set up a coach and a large retinue of servants, and entertained all the gentry of the county. Presently that same coach, with six horses and outriders, carried them up to town, and they hired apartments near St. James's. Sophia soon learned the charms of the opera; she learned to despise the unfashionable Handel, whose music she always wanted to be playing when her father asked for OLD SIR SIMON THE KING; she became a notable hand at codille. There are few who will not think it sheer blasphemy if I suggest that we may derive some notion of Sophia, married and settled in town, from Lady Booby, the lady of fashion so smitten with the masculine beauty of Joseph Andrews.

"What a dreary old age you are laying up for yourself," was once the warning addressed to those who confessed to not having learned whist. Cards were the panacea of every affliction in the eighteenth century. They were not only the consolation of old age; they were the substitute for love, for conversation, for intellectual pursuits. Some one writing in praise of cards (I think it is Lord Chesterfield) says:

Scandal was never heard at a card-table. We need never go to church to ridicule the parsons, or stay at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuit of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is PLAY.

The women of the Renaissance

avoided cards because at cards men and women were put on the same level; the usual courtesies and respect which woman claims are apt to be forgotten in the sport which women share with men. But above all they disliked cards because cards destroyed conversation. In the eighteenth century in England women did not know what conversation was. We may take the testimony of Swift, for Swift was the friend of a woman who was fitted, if any woman ever was, to reign in more favourable circumstances as an intellectual queen; there were no other women like Stella. In a letter of advice to a very young lady on her marriage, he writes:

It has sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate clique entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the playhouse.

Swift by no means approved of the exclusion of women from a share in men's society, low as was his opinion of the capacity of the women of his day. To this exclusion he attributes the great degeneracy of conversation.

I take the highest period of politeness in England to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the First's reign, and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversations were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons



of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature.

Swift recommends his young lady to remedy her deficiencies by keeping the company of men, rather than of women. "To say the truth," he exclaims, "I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of the society of her own sex." He recommends also a course of study; she must get a collection of histories and travels. She must not forget that, with all her brains, she can never arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy. The Queen Anne's men and the Georgians bore very hard on the learning of women, perhaps because most of them felt that their own was not very strong. Here is Smollett's savage picture of a learned lady:

She sat in her study, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high stool at some distance from her seat; her sandy locks hung down, in a disorder I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of its cap, for the benefit of scratching, with one hand, while she held the stump of a pen in the other. Her forehead was high and wrinkled; her eyes were large, grey and prominent; her nose was long, sharp and aquiline; her mouth of vast capacity; her visage meagre and freckled, and her chin peaked like a shoemaker's paring-knife; her upper lip retained a large quantity of plain Spanish snuff, which, by continual falling had embroidered her neck, not naturally very white, and the breast of her gown, that flowed about her with a negligence truly poetic, discovering linen that was very fine, and to all appearance never washed but in Castalian streams. Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, telescopes and

other learned apparatus. Her snuff-box stood at her right hand. . . . She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think fit to disturb her; so that we waited some minutes unobserved, during which time she bit her quill several times, altered her position, made many wry faces, and at length with an air of triumph repeated aloud:

"Nor dare the immortal gods my rage oppose."

Sophia Western, having an aunt of very wide reading, with a weakness for politics, had received an extensive education, which, Fielding takes care to assure us, had not spoiled her charm. Her aunt had read Rapin's HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Echard's ROMAN HISTORY, a great many French memoirs, and all the political pamphlets of twenty years past. There is a learned Mrs. Bennett, the widow of a clergyman, who is contrasted, much to her disadvantage, with Amelia. Amelia's reading had been restricted to English plays and poetry, the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and the histories of the excellent Dr. Burnet. But Amelia reads no longer; her cares, her hopes are all centred about—roast fowls and egg-sauce. Amelia is perfection. Mrs. Bennett, on the other hand, quotes Virgil most unseasonably. Mrs. Bennett's reputation has not escaped scandal, though that was not her fault; but, insinuates Fielding, she is addicted to the use of drams and cordials. Tippling and scholarship, they naturally go together,—especially in a woman! Besides, when Dr. Harrison quotes Homer, and asks if she follows, she confesses "she has not a Greek ear," but would understand if she saw the passage in the Delphin Homer,—which, by the way, had a Latin paraphrase alongside.

That is like poor Lady Luxborough, who thought she would distinguish

herself from her frivolous contemporaries. She tried, in a mild way, to keep up a literary correspondence with Shenstone, and other little poetical lights. She writes to Shenstone that she has been searching Francis's Horace for a motto to put on Somerville's tomb: "And Mr. John Reynolds, happening to come in, looked it over with me, and we both hit upon a short one." Now Dr. Francis's Horace has an English verse translation on alternate pages; but, for all that, it was fortunate Mr. John Reynolds happened to come in then with his assistance.

Such was the romance, the intellectual power, the conversational charm, the training and culture of the woman of the eighteenth century. And here is the ideal woman by the greatest poet of the century:

Blest with temper, whose un-  
clouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-  
day;  
She who can love a sister's charms, or  
hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded  
ear;  
She who ne'er answers till a husband  
cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she  
rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting  
sways,  
Yet has her humour most, when she  
obeys;  
Lets fops or fortune fly which way they  
will,  
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;  
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above  
them all,  
And mistress of herself, though China  
fall.

That is the true greatness of woman,—not to be jealous of her sister or her daughter; to dissimulate her governance of her husband; not

to lose her temper when a favourite jar is broken!

If we ask ourselves what made such a reaction from the high qualities and influence of the women Platonists of the Renaissance, we naturally refer, first of all, to the fatal effects of furious religious and political strife. The Court had come back, at the Restoration, on the crest of a wave of wild dissipation unqualified by any intellectual refinement. Something may be attributed to the character of the Sovereigns. The first two Georges—what an influence they must have exerted, through their Court, on the country! Queen Anne may have helped the position. When a woman is on the throne, women may be expected to reign in society. But what a woman this monarch was! Fattest and most stupid of her sex, it was whispered that she put away two or three bottles of port daily.

It may seem futile to trace so precisely the psychology of woman in a century when her culture and her influence were at so low an ebb. But the eighteenth century has left its mark on the English race, and has its analogues in society to-day. Its materialism is by no means alien to the tone of society at the present day, and the supremacy of codille is mirrored in the all-powerful fascination of bridge. And the eighteenth century gave that bias to social interests by which woman, when she claimed the dormant right of personality, determined to assert it, not in the *salon*, but at the public meeting or in the committee-room. The feminism of to-day, whatever we may think of it, is in the direct line from the woman of the eighteenth century.

J. A. NICKLIN.

## A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

THERE is undoubtedly a good deal of dissatisfaction abroad at the present time about the methods and results of secondary education. Many parents are found to take a strongly utilitarian line of comment, and to say that a boy who has been through a public school and a university is, as a rule, entirely unequipped to fight the battle of life. Boys themselves, in so far as they have any thoughts on the matter at all, seem inclined to take the same view. They tend to complain that they have no practical outfit for life, and at the same time they are not conscious of having any particular intellectual interests; or if they have intellectual interests, they are inclined to maintain that they have arrived at them in spite of, and not through, their education. Meanwhile schoolmasters, as a rule, tend to take a strongly anti-utilitarian view; as a prominent educator said to me the other day: "We are not so much fighting for the classics as against short-hand!"

On the other hand, the public schools certainly enjoy a considerable popularity, in spite of the criticisms so freely made upon them, even in spite of the grumbling of parents; lists are full to overflowing; and very few fathers, in spite of their animadversions, show any signs of preferring that their boys should be privately educated. Everyone seems to be agreed that the public-school type is a wholesome and manly, though not an intellectual, type, and that, though it is generally necessary, at the end of an elaborate education, to provide boys with a special preparation

for some practical line of life, they tend as a rule to do well in the world.

Moreover it is clear that the dissatisfaction which appears to be felt with the type of classical education prevailing at most public schools is not by any means universal. A strong attempt was lately made at Cambridge to displace compulsory Greek from the curriculum; the idea was, no doubt, to attempt to modernise education in a practical form, and to simplify the congested curriculum of the schools. But this proposal was rejected by a large majority; the voters being members of the University drawn from all classes of the community, and presumably, in many cases, parents who undoubtedly believed that the best interests of education were hereby endangered.

The object of this paper will be to discuss the merits and demerits of the classical system from the point of view of one who for nearly twenty years held a classical mastership at a leading public school, and to indicate improvements that may seem desirable or possible.

The defenders of the classical system have two main points upon which they rest their case. They maintain that, in the first place, classics provide the best gymnastic for the mind, and cultivate lucidity of thought and intellectual vigour. They say, in the second place, that the classics introduce boys to the best and most permanent literatures in the world, and are thereby the best vehicles for communicating

literary taste, intellectual interest, and liberality of mind.

To take these points in order, it may, I think, be fairly maintained that for boys of definite linguistic ability the classics are an excellent vehicle of instruction. Greek and Latin are languages which provide an excellent contrast. Greek is perhaps the most elastic medium for the expression of thought that exists. Its grammatical rules are simple, and at the same time it lends itself with wonderful facility to the unconstrained expression of complicated thought. Latin on the other hand is the severest and most logical of languages; its rules are complicated, but it is absolutely exact. Its structure is firm, rational, and invariable. We have then, it may be conceded, two admirable educational vehicles ready to our hand in these ancient languages.

To take the second point, the value of the literatures of Latin and Greek: there is no sort of doubt that anyone who has a mastery of Greek literature has a mind capable of entering into the subtlest literary effects. To name but a few Greek authors, we have in Homer the perfection of transparent simplicity, in Plato the most delicate charm. Sophocles is a master of statuesque purity, Æschylus of sublimity; Aristophanes shows a combination of almost unequalled humour with flashes of high poetical conception; Thucydides is pre-eminent for terse and graphic description; Xenophon a model of narrative interest, while the Greek Anthology contains some of the most exquisite poetry that has ever been produced.

To turn to Latin, we have in Virgil a treasure of the purest romantic poetry, in Horace a finished crispness of expression, in Livy an abundance of felicitous, romantic prose, in Cicero an easy elegance, in Tacitus a bril-

liant display of antithetical and epigrammatic style. There is of course no comparison possible between Latin and Greek literature; but the fact that Latin is interwoven with the very fibre of our own and kindred tongues, constitutes a solid reason for making it a subject of study.

Thus we have a strong *prima facie* case for continuing to use these languages for educational purposes; and there is, moreover, a not inconsiderable practical reason as well, namely, that the apparatus both of books, and of classically trained teachers, is elaborate and complete.

At the same time it is certain that, for some reason or other,—a point which shall be discussed later—the net result of the teaching of these languages is very small. Boys of ability, or rather of definite linguistic and literary ability, do certainly profit by their classical education, and are turned out both capable and intellectually interested. But this is a small percentage, and may be said to be fairly represented by those who take classical honour degrees at the universities.

The case is far different with the average boy. He leaves the university with no real proficiency in either Latin or Greek; he cannot as a rule make out the sense of a simple passage in either language; he cannot write the simplest Latin or Greek prose without a great crop of mistakes. A boy who has given, say, twelve years mainly to the study of two languages, ought surely to be able to use them with moderate facility; but it cannot be pretended that he has as a rule any mastery of either.

Then, as to literary appreciation, I can only say that my experience is that the average boy has no conception, when dealing with Greek and Latin, that he is in the presence of literature at all; he cannot discri-

minate style, he cannot relish the simplest literary effects. The veil of the unfamiliar languages hangs heavily between him and the thought.

Now the essence of a training in the language and literature of a nation is to give a sense of intellectual perspective; the insight which is given into the occupations, the habits of thought, the point of view of other nations, saves us from being narrow-minded, limited, and provincial in view. But I never had any evidence that the average boy entered in the least degree into the Greek or Latin spirit. He had never reached that stage. He was kept kicking his heels in the ante-room of language. The short lessons, —twenty or thirty lines of Latin or Greek—the necessity of committing to memory abstruse grammatical forms, the composing of prose and verse in an unfamiliar medium; these things, however valuable in themselves, effectually prevented any mastery or breadth of view.

Then, too, the steady tendency to introduce modern subjects into the school curriculum has thrust the classics into a corner,—a large corner it is true, but still a corner. When a boy has to learn divinity, modern history, geography, French, science, arithmetic, Euclid, and algebra, as well as classics, it cannot be pretended that classics have a fair chance. And yet the proportion of time allotted to classics makes it impossible for any real progress to be made in these modern subjects.

It is clear then that some simplification must be attempted. The bag is packed fuller than it can hold. If it is determined to make classics the chief vehicle of education, then classics must be given a fair field; modern subjects must be resolutely excluded. History and

geography must be kept severely classical; science and mathematics must be sternly curtailed.

Moreover, in the case of boys of average ability, who are to learn the classics thoroughly, a different method of teaching must be pursued. Composition must be largely dropped, retaining only Latin prose, as a training in logical expression and precision. Pure grammar must be to a great extent given up; the long lists of anomalous forms, of rare occurrence, must be set aside. Certain lessons must still be learnt in minute detail, with careful attention to structure and syntax; but books must also be read in large masses, and a vocabulary acquired; and boys must, at all costs, obtain an insight into the logical order of Greek and Latin thought, so that the arrangement of sentences shall no longer be a barrier to the comprehension of them. A boy thus educated might hope to have at least a certain mastery of the classics; he would be able to read them without the assistance of a crib; he would have some knowledge of ancient conditions and modes of thought. He would at least feel that he knew two subjects well, instead of a great number of subjects in a slipshod manner.

But the question is, is the above programme a practical one? and I would unhesitatingly reply that it is not. Upon no theory of education, except one of remote ideality, can it be maintained that, at this juncture of the world's history, it is right to keep boys in entire ignorance of modern conditions. In this age of universal expansion, to leave boys unacquainted with the movement of modern history, with the geographical conditions of the world, with the tremendous discoveries of science, with modern literature, with modern thought, is

little short of grotesque. It must be kept in mind that the majority of the boys who go to public schools will have very little time in after life for completing their education. No doubt all or most of these modern subjects are accessible to people of leisure and of real intellectual eagerness. But it cannot be contended that most boys, after leaving school, will have the opportunity of pursuing the study of modern history, the ramifications of science, the sociological or economical questions which concern the race, the treasures of literature that exist in our own language, to say nothing of other modern languages.

I was myself at school in days when education was even more severely classical than it is at present. When I completed my technical education at the age of twenty-two I was a moderate classical scholar, and I can only say that it gradually dawned on me, with a species of dismay, how entirely uneducated I was. The whole range of modern interests was, so far as my education had gone, a sealed book to me; and I cannot honestly say that I think that this ignorance was compensated for by a shallow knowledge of the conditions of Greek and Roman life, and a certain literary facility in the use of classical languages.

My own belief is that education needs reorganising on much simpler lines. Up till the age of fourteen I should like to see boys educated on purely modern subjects, French, history, science, biblical knowledge, arithmetic. After that date I should like to see a considerable measure of specialisation introduced. It would by that time be possible to see where a boy's aptitude lay. Boys of real linguistic and literary ability could then proceed on classical lines, or

study modern literature scientifically; boys with an interest in subject-matter, as apart from language, would take up history; boys with scientific or mathematical tastes would proceed to study science or mathematics; and boys who had no special aptitude would continue the simple course which they had begun.

But only a certain degree of specialisation would be permitted; and I would take care that a good general education should be at the same time attempted, so that no one should be ignorant of modern conditions or of the vast extension of knowledge and discovery that is taking place.

The obvious advantage of this type of education would be that boys might at least hope to be interested in the subjects they were doing. My own experience indeed convinces me that classics are a subject that do not make at all a general appeal; and that there are even boys of linguistic and literary gifts, who are capable of appreciating literary effects in their own language, and even in contemporary modern languages, who are not capable of appreciating classical effects. It might be that a change of methods might produce an effect, but though I think that the circle of those to whom the classics might appeal would probably be widened, yet I do not believe that it would be more than slightly widened.

But in any case the need for experiment is absolutely imperative. There is no doubt that the present system of classical education produces a large number of boys who are types of intellectual debility, and who are moreover cynical about all intellectual things. It is not just to assume that this would be the same whatever might be taught them, until the experiment of greater elasticity has been tried and failed.

An argument that is frequently urged by schoolmasters against the introduction of English as a school subject is really the strongest condemnation of the existing system and its methods that it is possible to frame. They say, in so many words, that it would be unwise to teach boys English in school because it would spoil their enjoyment of it; and yet this is urged by the same men who urge the retention of the classics because the classical literature is of so august a type. If English would be spoiled by educational processes, then surely it is a conclusive argument against what is practically poisoning the source of intellectual enjoyment. If our educational methods would ruin the boys' enjoyment in the masterpieces of English literature, it may be urged that it is still more unfair to submit to the same process the most magnificent products of the human mind.

It is true that schoolmasters cannot be the first to move in the matter. The movement must originate from the universities. So long as classics are compulsory there, so long must the studies of boys intended for the universities be principally directed to classical subjects. But I have never heard the most ardent defender of compulsory Greek defend the pass examinations of the universities. It is admitted that the standard is deplorably low, and that these examinations are models of slipshod and desultory processes. But if the universities could introduce a greater elasticity, a greater choice of subjects, they could also demand a higher standard.

One of the causes of the present discontent is that the direction of education tends to fall into the hands of men of high intellectual ability, men who are by the nature of their own intellectual equipment almost in-

capable of sympathising with the difficulties of the immature and average mind. Men whose mental grasp is sure, and whose memory is exact, seem often to have no conception of the mental confusion which results from the attempt to teach boys of limited mental range two hard and unfamiliar languages simultaneously.

The perception of this came to me in my professional days, when I had to teach classics to a division of willing, industrious, but unintelligent boys. I found that it was possible, in teaching Latin prose, for instance, to get a grammatical rule, such as the rule of sequence, into their heads; and after we had done a number of examples, they could reproduce the rule with fair fidelity. But when a day or two later we came to deal with Greek prose, they applied, with pathetic zeal, the rules of Latin usage which they had learnt a day or two earlier. The difference of usage was then carefully expounded to them; and by the end of the hour they had to a certain extent mastered the Greek constructions. The following week, when we came to our Latin prose again, the Greek usage was diligently applied; this again was exorcised; but the same melancholy process used to repeat itself week after week, until I realised that the minds with which I was dealing were literally incapable of distinguishing with any exactness between two sets of usages which were in a sense so similar, but yet so essentially different.

And lastly I would say that though I do not at all desire that education should become a purely utilitarian thing, it has a utilitarian side which we dare not neglect. It is absolutely necessary that parents and boys alike should have an active faith in the usefulness of the education communicated to them. It ought not to be necessary to attempt

to prove by argument and demonstration that boys, at the end of an elaborate system of education, are equipped with mental vigour and practical capacity. Any education which does not produce this result is self-condemned; and it must be admitted, however unwillingly, that the education of public schools does not at the present time tend to develop these qualities in the majority of boys. The reason largely is that very few boys or parents,—and indeed by no means all schoolmasters—have any real belief that the subjects taught, or the methods employed, are likely to produce such intellectual fruit. It is essential, then, that before everything confidence must be restored. Boys and parents must be persuaded to believe in the usefulness of education. It rests with the schoolmasters to see that education does not degenerate into a purely utilitarian thing.

As for the general retention of the classics, though I recognise with all my heart the magnificence, the perfection of the ancient literatures, I cannot subscribe to the opinion that modern subjects, history, geography, science and modern literature have no

possibilities of intellectual stimulus in them.

The Greeks themselves drew no cultivation from any sources exterior or anterior to their own national life; and yet we see developed in them the very intellectual spirit that we so earnestly desire to produce.

And finally, whatever system we adopt, I would plead that it must be adopted whole-heartedly and in its entirety. If the collective wisdom of the nation dictates that the staple of education should be classical, then let it be really and truly classical. What we are at present suffering from is an attempt to compress into a few brief years of boyhood a confused and desultory mixture of two or three systems; I for one should deplore it with all my heart if the reactionary spirit prevailed. I feel with an intensity, which I am hardly capable of expressing, the absolute necessity of putting boys in touch with the thought of our own wonderful age; but if that is impossible, if we must continue to educate upon traditional lines and upon remote literatures, then at all events let us see that they have their perfect work.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.



## THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

## VI.—CONDORCET.

VOLTAIRE was the son of a lawyer, and Diderot the son of a cutler; D'Alembert was a no-man's child, educated in a tradesman's family; Grimm and Galiani were foreigners in the country to which they gave their talents. Of all Voltaire's Fellow-workers Condorcet alone came from the order their work was pledged, not to benefit but, to destroy. He lived to see the fatal and tremendous consequences of his principles, and was true to them in prison and in death. The Aristocrat who lost his life through the People to whom he had devoted it,—this was Marie Nicolas Caritat, Marquis de Condorcet.

Born in 1743 at Ribemont, a town in Picardy, Condorcet belonged to a noble family highly connected both with the Church and the Army. His father was a captain of cavalry and designed his son for the same aristocratic post. But he died when the child was four; and a devout mother vowed him to the Virgin and dressed him in white frocks like a little girl, so that the luckless Caritat could neither run nor jump as nature bade him, and owed to his mother's piety a weakness in his limbs from which he never recovered.

His first schoolmasters were the Jesuits. What is one to make of the fact that they had as virgin soil the intellects of at least four of their mightiest and fiercest opponents,—Voltaire, Diderot, Turgot, and Condorcet?

At eleven Caritat was under their

supervision, with his home influence pressing him to their way of thought, with an uncle a bishop, and Cardinal de Bernis a relative. At thirteen he was sent to Rheims, to be more completely under their control. At fifteen he came up to Paris, and began at the College of Navarre to study mathematics and to think for himself; and when once a mind has begun to do that, nothing can stop it. His treatment of a particularly difficult theme brought him the acquaintance of d'Alembert, who first saw in the boy, who was to be to him as a son, a kindred genius, a future colleague at the Academy. Caritat was only seventeen when he introduced himself to his other great friend, Turgot, writing him a letter on justice and virtue which already proclaimed this college student a thinker of a high order. An essay on Integral Calculus, which he presented at the Academy of Sciences when he was twenty-two, attracted to him the flattering notice of the famous mathematician Lagrange. There was in it not only the ardour of youth and a buoyant fecundity of idea, but a profundity of learning not at all youthful.

Caritat was now no longer a student, but still lodging in Paris. In 1769 when he was twenty-six he entered the French Academy of Sciences in opposition to the wishes of all his relatives who never pardoned him, he said, for not becoming a captain of cavalry.

The man who ought, by the solemn

unwritten laws of the family compact, to have been a soldier, was soon acknowledged as one of the finest original thinkers of his age, the friend of d'Alembert and of Voltaire, and something yet greater than a thinker, —greater than any great man's friend —a practical reformer and a generous lover of human kind.

The character of Condorcet,—he who with Turgot has been said to have been the highest intellectual and moral personality of his century—has in it much not only infinitely good, but also infinitely attractive. Perfectly simple and modest, somewhat shy in the social world which he himself defined as “dissipation without pleasure, vanity without motive, and idleness without rest,” among his intimates no one could have been more gay, witty, and natural. If his acquaintance found him cold, his friends knew well what a tender and generous soul shone in the thoughtful eyes. If he listened to a tale of sorrow coldly and critically almost, while others were commiserating the unfortunate, Condorcet was remedying the misfortune. Though he never could profess affection, he knew better than any man how to prove it; and if all his principles were stern, all his deeds were gentle. So quiet in his tastes that he had no use for riches, wholly without the arrogance and the blindness which distinguished his class, he had its every merit and not one of its faults; and he well deserved the title Voltaire gave him,—“The man of the old chivalry and the old virtue.”

In 1770, when he was twenty-seven, he went with d'Alembert to stay at Ferney. Voltaire was delighted with him. Here was a man after his own heart, with the same hatred for oppression and fanaticism and the same zeal for humanity as himself, and with better chances of

serving it. The Patriarch did not add, as he might have added, that this young Condorcet had a thousand virtues a Voltaire could never compass,—that he was pure in life and hated a lie, that he was wholly without jealousy, without vanity, and without meanness. As for Caritat, he worshipped at the feet of a master of whom his friendship with d'Alembert had already proclaimed him a pupil. What nights and days the three had together! Voltaire enlisted the quiet, practical help of Condorcet for the rehabilitation of Chevalier de la Barre, for the revision of the process of d'Etallonde; and honoured his guest by becoming his editor and helper in the Critical Commentary on Pascal which Condorcet produced later. Because his humility was the humility of a just mind and his modesty of the kind that scorns to cringe, Condorcet's admiration for his host did not blind him to his literary faults or make him meanly spare them; and while it was Condorcet who spoke in warm eulogy of his “dear and illustrious master” as working not for his glory but for his cause, it was also Condorcet who deprecated that production of Voltaire's senility, *IRÈNE*. Sometimes the three friends would talk over the future of France,—the two older men who had done much to mould that future and the young man who had much to do. “You will see great days,” wrote old Voltaire afterwards to his guest; “you will make them.”

The visit lasted a fortnight, and was a liberal education indeed. Two years later Condorcet received the crown of his success as a mathematician and was made Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, where he wrote *eloges* of the savants who had belonged to it, with the noble motto for ever in his mind, “One owes to the dead only what

is useful to the living,—justice and truth.”

So far, Condorcet had been a mathematician alone. Such knowledge freed and redeemed the world,—in time, but the time was long. Beneath that quiet exterior, palpitating through his leisurely exact studies at the College of Navarre and the Academy, there throbbed in this man's breast a vaster and fiercer passion than any passion for knowledge,—the passion for human kind. Where did young Condorcet come by that ruling idea of his that opened to him a field of labour which he must till all his days, unremittingly, before the night cometh when no man can work—that idea which should steel him to endure, exulting, the cruellest torments of life and death,—“the infinite perfectibility of human nature, the infinite augmentation of human happiness”?

The friend of d'Alembert was Condorcet the geometrician; the friend of Turgot was Condorcet the reformer.

In August, 1774, Turgot was made Controller-General. He appointed Condorcet his Inspector of Coinage at a salary of £240 a year, which Condorcet never accepted. The pair had work to do, which only they could do, and do together. The vexed subject of Trade in Grain,—“for a moment,” says Robinet, “the whole question of the Revolution lay in this question of Grain”—incited them to fierce battle for what they took to be the cause of freedom against the cause of that well-meaning commonplace, Necker the Genevan banker. Condorcet attacked Necker with a rare, fierce malignity, and wrote two stinging pamphlets on the subject which made him many enemies. But there were other reforms waiting the doing, less in importance then and greater in importance now. To curtail the advantages of the privileged classes, to

open for commerce the rivers of central France, to abolish the slave-trade, and to make the nobility share in the taxation,—these were the tasks into which this noble put his life and his soul. That every reform meant loss to himself, that all his interests were vested in the privileges he sought to destroy, that every human tie drew him towards the old order, makes his work for the new nobler than that of his fellow-workers. They had nothing to gain; Condorcet had everything to lose.

In May, 1776, the Queen demanded that Turgot should be dismissed from office and sent to the Bastille; and, in part, she had her way, for her own ruin and that of France. Condorcet renounced his Inspectorship of Coinage; he would not serve under another master. Turgot's death in 1781 was the first great sorrow of his life. His other friend, d'Alembert, won for him a seat in the Academy in 1782; and in the next year he too died. Condorcet was always with him, with that quiet and generous devotion which says nothing and does much. D'Alembert left to him the task of providing annuities for two old servants, and Condorcet accepted the obligation as a privilege, and fulfilled it scrupulously in his own poverty and ruin. He was now not a little lonely. His relatives still resented his choice of a profession; his best friends were dead; the great master of their party had preceded them. From social duties *Caritat* had long ago freed himself. He was three and forty years old, occupied in writing that *Life of Turgot* which is a declaration of his own principles and policy, in contributing to the *Encyclopædia*, and deeply absorbed in public labours, when he first met *Mademoiselle Sophie de Grouchy*.

If the supreme blessing of life be a happy marriage, then Condorcet was a

fortunate man indeed. Mademoiselle was full twenty years younger than himself, very girlish in face and figure, with a bright cultivated mind, and a rare capacity for love and tenderness. He found in her what is uncommon even in happy marriages perhaps,—his wife was also his friend. From the first she shared his work and his love for his fellow-men, approved of his sacrifices, and was true not only to him, but also to his example of unselfish courage and unflinching devotion, to the end of her life.

For the moment—for what a brief moment!—their world looked smiling enough.

Condorcet abandoned himself to his happiness, with the strong passion of a strong man who has never wasted his heart in lighter feelings. For a dowry, — so essential to a French marriage—he wholly forgot to stipulate. For the opinion of his friends, who considered a married geometrician as a sort of freak of Nature, he cared nothing; and when they saw his wife, and forgave him, their pardon was as little to him as their blame.

The two settled on the Quai de Conti in a house where Caritat had previously lived with his mother. At that Hotel des Monnaies Sophie held her *salon* (*le foyer de la République* men called it) where she received, with a youthful charm and grace, not only her husband's French political friends, but also Lord Stormont the English Ambassador, Wilkes, Garrick, Sterne, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Macintosh, and Adam Smith. Large and shy, with a little awkwardness even in his manner, it was not Condorcet but his wife who was socially successful; and his wife, who was the one woman in a thousand who estimated social success at its just value, was great in knowing her husband to be much greater.

Only two years after their marriage Condorcet entered the arena as one of the earliest, and perhaps the most noteworthy, of all champions of Women's Rights. On the ground of their equal intelligence he claimed for them equal privileges with men, and ignored the very suggestion that their bodily weakness and inferiority are reproduced in their minds. He judged, in fact, all women from one woman. No nobler testimony can be borne to the intellect and character of the Marquise de Condorcet than to say that she deserved as an individual what her example made her husband think of her sex.

It is not a little curious to note that Condorcet, though so wholly faithful and happy himself in the relationship, thought the indissolubility of marriage an evil. In later years he pleaded warmly for the condemnation of mercenary marriages by public opinion, as one of the best means of lessening the inequalities of wealth.

In 1790 the deep happiness of his wedded life was crowned by the birth of his only child, a little girl. But before that, the fierce whirlpool of politics had drawn him into it and he had addressed the electors of the States General and appeared publicly as the enemy of parliaments, sacerdotalism, and the aristocracy, with all his gospel based on two great principles, the natural rights of man and the mutable nature of the constitutions which govern him. He was made member of the municipality of Paris, and in that, his first public function, flung the last gauntlet before his caste and broke for ever with an order of which the smug selfishness was admirably typified by a Farmer-General who said to him, "Why alter things? We are very comfortable."

The fall of the Bastille, the insurrection of October, the journey of the

Royal Family to Paris, he had watched with the calm of one who knows that such things must needs be, who realises the necessity of painful means to a glorious end. To the monarchy he was not at first opposed,—if the King were but a man! But when in June, 1791, came the ignominious flight to Varennes, he rose in a fierce, still wrath and proclaimed the necessity for a Republic. "He has freed himself from us, we are freed from him," said he. "This flight enfranchises us from all our obligations."

Nearly all the Marquis's friends broke with him, and he stood alone. Before his ripened views on royalty were fully known, it had been proposed that he should be the tutor of the Dauphin, and to Sophie that she should be the governess. Husband and wife were in different places when the proposal was made; but though they had never spoken with each other on the subject, they declined the offer almost in the same words. If Condorcet's friends misunderstood him and parted at the parting of the ways, his wife never did. In 1791 he was made member of the Legislative Assembly and became in quick succession its Secretary and its President. As its President he presented to it his Educational Scheme, startlingly modern in its demands that education should be free and unsectarian.

By the order of the Assembly in 1792 there were burnt in Paris the brevets and patents of nobility,—among them the patent of the Marquis Caritat de Condorcet—at the very moment when at the bar of the national tribune the heir of this family demanded that the same measure should be adopted all over France. Not one dissentient voice was raised against the scheme; who indeed should dissent from it when a marquis proposed it? A few months

later he was elected Member of Convention for the Department of Aisne, and the extremist of the Legislative found himself all too moderate for the Convention. And then came the trial of the King.

There was never a time when Condorcet could be called either an orator or a leader of men. Though he had written most of its official addresses, he had appeared but little before the Legislative Assembly. Nervousness caused him always to read any speeches he did make, and a delicate voice robbed them of their effectiveness. His deeds and his character earned him a hearing and applause; and sometimes his complete self-devotion and the white heat of his enthusiasm discounted his manner and touched his hearers with something of his own deathless passion. But he was, as d'Alembert said, a volcano covered with snow, and that audience of his, coarse in fibre, mad for excitement, overwrought, uncontrolled, must needs see the mountain in flames, vomiting lava and death. To be a great orator one must have in a supreme degree the qualities one's hearers have in a lesser degree. The thoughtful reason and the lofty ideas of Condorcet found little counterpart in the parliaments of the Revolution. A Marat or a Danton was what they wanted, or a Fouquier Tinville even, drunk with blood, with his wild hair flung back, and his words shaking with passion, but not this noble, with the high courage of his caste, his stoical Roman face, his scrupulous truthfulness, his unworldly enthusiasms. Worse than all, Condorcet never was for a cause, but always for a principle; and since he followed no party blindly, he was in turn abused by all.

He proved in his own history that to be a great demagogue it is essential to be without too fine a scrupulous-

nous and the more delicate virtues, that to successfully lead the vulgar the first requisite is not to be too much of a gentleman.

Condorcet, though he had broken with monarchy as a possible form of government for France, had still no personal feeling against the monarch. Firmly convinced of his culpability, he was equally convinced that the Convention was not legally competent to judge its King at all; and proposed that he should be tried by a tribunal chosen by the electors of the Departments of France. But to take the judging of its sovereign from the Convention was to take the prey whose blood he has tasted from the tiger. When the great moment came Condorcet was at Auteuil; he hastened to Paris, and arrived at the Assembly a few moments before the King.

In what strange contrast were this noble, serene in strong purpose, with his just mind justly fixed, great in his compassion for his country and not without compassion for his King, and that poor Bourbon, who meant well had he had any fixed meaning, and whom Condorcet has described in an admirable but rarely quoted description as standing before his judges, "rather uneasy than frightened, courageous, but without dignity."

On January 15th, 1793, to the momentous question if the Prisoner at the bar were guilty, Condorcet answered, "Yes"; he had conspired against liberty. On the 17th and 18th the vote was taken on the nature of the punishment to be awarded. Consider the judgment-hall filled with the fierce faces and wild natures of men who, for centuries starved of their liberties, had drunk the first maddening draught of power. Consider that among them this noble alone represented a class they hated worse than they hated royalty itself, that if he had

forsworn it, broken with it, denied it, he had still its high bearing, its maddening self-possession and self-control. We vote for death,—shall you dare to know better? An Orleans sits and speaks against his own kith and kin; why not a noble then who owes him nothing? Condorcet rises in his place and pronounces for exile, the severest penalty in the penal code which is not death. "The punishment of death is against my principles," he said, "and I shall not vote for it. I propose further that the decision of the Convention shall be ratified by an appeal to the people."

On Saturday, June 19th, 1793, the execution of the King having been fixed for the Monday, Condorcet implored his colleagues to neutralise the fatal effect of their decision on the other European Powers by abolishing the punishment of death altogether. With the Terror then struggling to the birth in her wild breast, one of the noblest children of France begged for the suppression of that penalty as the most "efficacious way of perfecting human kind in destroying that leaning to ferocity which has long dishonoured it. Punishments which admit of correction and repentance are the only ones fit for regenerated humanity." In the roar of that fierce storm of human passions, the quiet voice was unheeded, but not unheard. There were those who looked up at the speaker, and remembered his words,—for his ruin.

How far up to this point Condorcet realised his danger is hard to say. A Louis, with the fatal blindness of kingship, might believe to the last that his person really was inviolable, that from the tumbril itself loyal hands would deliver his majesty from the insult of a malefactor's death. But a Condorcet?

The immediate result of his part in the King's trial was that his name

was struck from the roll of the Academies of Petersburg and Berlin. That insult touched him so little that there is not a single allusion to it in his writings.

In the month succeeding the King's death, a Commission of nine members of the Convention, of whom Condorcet was one, laid before it their project for the New Constitution of the Year II., to which Condorcet had written an elaborate preface. The project was not taken. Herault de Séchelles made a new one. In his bold and scathing criticism upon it,—his APPEAL TO THE FRENCH CITIZENS ON THE PROJECT OF NEW CONSTITUTION—Condorcet signed his own condemnation. On July 8th, 1793, Chabot denounced that Appeal at the Convention. This ex-Marquis, he said, is "a coward, a scoundrel and an Academician. He pretends that his Constitution is better than yours; that primary assemblies ought to be accepted; therefore I propose that he ought to be arrested and brought to the bar." On the strength of this delightful reasoning and without evidence of any kind against him, the Convention decreed that his papers should be sealed and that he should be put under arrest and on the list of those who were to be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the coming third of October. He was further condemned in his absence and declared to be *hors la loi*.

If it is doubtful whether Condorcet realised the probable effect of his opinion and vote in the matter of the King's trial, he had realised to the full the jeopardy in which the Appeal would place him. But he looked now, as he had looked always, not to the effect his deeds might have on his own destiny, but to their effect on the destiny of the race. If the unit could but do his part for the mass, then, having done it, he must be content to

be trampled under its feet, happy, if on his dead body some might rise and catch a glimpse of a Promised Land.

But yet he must save himself if he could. For seven years, through storms of which the story still shakes men's souls, he had known in his own home, first on the Quai de Conti and then in the Rue de Lille, the deep, calm joys of his happy marriage. When the troubles of life come only from without, through the fiercest of such troubles man and wife may be happy still. It is those evils alone which rise from their own characters which can wholly destroy the beauty of life. In the serene and unreserved tenderness of the woman who kept for ever, it is said, some of the virgin freshness of the girl, who united gentleness to strength and courage, who was at once modest and clever, simple and intelligent, Condorcet was given a rich share of the best earth has to offer. Their *salon*, of course, was no more. The beating of the pitiless storm had driven their Englishmen to covert in happier England. But it is only when one is discontented with one's relatives that there is crying need of acquaintances; these two still had each other and their child. Condorcet had much to lose.

To go to the Rue de Lille would be courting death. He escaped first to his country home at Auteuil. From there two friendly doctors took him to a house in the Rue Servandoni, where they had lodged as medical students, belonging to Madame Vernet, the widow of the sculptor, and asked her to shelter a proscribed man. She only enquired if he was a good man. When they answered, "Yes," she consented at once. "Do not lose a moment," were her words; "you can tell me about him later." As to the value of the works of her husband there have

been many opinions, but as to the value of her work there can be only one. Perfectly aware that she was endangering her own life for a fugitive whom she had never seen, and who had not the slightest claim upon her generosity, she sheltered him for nine months, providing him all the time with every necessary of life and without the smallest hope of repayment. When he did leave her at last, he had to steal away from her self-sacrificing care by a subterfuge, like a thief. Strong, simple and energetic, high in courage and devotion, Madame Vernet is one of the unsung heroines of history.

Condorcet's condition was destitute indeed. As an outlaw all his money had been seized. For himself that might have been bearable; even to the fate he foresaw too clearly he could be indifferent, for himself. One Sarret, to whom Madame Vernet was privately married and who lived in the house, speaks of the fugitive's gentleness, patience, and resignation. He had given to his country his talents, his time, his fortune, his rank; and when she turned and trampled him beneath her angry feet, he had for her nothing but compassion and the strong hope of a day that would dawn upon her clear and fair, after the storm was past. But in the knowledge that he had brought ruin and disgrace on what he loved best in the world, Condorcet sounded one of the great depths of human suffering. As the wife of an outlaw, Madame Condorcet was not only penniless, but could not even sleep in the capital. Wholly dependent on her was her little girl of three years old, a young sister, and an old governess. She was herself still young and brought up in a class unused to work, in the sense of work to make money, for generations. But there was in her soul the great

courage of a great love. The talents which had once charmed her *salon* she now turned to a means of livelihood. When her house at Auteuil was invaded by Republican soldiers, Madame softened their hearts and earned a pittance by taking their portraits. Twice a week, disguised as a peasant, she came on foot from Auteuil to Paris, passed through the gates with the fierce crowds thronging to the executions in the Place de la Révolution, and by painting miniatures of the condemned in the prisons, of proscribed men lying hidden in strange retreats, or of middle-class citizens, made enough to support her little household. Then, sometimes, she would creep to the Rue Servandoni, and for a few minutes forget parting, death, and the terrors of the unknown future, in her husband's arms. He might well write, as he did write but a little while before he died, that even then he was not all unhappy; he had served his country and had had her heart.

He spent the long days of his hiding almost entirely in writing. He began by an exposition of his principles and conduct during the Revolution and gave an account of his whole public career. He was writing it when on October 3rd, 1793, he was placed on the list of the Members of Convention before the Revolutionary Tribunal, with Vergniaud, Brissot, and others, accused of conspiring against the unity of the Republic, declared an emigrant, and condemned to death.

On the 31st of the same month came the fall of the Girondins. Though not himself a Girondin they had been once his friends, and in their ruin he saw the immediate presage of his own; and his own meant that also of Madame Vernet. He went to her at once. "The law is clear," he told her; "if I am



discovered here you will die as I shall. I am without the pale of the law ; I cannot remain here longer," Though he might be without the law. was her answer, he was not without the law of humanity ; and she bade him stay where he was.

His wife, in her peasant's dress, came to him then for one of those brief moments stolen from Heaven. She knew him well. That Justification of his conduct, his Apologia, that looking back on deeds and sacrifices meant to restore the Golden Age to men and which had brought, or so it seemed, the hell of the Terror, this was no fit work for him now. Look ahead ! Look on to that new country which your pure patriotism and your self-devotion,—ay, and this Terror itself—shall have helped to make, that warless world of equal rights and ever widening knowledge, the beautiful dream of a sinless and sorrowless earth, which may yet be realised in part. On the manuscript of the Justification there is written in her hand "*Left at my request to write the History of the Progress of the Human Mind.*"

In the very shadow of death Condorcet told the story of men's progress toward life, of the evolution of their understanding from the earliest times until now. Calm, just, and serene, with not an intemperate line, not an angry thought, the work reads as if it had been written by some tranquil philosopher who had seen his plan for man's redemption adopted, and had received for his labour honours, peace, and competence. It does not escape, as has been justly said, the contagion of chimæra. Condorcet, like too many enthusiasts, thought his own way of salvation for man the only way ; he believed his own magnificent dream to be the only possible Utopia.

Beneath the guillotine and in social convulsions for which history has no parallel, he looked through and past them, in that last great chapter, in the exalted spirit of noble prophecy, to that Golden Age which must surely one day come.

BUT THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN MIND is something more than a splendid hope, more than the greatest and most famous of its author's works. It bears the noblest testimony to the character of him who in the supreme hour of his individual life could thus forget himself, and in the midst of personal ruin foresee with exultant joy the salvation of the race. It remains for ever among the masterpieces which men cannot afford to forget.

During his hiding Condorcet also wrote THE LETTER OF JUNIUS TO WILLIAM PITT in which he expresses his aversion for Pitt, and an essay, never printed, ON THE PHYSICAL DEGRADATION OF THE ROYAL RACES, and planned a universal philosophical language. And then in December, 1793, he wrote THE LETTER OF A POLISH EXILE IN SIBERIA TO HIS WIFE, a poem in which another exile bade farewell to the woman he loved.

The death-shadows were creeping closer now. In March, 1794, he finished THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN MIND. But before that he had decided to leave Madame Vernet ; her danger was too great. Early in January he had begun writing his last wishes, the ADVICE OF A PROSCRIBED FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER. The little girl was the child of too deep a love not to be infinitely dear. To what was he leaving her ? Throughout these cruel months, the last drop in his cup of bitterness had been the strong conviction that his wife would share his own fate, was doomed, like himself, to the guillotine. "If my daughter is destined to lose every-

thing,"—even to himself he could not frame the dread thought in plainer words. But if even that thing must be, then he left Madame Vernet, who had been so true to him, the guardian of his child, begging that she might have a liberal education which would help her to earn her own livelihood, and in particular that she might learn English, so that if need came she could seek the help of her mother's English friends. To the little girl herself he left words of calm and beautiful counsel, which are in themselves a possession. Some of that "light which never was on land or sea" lies surely on those tender and gracious lines, something of the serene illumination that shines on a dying face.

In the early morning of April 5th, 1794, the Marquis of Condorcet laid down his pen for the last time. At ten o'clock on that day he slipped out of the house in the Rue Servandoni, unknown to Madame Vernet, and in spite of the passionate protests of Sarret, her husband, who followed him out into the street, praying him to return. Condorcet was in his usual disguise, and many months' confinement indoors, and the old weakness in his limbs, made walking a difficulty. He was at the door almost of the fatal prisons of the Carmes and the Luxembourg; but no persuasions could make him return. He had heard rumours of a domiciliary visit to be made immediately to Madame Vernet's house and, were he found there, she must be ruined. Sarret implored in vain. The fugitive reached the Maine barrier in safety and turned in the direction of Fontenay-aux-Roses. At every step his pain and difficulty in walking increased. But at three o'clock in the afternoon he safely reached the country house of his old friends, the Suard. Madame Suard may be re-

membered as the very enthusiastic and vivacious little lady who had visited Voltaire and who has recorded Voltaire's warm love and admiration for her friend Condorcet. "Our dear and good Condorcet," Madame Suard had called him. She and her husband had been his intimate friends in prosperity; how could he do better than come to them in his need?

It must in justice be said of the Suard that the accounts of their conduct are confused. But the generally accepted, as well as the most probable, story does not redound to their credit. True, they had many excuses; but there has never been any act of treachery for which the treacherous have not been able to adduce a plausible reason.

Condorcet asked them for one night's lodging, and they replied that such hospitality would be quite as dangerous for himself as for them. Still, they could give him money, some ointment for a chafed leg due to his long walk, and a copy of Horace to amuse his leisure. They promised also not to lock their garden-gate that night, so that in case of urgent need he could make use of it. With this, they sent him away. Madame Vernet, searching for him in that neighbourhood a little while after, declared that she tried the garden-gate and found it rusty and immovable. Her own door, in lawless Paris, was open night and day that, if he should return to her, she should not fail him. Whether he attempted to make use of the Suard's timid hospitality is not known. One would think of Condorcet that he did not. The 6th of April he spent in sufferings and privations which can only be guessed. On April 7th a tall man, gaunt and famished, with a wound in his leg, went into an inn of Clamart and asked for an omelette. Mine host, looking at him suspiciously, asked how

many eggs he would have in his omelette. The Marquis, with no kind of idea of the number of eggs a working-man, or any man for that matter, expects in his omelette, said a dozen. M. Crépinet, the innkeeper, was a shrewd person as well as one of the municipals of the Commune. A queer workman this, he thought, and asked for his name. Peter Simon, was the answer. Papers? There were no papers. Occupation? Well, on the spur of the moment, a carpenter. His hands, whose only tool had been a pen, gave him the lie. Crépinet, pleased with his own sharpness, had this strange carpenter arrested and marched toward Bourgl-la-Reine. How in these supreme moments Condorcet felt and acted is not on record. But in the great crises men unconsciously produce that character which they have formed in the trivial round of daily life, and he who would be great at great moments must be a great character by his own fireside and in the dull routine of his ordinary work. The strong, quiet Condorcet was surely strong and quiet still, "the victim of his foes," as he had said, "but never their instrument or their dupe." On that weary way a compassionate vine-dresser took pity on his limping condition, and lent him a horse.

On the morning of April 8th, 1794, when the jailor of the prison of Bourgl-la-Reine came to hand over the new prisoner to the *gendarmes* who had arrived to take him to Paris, the Marquis de Condorcet was found dead in his cell. With a powerful preparation of opium and stramonium prepared by his friend Cabanis, the famous physician, and which Condorcet had long carried about with him in his ring, he had cheated the guillotine. It was remembered afterwards, that, when he left the Suards' house, he had turned saying, "If I have one

night before me, I fear no man; but I will not be taken to Paris."

For many months the woman who loved him had no news of his death. She hoped against hope that he had escaped, and was in safety in Switzerland. To support her little household she took a fine linen shop in the Rue St. Honoré, and in the *entresol* set up her little studio where she continued her portrait-painting.

In January, 1794, for the good and safety of their child, she heroically petitioned the municipality for a divorce from her husband, and obtained it,—six weeks after his death. When the certain news of that death reached her, even her strong heart faltered. But Cabanis, her friend and doctor, who afterwards married her young sister, saved her for further effort and longer work. Full of courage and resignation she rose up again, wrote a preface to *THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN MIND*, educated her child, and when in 1795 some of her fortune was restored, immediately began paying the pensions which d'Alembert had asked Condorcet to give his old servants.

In latter days she had a little *salon* in Paris, saw her daughter happily married, and died in 1822. Through every stupendous change which France experienced between the fall of Robespierre and the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, she remained faithful to the principles to which her husband had devoted his genius and his life. Yet the Marquise de Condorcet had been, and had counted herself, a happy woman. Wrung with such sorrows as do not fall to the lot of many of her sex, she had had a blessing which is the portion of far fewer of them; she had inspired a great devotion, and had been worthy of it.

To Condorcet is meted now in some sort the same judgment as was

meted to him in life. Since he never gave himself blindly to any one faction, all factions have distrusted and condemned him. To the Royalist he is a Revolutionist; to the Revolutionist he is an aristocrat. The thinker cannot forgive him that his thought led him to deeds and words; the man of action and the orator cannot forget that he was thinker and dreamer to the end. While the Church can never pardon his persistent hostility to theology, his vehement opposition to Roman Catholicism, as the religion "where a few rogues make many dupes," his tolerance for Mahomedanism as less fatal to knowledge, the unbeliever is impatient with his serene faith in human kind, his unshattered trust in the goodness, not of God but, of man. Far in advance of his time, —in some respects of our time too— in his views on the rights of men and of women, on the education of children, and in his steady abhorrence of all interference with the freedom and openness of the understanding, he is still condemned for an idealism which admitted no compromise, and

for his passionate conviction that all errors are the fruit of bad laws. But he at least stands out clearly to any impartial observer as one of the very few whose lofty disinterestedness came unscorched through the fire of the Terror.

While in private life stern to duty and yet tenderer than any woman in his rare deep affections, with the noble face bespeaking, said Grimm, all gentle and peaceful qualities, perfectly modest and simple,—“as ready to talk ribbons and laces to a girl as metaphysics or history to a *savant*”—patient and strong with the fine endurance of steel and with the capacity, that capacity which is as rare as genius, for the highest form of human love, he showed a great character beside which even his great intellect seems a small thing and a mean. In that private character, and in the breadth and the generosity of his self-sacrifice for the public good, he remains for ever one of the noblest of the propagandists of the Revolution, one of the noblest of the sons of France.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

WATER! What melody breathed in that hitherto unheeded sound! What enchantment in the thing itself, its coolness, tastelessness,—sweeter in imagination than the perfumed wines of Spain! The incomparable quality of it, the delicious flow, quenching the electric stammer of the fevered blood, allaying, satisfying. As a thing to be seen; in diamond dew at rest in the pure cold bosoms of flowers, in leaping cascades, glancing with a fearful magnificence in dusky glens, in the broad, full river, moving glassily, without a murmur. As a thing to be heard; the withdrawing roar of the breakers, the continuous thunder of the rolling bar, the ponderous tread of the cataract, the splash of a body plunging into the elastic depths.

He looked up suddenly from his reverie. In the division of the water he had found it possible to deceive her. Now in his suffering the terrible fear came over him that his abstinence might react to her injury. The thought whipped him to his feet. "Water is surely to be found somewhere about here," he said. "Let us go a little way along the channel and explore." And, as though the Bush sought to play with its victims, they came presently to the thing they sought. The water lay in a pool at the foot of an abrupt descent, where the winter cataract had worn deep

into the rocks. It was both abundant and pure, and when, an hour later, they quitted the brink of the pool they did so with strength and courage renewed.

By this time the sun had reached his highest altitude. The heat on the hillside was like that of a hot-house, and reaching the tree at length, they were glad to sit down and rest before the final stage of their journey was attempted.

Then again the struggle began. For hours it was impossible to estimate their progress, no opening, even of a hand's-breadth, permitting them a view of the country they were traversing. So far as was possible, where insuperable obstacles to a straight course were for ever occurring, they kept to one level, but after awhile, beyond an occasional alight undulation, the suggestion that they were on a hillside vanished, and thenceforward it was but a blind burrowing through the growths. Deeper and deeper they penetrated into the primeval solitudes, where no man had come perchance since the beginning of the world. Nothing they had yet seen equalled in grandeur and beauty the scene they now invaded. Everywhere huge trunks of hoary antiquity rose like ponderous pillars of masonry into the obscurity of the forest roof. Monstrous plants of strange growth, and in unnumbered variety, choked the earth and wrestled with one another

in a fierce battle for life. Overhead, mosses and *epiphytes*, vines and climbing ferns draped the branches, and *lianas* and the rugged cables of the *rata* bound the woods together in a grip of steel. Now and then they burst into a tiny glade sacred to some majestic tree, the record of whose years might serve for the lives not of men but of races. At other times, less fortunate, they came on tangles of bush-lawyer, against whose ferocious claws no strength or agility might avail, and again and again they were driven away in search of easier country.

Thus in the hopeless struggle the day wore itself away, and again in the mysterious murmur of the leaves they read the signal of approaching darkness.

Late in the afternoon they had been seduced by easy stages into a country of unsurpassable difficulty and gloom. The vast trees still remained, blotting out the sky in a dense interlacing of foliage, but the place of the varied undergrowth had now been taken by one plant,—the supple-jack. Casting its black canes from tree to tree, scrambling across the ground, turning and twisting snake-like on itself, this hellish vine added the final touch of horror to the scene. The dead sooty blackness that had displaced the vivid green of fern-tree and palm, the distorted and suffocating saplings seeking to break upwards from that pit of terrors, the hideous fungoid growths like huge cancers on the trees, the chill air, the ominous rattling of the canes,—all formed together a scene in which the imagination of a Dante would have revelled.

Despite the care with which he had guarded it, Geoffrey's knife had been dragged from its sheath and lost in the scramble, and this loss now added greatly to their difficulties. At every

step the canes had to be forced apart and the body adapted to the opening thus provided. Almost fainting with fatigue, the girl endured this final torment in heroic silence, while the man, his eyes dark with sullen rage at his powerlessness, spent himself in her service till every nerve in his body vibrated discordantly.

Once, frantic at the sight of her sufferings, he opened his clenched lips and railed at himself, cursing the day he was born, accusing himself of bringing this misery of torture upon her; but the touch of her hand stilled the evil mood, and for a grateful moment he held her fast in his arms.

"We will try no more," he said at last. "When we get out of this hell,—if we ever do—we will stay still and wait. And if we wait for death, better so than that we should struggle forward to meet it."

And as though there were a charm in the words to break momentarily the net that held them, presently the maze opened into a little fern-covered glade, set about with lofty trees, *kahikatea* and *totara* and *rata*, with at their feet the glancing foliage of palms and the tender green of clustered tree-ferns. Scattered about the centre were the last white decaying remnants of the foretime giant tenant of the opening, and a mound such as is raised by man to mark the resting-place of his mighty dead covered his immemorial dust. Whether it were merely the contrast with the Inferno from which they had emerged, or that there actually was something in the peace and loveliness of the scene to inspire delight, the two looked around them and at one another with smiling eyes.

"But that water is probably wanting, this is an ideal camping-ground," Geoffrey said. "Surely the good

spirits of the forest must have spread it for us in the midst of the desert."

"It looks like a cemetery," Eve said suddenly. "Look at the white things like stones among the green fern." Her eyes still retained their smiling expression.

"A cemetery it is. Here lies the dust of one who flourished probably in the days of Solomon, and whose resting-place is sacred even in the fight for existence which is being waged here."

In the reaction from the severe labours of the day all thought of the terrors that awaited them passed from their minds, and, inspired with fresh energy, they set about their preparations for the night. From the palm-trees Geoffrey tore the leaves by brute force, and Eve, plaiting them together, a protection was soon formed against the heavy night-dews. The approaching darkness rendered it impossible that anything more elaborate should be attempted that night, and the remainder of the brief twilight was devoted to the collection of fuel and the building of a fire. The tree-ferns under which the shelter had been erected formed with their trunks, to which the spent fronds still clung, a species of rough hut, and by piling other fronds against these a certain amount of comfort was secured. Their water-bottle was more than half-full, and three sandwiches remained from the store Lena had cut for Geoffrey. Thus the second night began.

The sky above the opening was of a perfect clear darkness, deep also with a depth that passed infinitely beyond the stars. Sirius blazed, the binary star in Orion darted his rich colours through the trembling leaves, the Pleiades emitted soft beams as of lamp-lighted pearl, the "most ancient heavens," were "fresh and strong."

"Can you read the stars?" Eve asked at last. "Do they tell you anything of where we are?"

"I know the constellations," he replied, following the direction of her gaze; "but where they should be at this time of the year, or at this moment of time, I have no idea."

"But if we watched their motions, should we not be able to distinguish the points of the compass?"

"Yes, within limits; but to make a further attempt to get out would be suicidal. Could you endure another day such as this has been? Our mistake was in ever leaving the spot where we camped last night."

"Do you think they are searching for us?"

"That depends on how much is known of your movements."

She reflected a moment. "And what is our chance supposing a search party is out?"

"It was good yesterday, not so good to-day; to-morrow, if we move, it may vanish altogether."

Eve looked thoughtfully into the fire. "What brought you to the place where we met?" she asked suddenly.

He checked the words that framed themselves on his lips. "Fate," he said briefly.

"To save me?"

"Perhaps."

"Why, then,—when it was too late?"

"Was there something before,—something from which you desired to be saved?"

"Yes."

"Yet you chose between us,—with your eyes open."

"No!" she said passionately, "no! He blindfolded me; he lied away my reason. It seemed incredible that a man should love God and serve the Devil. Every instinct of righteousness

urged and compelled me to believe him."

"Could I have broken down a belief so founded?"

"You could have tried."

"Did I not try?"

"You should have held me by force—you should have compelled me to listen,—to believe. If you had killed me for my obstinacy I should have died worshipping you."

"Eve!"

"I loved you,—I loved only you. Every hour which brought me nearer to him was an agony; yet you stood by."

"Eve! Eve! was the fault mine? Could I guess at a love that went masked in hatred? What made you disbelieve in the end?"

"I learnt that he knew the charge was false; that he had known it all the time. But then,—I was his wife."

"God help us!" he said hoarsely.

"Has the law no mercy for us?"

"None."

"Is there any mercy in life?" He was silent. "In death?" He took her hand and raised it to his lips, but still no word escaped him. "Geoffrey," she said softly, "even now in the darkness, where no hope shows itself, and the shadows of eternity thicken around us, where life stands threatening on one hand, and death on the other, I believe that God exists, and that He has not forgotten us. Was it a blind chance that led me without volition from that man to you, that fated we should meet at the one point on the road where no choice was left to us? Then take my promise, since God has brought us thus together, that though I may not now be yours, at least no law nor force shall make me his. And if that be so in life, much more will it be so in death, when evil shall no longer have power against us." Still he kissed her hand in

silence. "Speak to me," she said. "Tell me what is in your mind."

He raised himself slowly from the shadows at her feet, and in his eyes, as they caught the firelight, she saw only the dulness of despair.

"What shall I say?" he spoke at last. "How clumsy a thing is life if death be needed to repair its mischiefs. Yet each of us must believe according to his nature, and only death can prove who is right. If all that tremendous to-morrow shall be for us a silence, even as the tremendous yesterday is a silence, where then shall be the recompense for what life denies us? Hope, faith,—what are they but shadows compared with the substance we shall have missed? Can I reconcile myself to die now, with the knowledge that you love me still beating in my blood? No, no; give me life with its chances, even though it part us for ever, rather than the risk of sleep and forgetfulness."

Orion passed out of sight. The Southern Cross, slowly turning in the black sky, appeared at the edge of the opening, leading up the glittering lights of Argo, the stars of the Centaur thrown off from its points like spokes of a jewelled wheel. The night grew chill. Geoffrey rose suddenly, and going out into the opening busied himself in replenishing the waning fire. When he returned, the girl had retired farther into the shelter, and after a moment he lay down in the fern at her feet.

The night passed for him, as had the last, in a strange mingling of dreams and waking anxieties, and at the first sign of daylight he rose stiff and unrefreshed.

During the darkness he had formed the idea of endeavouring to obtain a view of the country from one of the surrounding trees, and he now walked round the glade until he had found one suitable for the purpose. The



strong *lianas* in which it was draped rendered the ascent of the lofty barrel possible, though by no means easy, and in his exhausted condition he found it necessary to rest for awhile in the fork before proceeding farther. Then branch after branch was scaled, until at a giddy altitude he was able to rise to his feet and look around him. In all directions rolled the billows of that great ocean of verdure; nowhere from horizon to horizon was a break or opening of any kind apparent. Beautiful was the scene, but terrible in its suggestion of loneliness; no bird sang, no breeze blew, no cloud was visible in all the expanse of sky. Black were the woods, save where at intervals a towering summit caught the beams of the rising sun and rayed them forth in sparkles of yellow fire.

He gazed awhile, then began a cautious descent to the ground. Far below him he could see Eve, standing motionless in the opening watching his passage from bough to bough. Her form drew his eyes like a magnet, till in his divided attention his foot slipped, and he was saved from falling only by a miracle. That warning was sufficient, and he looked at her no more till he reached the ground. Then he found her white and trembling.

"Why did you do that?" she said passionately.

He endeavoured to smile away her fears. "It is a fact that I am a bit out of practice, but it was necessary that we should endeavour to find out where we were."

"What does it matter where we are?" she returned in the same tone. "What does anything matter now, if only—" She checked the words on her lips and turned away.

He was at her side in a moment and had taken her hand. "If only what?" he asked.

"We are together."

"To me—nothing," he said.

After their frugal breakfast he turned to the shelter and suggested improvements with the object of more perfectly excluding the cold night air. "Some more palm-leaves and a few fern-fronds," he said cheerfully, "should render it quite habitable."

"Is it worth while?" the girl asked.

The question fell like a stone into a still pool.

"It shall be," he said, and went resolutely to the work.

In an hour's time all the interstices between the stems had been plugged with stakes and rushes, and a large heap of dry bracken gathered for the floor of the hut. The collection of fuel was the next task, and when this had been sufficiently attended to, Geoffrey expressed his intention of making a search for water.

"I will not go beyond the reach of your voice," he said; "and if you feel anxious as to my whereabouts, *cooeey* to me and I will answer you."

After some demur the girl consented, and he made his way into the forest.

A two hours' scramble proved fruitless of results. Only slight undulations deflected the land from a dead level, and apparently neither creek nor spring existed. The part of the forest to which they had attained presented indeed some of the features of a skilfully constructed trap. Solid miles of cane-bound trunks surrounded them, offering here and there tortuous passages like blind rat-holes in the wall. The *kiwi* alone, the hair-feathered representative of a genus of wingless birds, appeared to possess the key of the jungle. These creatures, as they subsequently discovered, abounded, becoming visible at twilight, uttering their strange

notes throughout the night, but frustrating any efforts at capture by their unceasing vigilance and rapidity of movement. The season for berries was not yet, but at one spot Geoffrey found a number of large purple drupes, with which he filled his pockets. There was not a sixteenth of an inch of rind on the woody kernels, but they were not unpalatable. At another bush, laden with black, grape-like berries, he looked askance, but subsequently returned and marked the spot with some care. Why he did so was not clear to his mind, yet he was aware of some significance in the action. The labours of the morning, from the perilous ascent of the tree to this culminating struggle through the canes, combined with privation of food and sleep, had clouded his mind, and only the magnetism of the girl's voice drew him with many dull pauses from the chill gloom to the warm sunshine of the glade.

"Then it is to be without water," Eve said quietly when he had reported his failure.

"We may have better luck next time. The water we have will not last over to-day, however we economise it. Then comes to-morrow and to-morrow." He stood looking drowsily down upon her.

"Drink now," she said pityingly. "You look utterly exhausted."

"What—I! No; I have been feeding on the fruits of the forest. 'And He bringeth forth His fruits in due season.'" He let the berries rain into her lap.

"I have often eaten these," Eve said speculatively, "but is there life in them?"

"Surely,—an abundance. Where was life more vigorous than it is here? Life, life everywhere, and for us—no life at all."

Eve looked up, startled at the dull

voice, and met the gaze of a pair smiling, drowsy eyes. Even as she looked the man swayed on his feet. She sprang up in concern, and catching his hand sought to lead him in the shelter. He raised the hand to his lips, but the lids of his eyes fell lower.

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey! Did you have no sleep last night? Ah, how cruel I have been to you! And you on the cold ground! Geoffrey! She put her arms round him.

"Sleep!" he said thickly. "Not for ages. Yes, I will come with you. Gently, my darling, or the boy will upset. Could I sleep while you were cruel? But now that you are kind—see, I will kiss your feet."

He made a motion to stoop, and the attempt sank into the couch of fern, her arms still round him. For a few seconds he held her, then his weary muscles relaxed, and she was free to release herself if she chose.

In the darkness he awoke refreshed and with a clear mind. The fire burnt cheerfully, but the wind had veered into the south, and an Arctic chill was in the air. For a moment he lay still, endeavouring to recall the events of the day, but for him only half of them had no existence. He remembered dimly returning from the Bush, that was the last fact which could be definitely separated from his dreams. The cold air bit into his limbs, causing him to change his position.

From the other side of the shelter came the sound of frequent movements, now slight rustlings, now louder, as of one tossing from side to side. He lay still listening, his heart beating painfully. There was a loud drawn sigh.

"Eve," he called softly.

"Yes."

"Is it the cold? Let me put a coat over you."

"Come then," she said after a silence.

He moved to her, and she drew him down, encircling his neck with her arm. "Would you kill yourself to save me pain?" she whispered.

"A thousand times."

Her lips sought his. "Will love endure through the torments? Will he be with us there, when the trouble is done and we stand at the gates of death?"

"Even then."

"Lie down beside me. Put your arms round me. Oh, my beloved, whom I have tortured and killed! I would give you life if I could—life and love if it were possible. But for us there is only love in death."

Outside the fire roared, eating into the heart of the night. The shadow of its drifting smoke swept across the spectral flare, moving upwards, aslant, in endless procession over trunk and bough. The deep monotonous note of the abounding morepork came with a profound significance, breaking the silence as it were the opening of a tragic door.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

At a spot four miles back in the forest a huge column of flame and smoke roared upwards into the midnight sky, and round it, —seated, squatting, or stretched out full length on the ground—an army of rescuers waited impatiently for the dawn, for at last the trail had been found.

On a mound, their backs against the broad barrel of a tree, sat three men, while a third, a native, lay half asleep at their feet. There was no sleep, however, in the eyes of Mr. Wickener or Robert or Sandy Milward, and in their restless movements, snatches of eager speech, and ever recurrent watching of the stars, was

to be read such a state of mental anxiety and suspense as might well keep slumber at a distance.

"Twenty past one," said Mr. Wickener, referring to his watch,—  
"say four hours."

"It will never pass if you keep counting it like that," Robert said.

"Makit te watch te stop," Pine grunted; "dat te best."

"You sleep on, Pine," Mr. Wickener said, looking down upon him. "I'm going to make you a rich man."

The Englishman had made the same promise several times already, but he still uttered it as though it had just occurred to him, and appeared to derive satisfaction from the repetition.

Pine sat up, yawned dismally, and passed an eye over the constellations. "If no fire," he said, "dat good, dat te easy; but fire—ah, makit te biggy search! No fire here, no fire any any more. All ri' now."

"How old do you reckon the trail is?" Sandy asked.

Pine put his hand in his shirt and pulled out a fragment of black cane. "Dat not te rongy time," he said. "I 'spose tree, four days."

"And you are certain they are together?"

"If Iwi, she not makit te cut like dat. Dis te strong cut. If Geoffrey, he makit one cut, he not cut all te same he cut down te bush; dat acause Iwi come along ahind."

"You lie down and go to sleep, Pine," said Mr. Wickener approvingly. "You save yourself up for to-morrow."

"Go on with what you were saying about Stephen, Sandy," Robert said.

"Yes; where was I? I told you I left him and Jack Wilson to look after the horses. When I got back the next morning I sent Wilson on to the station, and took Stephen with me. The fire had burnt itself out,

and we walked along the road as far as the creek where the bridge used to be. The road falls steeply there on both sides, and the first thing we saw as we looked down was the carcass of a horse, still bridled, but lying all doubled up with its back broken. It was not a pretty sight,—death has no dignity in an animal—but Stephen paled as though he had seen a ghost and caught me by the arm. ‘I wouldn’t go nigh it if I were you, Mr. Milward,’ he said. ‘That’s Mark Gird’s horse.’ But I had seen something else, partly hidden by the water and the charred piles, and that put what he was saying out of my head. I knew the horse, in fact, the moment I saw it, and I guessed the rest. When we had got him out, and it was no easy task, Stephen told me of what occurred the night before. It appears that when Fletcher rode through, the pair of them sprang up to stop him, but he took no notice; and from this, and the circumstance that he was riding a black horse, they seem to have made up their minds that he was Mark Gird’s ghost.”

“There’s a good few of them tarred with that brush,” said Mr. Wickener, his eyes travelling round the camp.

Sandy nodded. “But this is what I was going to tell you. Stephen had been terribly despondent up to that time, so much so that I believe if I had proposed to give up the search as hopeless he would have thought it a perfectly natural suggestion and acquiesced. But the discovery of Fletcher’s dead body made all the difference. ‘There’s the mark of the Bush there, Mr. Milward,’ he said. ‘There’s no askin’ pardons about the Bush; it’s just life and death. That man never knew what happened to him any more’n Andersen did. The thoughts he were thinkin’ when he galloped on the

creek he’s thinkin’ still; fur his neck were snapped on the piles before he come to the water, and what he got in his brain were fixed there time everlastin’.”

“That’s not a pretty idea,” said Wickener, unless —” and he fell silent.

“What *was* he thinking just then?” Robert wondered.

“It was understood he was to wait events. I saw him on the road to Rivermouth. He must have come back after dark and been making for Gird’s when they saw him. An hour earlier he would have seen the danger, but the fire had passed on and left the gully in darkness. He never pulled up on the rise; he rode with a loose rein down the slope. What was he thinking? *He was thinking the bridge was there.*”

The others were silent.

“We laid him out on the bank,” Sandy resumed after awhile, “and the natives came down with an ox-waggon and took him away into the township. But the effect of it all was that Stephen cheered up and began to look about him. He had counted the chances according to his Bush philosophy, and they were all in our favour. ‘The Bush strikes hard,’ he said; ‘but it don’t strike often, and I reckon the price is about paid. ’Twere meant—well, never mind how ’twere meant—this chap took up the bill when he hit the creek, and there won’t be no more’n the three graves yet awhile.’”

Wickener rose quickly to his feet and paced restlessly up and down. “If only one possessed that primitive capacity of belief!” he said. “For me it would suffice to feel assured that the sun will rise again.”

“Faith is an impressive thing,” Sandy said musingly. “No man, however incredulous he may be, is entirely proof against its influence.

I believe they are alive. I believe that within a week we shall be able to begin to forget. But that is only so with me because I have clung to Stephen as a drowning man clings to an oar."

"I could believe in the daylight but not now. This place is too tremendous for me."

Wickener reseated himself with a groan, and a silence fell on the group.

So the protracted minutes drew their unforgettable trail across the minds of the watchers and building up the hours brought finally the first faint indications of dawn. Long before this the camp was astir, and a new spirit of hopefulness had dispersed the gloomy forebodings of the darker hours.

Hitherto the search, spread across a wide tract of country, had been conducted in isolated groups of two or three individuals, the difficulty of their task being greatly increased by the fires which had ravaged the country in the neighbourhood of the road; but now the discovery of a trail and the necessity that it should not be crossed called for a different order of advance. Where all were eager for work, howsoever severe, it was no grateful task to apportion to the voluntary workers the share of prominence they should take in the rescue, but at length the various parties were organised and the plan of campaign propounded. The leaders, on whom lay the delicate task of following the trail, consisted of the party on the mound, together with Charlie Welch, Stephen the bushman, and three natives, of whom Pine, as the discoverer of the first clue, was tacitly acknowledged captain. An hour after their departure an advance was to be made by the second party, and after a further interval by the third. It was hoped in this manner to avoid any overrunning of the trail,

while provision could also be made for the return journey by a direct, and having regard to possible encumbrances, more practicable route. Thus in the first dim light of the morning the memorable journey began.

"Show them the stuff you are made of, Pine," said Mr. Wickener, laying his hand on his *protégé's* shoulder. "We've got to reach them to-night, and you are the boy to do it."

But Pine drew himself erect, and shaking from his person the detaining hand of the white man, regarded him with the offended dignity of the savage. Then he spoke in a low swift voice in his own liquid tongue and turned away.

"What does he say?"

Sandy looked embarrassed. "He says you are to keep behind. He has no time to talk with children."

"That so?" said Mr. Wickener good-tempered. "Well, you can never tell the depth of the sea till you put down a line"; and he fell back to the rear. The natives moved forward, now rapidly, again only after long deliberation, and as they moved the men behind blazed the track with their axes. The dew had not ceased to rain from the foliage when they came to the spot where Geoffrey and Eve had built their first fire. The joy with which the party regarded the grey ashes was, however, short-lived, for there was a long and heart-breaking suspense, and the second party was already in sight before the advance could be continued. It was not the absence of a trail, but the number of them which caused the delay, and it was in the solution of the problem these trials afforded that Pine again covered himself with glory. Yet while his companions scoured the forest he squatted on his heels near the white men, his eyes fixed on the

scene, only occasionally deigning to cast a brief reply in his own language to the questions Sandy put to him. Even Mr. Wickener began to lose faith in the oracle. "This will never do, Mr. Milward," he said; "if the natives can't manage it, we should consider the desirability of passing the command over to Stephen."

"Wait awhile. I see the importance of what he has in his mind. They were looking for something and if we can discover what it was, we shall get a clue to the direction they took."

"Water," said Robert.

Sandy shook his head. "I suggested that, but he says no; they were looking for a tree, but—"

His words died away, for Pine, with one swift movement, was on his feet, his eyes scanning intently every inch of the scene. For twenty seconds he stood there, then, with a loud cry, plunged down the hillside.

The white men followed pell-mell. In a few minutes the whole party stood under the shade of a *kauri*, listening to the talk of the Maoris, who were assembled in the centre.

"I don't want to be a nuisance," said Wickener; "only tell me if it is good news or bad."

"Good," said Sandy. "Pine knew that they were looking for the *kauri*; what puzzled him was why they didn't find it."

"And why didn't they?"

"Because they found this one instead."

"What was the object of finding it?"

"It was their landmark. They did the right thing. If they had found it they would have been on the right side of the spur, and every step of a straight course must have brought them nearer the road; but they struck the wrong tree and went up between the hills instead of outside them."

"That's a miraculous piece of reasoning," the Englishman said incredulously.

"Well, it is capable of proof. If we pick up the trail here, and if we find it running along the hillside, the thing is demonstrated."

And in a few minutes the trail was picked up. The first announcement was to the effect that the unfortunates had descended to the bottom of the ravine for water and had returned by the same track. Then came the discovery of a fragment of lace clinging to a thorn bush, at which tender evidence that the trail they followed could be no other than the one they sought, such a ringing cheer went up from the whole party as had never been heard in the forest before.

Then all day long, with only brief interruptions, the natives led them slowly but confidently ever deeper on and on into the silent forest. The sun reached his highest altitude and began to descend, the gloom of the woods deepened, the vegetation increased in density, but the trail ran on: here, a severed cane or a broken frond; there a torn fragment of moss or a crushed fern; at times well defined, at times a thing of inference, at times vanishing away altogether, to be rediscovered only by that obscure blending of reason and instinct which is the miraculous faculty of the savage. But slow, with an agonising slowness, was the journey; so delayed and cautious that again and again, tortured beyond endurance, the white men cried out to go on at all hazards.

"*Taihoa* (wait)," said the guides, when they deigned to take notice at all. Their brows were knitted in hard lines over piercing eyeballs that nothing escaped. The sweat of their exertions poured down their faces disregarded. They never flinched; they took no risks. Step by step, every step in the right direction, they

led the army of rescuers like a huge snake through the forest. Now and then a gun was fired, rousing perhaps a solitary pigeon or a noisy troop of parrots and bringing down a rain of dust from the foliage; but no response came, and the Bush sank immediately back into its original stillness.

At length they reached and penetrated into that huge thicket of supple-jacks where Geoffrey's most heroic effort had been made, and at the same moment, as though there were a blight on the place to wither the hopes of the rescuers, the sun sank below the ranges and the light began to wane rapidly. Presently there was a halt. There had been many such, and every man stood still, possessing himself of what patience he might. A minute went by, ten minutes; still there was no movement. Man after man dropped down by the wayside to discuss the situation with his neighbour. Was it the end of the journey? No, or the guns would have announced it. Then a disquieting rumour crept backwards. The trail was lost; the light ahead was insufficient for the trackers; it would be necessary to form a fresh camp. Nothing more could be done till the morning; those behind might close up with the advance party.

So they set to work at building the camp-fire, getting ready the food, at all the preparations for the long night.

"Can nothing be done?" asked Mr. Wickener, not for the first time, his face drawn and haggard.

"We can keep the guns going," Sandy replied; "that will encourage them if they are within hearing,—nothing more."

With the advent of darkness and cessation from toil Pine's English returned to him. Again he sat at the feet of the white men, following their conversation with the simple admiration of a child, and showing

himself, in strange contrast to the hauteur of the daytime, a creature of no reserves.

Mr. Wickener, grateful for the opportunity, plied him with eager questions. "How do you account for the trail disappearing?"

"I tink p'raps Geoffrey lose te knife. One time he makit plenty cut, nex' time he makit no cut. I look—he not come back—so I tink."

"But you will be able to go on."

"Dis te hard bush. No fern in dis bush, only te dry stick. Dat te very hard trail."

"But you will be able to go on."

"I tink dey makit camp not far. Too mutty te biggy work; no *kai* (food), no water, p'raps so. If dey go on—ah! we no find; dey die."

"That's what it amounts to then," said the Englishman, turning to the others; "we shall either find them close at hand or not at all."

No one answered him, and a long silence fell on the group.

Round the camp-fire the low-toned murmur of conversation died away at point after point as the men lay back and settled themselves to sleep. Only the sharp crackle of the blazing branches broke the quietude of the night. Here and there the trunk of a tree stood forth, gleaming redly in the firelight, a dead branch projected itself like a flame overhead, the leaves of a sapling glittered and darkened, but the background remained of an inky impenetrable blackness. Suddenly an owl squealed loudly from the thickets. Pine glanced quickly over his shoulder and drew nearer to his companions.

"Dis te bad bush," he said. "Te Maoris not come here; too many plenty what you call ghostes in dis bush. My mates very 'fraid men, dey no likit te stop, dey tell me clear out te best; but I tell no, dat te

bad ting, dat make all our *hapu*<sup>1</sup> ashamed for long time—so dey not talk it any more.”

Sandy put out a hand and clasped the dusky paw of the native. “You are a man, Pine,” he said.

“I tink it more ghostes come when run away den when stop here,” Pine explained easily. “You tink plenty roun’ dis place?”

“Did you ever see one?”

The native nodded. “My mother’s father he very ol’ man when he die, more’n one hund’ed years. Two, tree monts ago I came down te bush to his *kainga*<sup>2</sup> when te moon shinin’ pretty roud, and I see te ol’ man on his horse. I call out to him, and he rook back over’m shoulder, but he go arong jus’ same. I make my horse te trot, he trot too; I garrop, he garrop too. When I purrup, he purrup and rook back rike before, Dat make me very ’fraid, so I turn and garrop te other way; but when I rook back, I see him come after me rike he terribler angry, and dat te worse kind. So I purrup and he turn roun’, and I go after him arong out te bush. But when I come to Waiomo I not see him any more, but prenty many light der and te biggy *tangi*, and dey tell me te ol’ man been dead—one hours.”

No one commented on Pine’s story, but Stephen, who had been an interested listener, opened his lips to say: “There’s them kind o’ ghosts and there’s the kind that ain’t never been nothing else but ghosts, and they’re harder to see and the meanin’ hangs to them thicker. I mind the night before Jim Biglow was killed, as was the best bushman, barrin’ only Mark Gird, inside the county pegs, that I sat within a few yards of one and never seen ’un. Me

and Jim had gone up to the back of Wairiri to mark a spar for the barque ELIZA, that lay inside the bar with only one stick standin’, and what with one thing and another, not knowin’ the lay of that country too well, and the *kauri* bein’ most all cut out of it, we got a bit farther than we intended and had to camp out for the night. It was a middlin’ cold night, and we kep’ a good fire goin’ the first part of it; but somewhere about the small hours Jim woke me with a clutch of the arm, and I see as it had burnt down till there weren’t no mor’n a pile of red embers with a flame or two runnin’ over’m now and agen. ‘There’s something here besides ourselves,’ says Jim, trembling-like. ‘Look dead across the fire agen that *kauri* we marked and tell me what you see.’ ‘I don’t see nothin, Jim,’ I says, ‘barrin’ a bit o’ scrub.’ ‘Why, where’s your eyes, Steve?’ he says. ‘The blarsted thing’s lookin’ dead at us and ’is eyes is like live coals.’ Well, I looked this way and that way, but I couldn’t make nought of it more’n a bit o’ scrub. We got up and went over, and sure enough there was nothin’ there, but when we got back Jim see it agen plain as ever, and he never left off seein’ it that night. Well, in the mornin’ we come down together till we struck the track, and there I left him, havin’ something to do up in the township and Jim wantin’ to make the river. Well, gents, he never got there. There was a big wind blowin’ that day, and when we come to look for’n, we found’n on the track with a branch across his chest that would have broken the back of an elephant. An’ I reckon,” concluded Stephen, “if I had seen that thing same as he seen it, that they’d have pulled more’n one of us out when they come to get the jacks under that tree.”

No one spoke, and in the silence

<sup>1</sup> Tribe.

<sup>2</sup> Dwelling-place.



that followed the morepork squealed again, and away in the supple-jacks the black canes rattled without reason.

Pine looked around him with staring eyes.

"Any other gentleman like to oblige with a humorous story?" Mr. Wickener asked.

"Hark!" said Robert suddenly.

Away in the supple-jacks the canes were rattling again, this time continuously for nearly a minute, then complete silence.

"*Kiwis*," said Sandy, his hand falling by force of habit on his gun. He handled it a moment, then, picking it up, set the butt on the ground between his knees and drew the trigger.

A spurt of flame, a ringing report, answered by many echoes, hushing away at length into silence; then again, distinctly audible, nearer at hand, the rattle of the canes.

Every man rose as by one accord to his feet. Round the camp-fire the sleepers stirred and sat up one by one. Into every countenance crept an expectancy. The silence fell again, this time prolonged until strained attention relaxed and a little fire of speech crackled from lip to lip.

"*Kiwis*."

"Wild dogs hunting them more likely."

"There is one story," said Wickener in a low voice, "of a man who—but it reached me second hand—"

"Hush! What was that?"

Men were rising to their feet in all directions, urged by an uncontrollable impulse of hope. Every eye was bent fixedly on a spot in the blackness whence the rattling proceeded. A moment of listening, then some one gave voice to the hope in an excited "Yes!" and as though there were a charm in the word to loosen the spell that held it, the camp broke suddenly into action. From a bundle near the fire a dozen hands grasped

the native gum torches, and thrusting them into the flames, cast the glittering light in the direction of the sounds.

Was it man or beast that came crawling thus toilsomely through the tangled vines and panted as it came? Was it human or animal that seeing them drew gaspingly to its feet and pointed wildly back the way it had come?

Yes, yes, poor soul, we understand you. And even as you thus urge us, the slash-hooks are at work which shall never cease until they have brought rescue to her also. But first feel the grip of these human hands that have snatched you thus alive from the jaws of a dreadful death. First moisten those parched lips that have lost for the moment the trick of speech and stumble dumbly against one another. We know what you would say and we lose no time. We know that you cannot have come far, and in every direction the rescuers are cutting through the jungle.

No talk of waiting for the dawn now, as in the flare of the torches each little party hewed its own way through the thickets, no heart-breaking delays absorbed in the re-discovery of a lost trail, but every man for himself, and as rapidly as the nature of the ground permitted.

"There is an opening here," said Sandy Milward, stepping from the dense tangle into uninterrupted starlight. A torch burst through at the same moment a few yards to the right, a second indicated itself flickeringly behind the foliage at the end of the glade.

"Give me the light, Mr. Wickener; I think this is the end of our journey."

A few steps brought them unexpectedly in front of the shelter, and by one impulse both men stood still.

"Go on," said Wickener hoarsely, Sandy stood motionless. The hand holding the torch began to tremble and droop earthwards. The Englishman caught it suddenly from his weakening grasp and shook it into vigorous flame. His own face was deathly. "Go now, Mr. Milward," he said.

And Sandy nerved himself and went.

A long minute passed. From the skirts of the opening the torches straggled up singly or in pairs, every moment adding to the group. A word or two sufficed to convey the intelligence to each newcomer, but for the rest they waited in silence. At last a shadow came forward to the front of the shelter.

"Is it all right?" asked a voice.

"All right."

There was a deep breath. "Don't make a row," some one cried just in time. There was a quick shuffling of feet—a laugh. The lights scattered, came together again farther away, grew gradually dimmer, and finally went out, one by one, among the trees.

Long before dawn the whole camp had been transferred to the glade, and a great fire of logs crackled before the shelter. Then their anxiety relieved, their task accomplished, a great drowsiness overcame the workers, and man by man they dropped down where they stood and fell asleep. Only in the shelter where the two rescued ones turned torturously back on to the highway of life was there a waking eye in the camp.

The morning came dimly through a dense fog, causing Sandy to defer the return journey until the sun should have dispersed the vapours. But meantime word must be sent through to Major Milward, and who more entitled to the honour of carrying the good news than Pine? Stand up then, Pine, bearer of glad tidings,

ragged and unwashed as you are, and take this pencilled scrawl, which shall be more precious to the receiver than all the gold of Waihi.

Pine tightened the strap at his waist and looked anxiously at Mr. Wickener. "You make me te rich man?" he asked.

Mr. Wickener smiled; every one smiled, but there was no malice in their amusement. "I have said it," the Englishman replied; "and I say it again now."

Pine regarded him with undisturbed seriousness. "Dat good," he said. "I see you again by'm-by."

With a rattle of the canes he was gone.

And some hours later, when the heavy mist had lifted and the golden sunlight filtered through the leaves, the whole party followed in his wake.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

AND after the darkness came light.

"Put a match to the lamp, Sandy. I hear them at the gate." There was a tremor of eagerness in the Major's voice. He took a step irresolutely and stood still. "Quick! I hear her voice. That's better."

Steps sounded on the shelled walk, then on the verandah. A murmur of speech rose, girls' and men's mingled; a subdued laugh, with a note of gladness in it; a man's voice, pleasant, protesting, and in the open windows, against the background of the falling night, Eve, smiling and radiant.

"Welcome, my child! welcome to you both!"

With one swift movement her arms were round his neck, her glad tears moistened his cheek. "Father, father, how glad I am to be home!"

"Home has been empty a long time, my dear,—a long time."

"Yes, I have counted the months, all of them; but it shall not be empty any more. Wait."

She undid the fastenings of her cloak and hat and threw them recklessly from her. "Now," she said, "love me. Yes, you may shake hands with Geoffrey. He's quite well, thank you. No; you are not going to talk with him yet. Now!" And the Major, nothing loath, allowed himself to be pushed into a chair and entirely obscured from the view of the rest of the company.

\* \* \* \*

"How nice and kind you look, darling, and how well!"

"I am well, but I've not been kind; I've been a wretch. Life has been practically unsupportable to every one on the station for twelve months. I've interfered in everything. I found fault with everyone. The sight of me now inspires terror wherever I go. Even Sandy examines me carefully before he calls my attention to the weather."

"Have any of the hands left?"

"No."

"Are any of them going to leave?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Then I don't believe a word of it."

"Are you happy, Eve?"

She whispered long into his ear. "There!" she said aloud in conclusion.

"Let me welcome you also, Evie," said Sandy, looking down upon her.

She sprang up with a little cry of self-reproach and kissing him on both cheeks, looked guiltily round the room.

"I am so excited that I do not know what I am doing. I did kiss you, Robert," ticking him off with a little nod; "and you, Lena."

The contentment in her eyes was a wonderful thing to see.

"How beautiful you look!" Lena said, with a shy impulsiveness.

"It's a case of the pot and the kettle," said Sandy. At which, and the smiling attention the remark called down upon her, Lena drew back blushing.

"Where's this immortal baby, Robert?" his brother asked, and Eve, with shining eyes, drew nearer to her sister-in-law.

"The intention was to produce him at supper-time," Sandy said, and appeared surprised when both ladies turned their backs on him.

"Take me to him, Lena."

"I suppose they do think things like that about us in England, Geoffrey?" Sandy said, recovering himself as the door closed.

"Not quite so much so now since the waking up the war gave them. The English Geographical Society has definitely announced that New Zealand is not a suburb of Melbourne, and it is hoped in the course of time that a boundary may be agreed upon between this country and New South Wales. There is a fair idea of the monstrous creatures which people our forest,—in fact, the only animal the British public find difficulty in accepting is the telephone. Tell them of a sanguinary encounter between a *moa* and a *tuatara*, and they listen with bated breath; conclude by ringing up the doctor, and they smile incredulously. But what I am pining for is local news. Tell me something with the colour of the country in it to make me feel that at last I am at home."

Major Milward nodded approval. "That has a good sound," he said. "Sandy, see that there is sufficient champagne on the table. We will drink a toast by and by to the country of our children—the Fairest Land in the World."

"What will satisfy your craving?" Sandy asked. "Business has been good; timber and wood both top prices. The firm of Milward and Hernshaw has made a satisfactory profit for the year. Or is it the people? Mrs. Gird will be here directly. She has the native school across the river and is proving a huge success, though the authorities hesitated a long time before they gave the appointment to a woman. Raymond is here too; we sent him across in the yacht to fetch her. By the way, I wrote you that we bought Hogg out bag and baggage, so Raymond is our man again."

"Go on," said Geoffrey, as Sandy paused.

"Let me see. The Mallows? Mabel is married to a new chum from England—terrible swell fellow, but a decent chap too. Winnie's single still. Old man Mallow spoke to me the other day of his own accord,—I was never more surprised in my life. Pine,—you'll be interested in Pine; he has a wooden house and a flock of sheep and lives like a *pakeha*. I took our local member through Waiomo a month or two back, and he was greatly impressed with Pine's opulence. Pine took him over the estate and pointed out the objects of interest. 'You appear to have an extensive property, Mr. Pine,' said the member. 'That so,' said Pine. 'All a land you see roun' here belong a me. All a land you can't see belong a my wife.'"

"That's characteristic," said Geoffrey laughing.

"There's something about Pine," continued Sandy, "that fetches you. Howell was telling me that he once gave him offence by refusing him credit. I think that was the reason; but, any way, shortly after Pine came into funds he walked into the shop and bought four pairs of boots,

planking down the cash like a white man. 'You makit a pretty fair poot, Howell,' he said patronisingly on concluding business. 'Come and have glass wine.' And that was how he took his revenge."

"You can never tell what depth of water you are in with the natives," said Major Milward. "Did you go into Derbyshire again before you left, Geoffrey?"

"Yes, sir. We have about ten cases of mementoes for you from various branches of the family. Sir John Milward gave Eve a grand piano, and he sent you a walking-stick."

"The rascal," said the Major.

"There's the boat," said Sandy, as shouts sounded in the direction of the water. "That completes our little party."

There was a streak or two of grey in Mrs. Gird's hair, but her eyes were as bright as ever as she held out her two hands to Geoffrey. "Welcome home," she said. "I see the word written in your face."

"It is written in his heart," said Eve, looking up at her husband, her arm round the elder woman.

"Did you write it there, my dear? But you need not answer me. Whoever wrote it, spelled it, I notice, with three letters."

"How are the lovely boys?" Geoffrey asked.

"Here they come," said their mother.

There was a shrill clamour in the hall, subdued to whispers at the door; the handle turned softly, and Mark and Rowland came demurely forward to shake hands with Geoffrey and suffer themselves to be kissed by his wife. Then, of one accord, they made for the master of the house.

"Wasn't Columbus the greatest sailor in the world, Major Milward? Mark says—"

"He was a great sailor," inter-

rupted Mark; "but he wasn't the greatest, was he, Major Milward? You told me who the greatest sailor was, didn't you, sir? But I have forgotten his name, and even mother doesn't know."

"Tut, tut!" said Mrs. Gird. "What's this?"

Major Milward took the lads between his knees. "Mark is perhaps right, Rowland," he said; "and we will give honour to a brave man whatever his colour. The name you have forgotten, my boy, is U-te-rangiora. He lived some considerable time before Alfred the Great sat on the throne of England. He was the mightiest navigator of those times; he was perhaps the mightiest navigator the world has ever known. His vessel was a canoe; he had no compass other than his knowledge of the stars, yet in a voyage of four thousand miles he discovered New Zealand. Nor was that his longest voyage, for all his life he was a sailor, and it is claimed for him that he visited every island in the Southern world."

It was a happy and merry party that sat down to the supper-table, and full of brightness were the faces that drank in brimming glasses the toast of the Fairest Land in the World.

"Now," said the Major, rising with alacrity, "set out the chessmen, Sandy. Mr. Raymond and I will play a game of chess."

"Only one, father," said Eve.

"Just one, my dear."

"And win it," she whispered. "You must win it, dear, for my sake."

She looked hesitatingly at the others who were all crowding together on the sofa and, taking a low stool, sat down at her father's feet.

Roland and Mark occupied a chair

jointly on his other hand. Now and then Sandy or Geoffrey came and looked down over Raymond's shoulder, but it was plain that the storekeeper had no backers.

Whenever the Major secured a piece, the boys nudged one another gleefully; when he suffered reverse, a tragic gloom overspread their features.

"Mate," cried the Major at last, and Eve drew a long breath of relief.

"Two games out of three, sir."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Raymond."

The men were set out again and the battle recommenced. This time fortune dealt less favourably with the master of the house, and it was shortly evident that he was in trouble.

"Your move, sir, I think."

"I am aware of it, Mr. Raymond."

\* \* \* \*

"Mate," said the storekeeper.

"Ye-es, I cannot understand how the king's rook comes to be where it is. It must have been shifted inadvertently." And Major Milward glared fixedly at the board.

"On the contrary, you gave four minutes' deliberation to that move."

"Oh, pardon me—"

"I saw you move it."

"Game each," said Sandy cheerfully.

"Now for the conquerer."

The play this time was more deliberate. Raymond's mouth was set doggedly; he was plainly putting forth all his powers. Nor was the Major less determined. The eyes under his shaggy brows glittered with the light of battle, yet occasionally his hand trembled, for after all he was an old man. When his opponent's move was long delayed, he leant back with polite resignation, but his eyes never left the board. As the opportunity offered, Eve pos-

sessed herself of his hand and held it between her own or pressed it against her cheek. Her face was full of distress.

Sandy brought occasional reports to the party on the sofa. "Old man got his queen jammed; have to sacrifice something." Then more hopefully: "Wairangi holding strong position on left front. Enemy retiring disconcerted."

Geoffrey watched his wife's face with anxiety.

"Happy man," said Mrs. Gird, following the direction of his gaze. "Would you change one line of it if you could."

Sandy crossed the room excitedly. "Raymond hopelessly fogged," he reported. "Come and see." And the whole party trooped over to the table.

Major Milward was leaning back watching the other's intent face, a bright spot of colour in his cheeks, a light of victory in his eyes.

Raymond put out his hand to move, hesitated, drew it back and sat up. "I resign," he said.

Mark immediately knocked Rowland off the chair and fell upon him.

Eve sprang to her feet, and throwing her arms round her father's

neck, kissed him rapturously. "You clever man," she cried, "you brilliant general." Then she turned with rosy compunction to the storekeeper. "I did so want father to win to-night, Mr. Raymond."

"It might have simplified matters if you had mentioned that fact at the beginning," said Sandy drily.

The storekeeper looked round the assembled company, and gathered for the first time that the match had been of interest to all of them. "If I had guessed your feelings, Mrs. Hernshaw," he said, "I might have declined to play, but it would not have occurred to me to offer Major Milward the insult of playing less than my best." For after all he was a university-bred man and a gentleman.

"Mr. Raymond's generosity completes my triumph," said the Major, rising to his feet. "But come, it is late; the oil in the lamp is nearly burnt away. I have not enjoyed a game of chess so much since—since"—(the failing lamp flickered and cast a momentary shadow)—"since a game I played with Governor Brown in '57. And I beat him two games out of three."

## GREGOR MacGREGOR.

THE Hero as Adventurer is a type neglected by Carlyle, who in his early London days might have come across a somewhat out-at-elbows model for that character. The only account of himself left by the adventurer in question is brief, written in Spanish, and with a purpose that made him silent as to the most remarkable part of his career. No Dryasdust historian has paid much attention to him. From bits of casual and often contradictory information turning up, as in Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke's paper bags, in memoirs, pamphlets, newspaper paragraphs, official enquiries, down to police-court reports, one has to piece out a very imperfect sketch of a man whose name made some noise in two worlds, but has now fallen almost forgotten save for a couplet in *THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS*,—

Gregor McGregor, Cacique of Poyais,  
A country where silver's more common  
than clay.

Our hero's origin and early exploits have been veiled in heroic myths, one romance setting him out as a private soldier, while others glorify him into chief of his clan and descendant of Scottish kings, as most Scotsmen are, more or less. Highland chieftainship has been often a vexed question, especially in the case of this broken clan of Ishmaelites, who clearly were in Scott's eye as his Vich Alpines. Having their fortress in the Trossachs country on the edge of Menteith, the MacGregors made themselves such a terror both to Sassenach and to Celtic neighbours, that their very name was proscribed

by Act of Parliament. While much of their country passed to the usurping Campbells, and many of the persecuted MacGregors took other names, a body of doughty outlaws held together in the Highland wilds, at one time masterfully blackmailing under the famous Rob Roy. Miss Murray MacGregor, the elaborate historian of the clan, says there is no doubt as to Gregor MacGregor being grandson of one Gregor belonging to a junior branch of the Glengyle house, who bore the by-name Boyac (the Beautiful) and enlisted in the Black Watch under the name of Drummond. To be a private soldier in this corps was not inconsistent with the pride of gentle birth, as was shown when the handsome Gregor and one of his comrades came to be exhibited before George the Second, as our Sikh or Maori auxiliaries might be to-day; the King ordering each man a guinea, they contemptuously gave that royal bounty to the porter at the gate of St. James's. The private rose to a commission, and led a successful agitation for removing by Act of Parliament the proscription of his clan, now purged of its contempt for law and loyalty. A son of his prospered as a captain in the East India Company's service, and was the father of our hero, restored to full enjoyment of a name that went to shape his career.

The beginnings of this career seem hopelessly obscure. Gregor is believed to have served in our army; but if so, he left it at an awkward time for his credit. One account makes him a captain in the British and a colonel in the Portuguese service; but I have

vainly searched for his name in the records of the Lusitanian Legion. All hints of his character show him a man more disposed to command than to serve; and it may well be that he fell out with his superiors in the early days of the Peninsular War. At all events, years before peace sent a flight of disbanded fire-eaters to South America, we have it on his own statement that in 1811 Gregor MacGregor arrived in Venezuela, devoting person and property to the cause of the revolution there, then a year old. He speaks of serious losses through the disastrous earthquake of 1812; and when, soon afterwards, one of the quick turns of civil war exiled him from Caracas, he asserts that he left there furniture worth 20,000 dollars, and a library of 1,500 volumes. He had early made himself at home in the country by marrying Señora Josefa Lovera, whom one writer calls Bolivar's niece, while others allude to her as belonging to a good Venezuelan family. More than one Spanish book represents MacGregor in those days as handsome, still young, enthusiastic, and bringing means of his own to the country, his good looks being also attested by engravings. It may be taken that this was no common soldier of fortune, who had doubtless a turn for making the most of his advantages.

The South American revolution was a confused struggle breaking out at different points and waged with spasmodic vicissitudes. Provoked by the proud oppression that blighted Spain's colonies, inspired by the example first of the United States, and then of France, it found its opportunity in Napoleon's domination of the mother country. Venezuela, whose volcanic history has since had some hundred *pronunciamentos* to record, began its rebellion in 1810 under the colour of loyalty to the legitimate

sovereign; but the colonial resentment against Spain presently took form in a declaration of independence. Its first champion was Miranda, who had fought in both the American and the French revolutions, and less honourably served as one of Catherine the Great's minions. He was supplanted, or, as it has been put, betrayed, by his lieutenant Simon Bolivar, who figures as the chief hero of a long contest, to which, again and again driven out of the country, he returned with a persistent hopefulness equalled by a domineering temper that was needed to fuse the incoherent elements of South American patriotism. In Colombia, as well as in Venezuela, he led half-naked armies to defeat, sometimes to victory, till at last he was able to unite these countries with Ecuador in a single Republic that was soon again divided and its first President fell into suspicion of trying to copy Napoleon's imperial rule. Though he was recognised as specially the Liberator of the north-western part of the continent, and gave his name to a central state more grateful than his native Venezuela, he died obscurely in 1830, having been in turn ousted from power by the half-bred Paez, leader of the *Llaneros*, or Cowboys, whose adherence to the rebels decided their success. Paez, too, had his experience of republican fickleness, but he lived almost to our own time, and published his autobiography in 1869 at New York.

This work says nothing of MacGregor, who yet makes meteoric appearances in the early records of the struggle. He states that in 1812 he was made a colonel by Miranda, who had the merit of encouraging capable foreigners in a service very ill-equipped with military experience. For the most part, the patriots were jealous and suspicious



of the foreign adventurers who came to play a leading part in the revolutionary campaigns; and it is the cue of Spanish accounts rather to belittle the exploits of those volunteers, whose own stories reveal squabbles among themselves as well as complaints against their uncongenial and impecunious paymasters. In wordy histories of Venezuela and Colombia the references to MacGregor are slight, but almost all in his favour. The "noble Scot" is described as brave to rashness, and as practising a humanity to prisoners which was not the rule in this war. One writer declares that he marched to battle in his national garb with pipes playing before him, which would be quite in keeping with the idea one has of him as a somewhat theatrical hero. He seems, however, to have shown generalship as well as valour. In 1813 he led an army to Bogota, when Bolivar shifted the scene of his attempts from Venezuela to Colombia. Next year, after driving the Spaniards out of Western Venezuela, he retired for a time from active service through "ill-health"; and more than once we get hints of infirmity, qualified by one writer as "dejection," which would be the natural rhythm of a sanguine impetuosity. In Carthagena during the siege of 1815, he then betook himself to Hayti, which served both as a refuge and a base for the republican exiles. In 1816 he accompanied Bolivar to the island of Margarita, a focus of fresh insurrection, from which the patriots re-invaded Venezuela; and in this campaign MacGregor specially distinguished himself, as, if all stories be true, his chief hardly did. In Blanco's VENEZUELA HEROICA we are told that MacGregor was the right hand of the army, its brain being Bolivar's favourite Soubllette. Ducou-dray Holstein, sometime Bolivar's

chief of the staff, who writes with an evident grudge against his ex-commander, roundly accuses him of cowardice, while he warmly praises MacGregor's conduct and gallantry. Once the fiery Highlander fell out with his colleagues to the point of being deprived of his command, but he was restored in a day or two to the rank of general; then, after much hot fighting with varied fortune, he had the credit of saving the army by a masterly retreat to Barcelona on the coast opposite Margarita. For this service, he was promoted General of Division, and decorated by Bolivar with his brand-new Order of the Libertadores, a distinction that was our hero's warrant for styling himself Sir Gregor till he rose to a higher dignity of his own conferring. In an order of the day he had already gratified a taste for distinctions by granting each soldier of his force the privilege of wearing on the left arm a badge edged with palms and laurels round the motto *Valour and Constancy in July and August, 1816*.

This was rather going beyond the due pretensions of a brigadier-general, but subordination was never a strong point in that army. Now, or later, Bolivar appears to have found the distinguished general disposed to take too much on himself. Barcelona, the foothold of the patriots on the mainland, was a hotbed of fresh dissensions, and before long MacGregor left Venezuela in disgust. He had not thrown up the service, however, if his own assertion be true that he was commissioned by Bolivar in his next proceedings, which on the face of them have a dubious aspect. The small naval forces of these troubled Republics were little better than filibusters. The Venezuelan admiral Louis Brion, a Brabanter by birth, seems indeed a man of higher stamp, who devoted his life and property

to the cause ; but his colleague Commodore Aury is found sailing under more than one flag about the seas haunted by the memory of Blackbeard and other classical pirates. With this latter worthy MacGregor now planned to seize Amelia Island, off the Florida coast, to be turned into a naval depôt or haven for privateers. Having recruited a crew of adventurers at Charleston, MacGregor easily made himself master of the island, thanks to the cowardice or inefficiency of the Spanish garrison ; but he had a harder task in governing these American followers, with whom he is said to have fallen out through his disapproval of negro slavery. He soon handed over this conquest to Aury, who made it a rendezvous for the refuse of nations, till the United States interfered to root out such a nest of pirates acting under the show of patriotism.

MacGregor retired to the Bahamas, and thence to London, in search of the sinews of war which were much wanted by his cause. He was so far successful as to find means of raising a battalion for an independent exploit. With characteristic impetuosity he set off with the first three or four hundred ragamuffins he could get on board ship, first for Hayti and then for San Andres, a little island a day or two's sail from the isthmus of Panama. His aim was Porto Bello, that old Spanish harbour, now supplanted by Colon. In the spring of 1819 he took this place by surprise, the Spaniards flying without resistance. Here his Falstaff's regiment gave themselves up to drink and debauchery, while their commander let himself be intoxicated with vain glory, if Colonel Macaroni is to be believed, who, remaining behind as recruiting agent, conceived some cause of marked ill-will to MacGregor, bitterly expressed in the memoirs of

that fellow-schemer. After some three weeks the Spaniards came back and in turn effected a night surprise, in which our hero does not appear to advantage. "Two o'clock in the morning courage," we know on good authority, is not every man's *forte* ; and now the fiery Celt was fain to leap out of the window in his shirt, saved by the gallantry of a young aide-de-camp who defended the door sword in hand. Both were able to swim off to one of the ships, leaving the mass of the force to be captured for cruel ill-usage, several officers being shot. With the remnant, MacGregor made an attempt on another part of the coast ; but this also proved a fiasco, and thus ignominiously ends his military career, with much loss of a reputation that had echoed as far as London.<sup>1</sup>

Yet this bitter taste of independent command had given appetite to his ambition ; and in the year or two of obscurity that followed, he seems to have hatched his great scheme for promoting himself from a general to a prince. Somehow or other he must now have found his way to the Mosquito Shore of Nicaragua, a coast claimed by Spain, but through its intercourse with Jamaica traders, and with pirates, brought into a certain contraband dependency on England, which later on withdrew from all pretensions here beyond her Honduras settlement of Belize.

The name Mosquito Shore properly belongs to the eastward face of Central America from Bluefields to Cape Gracias à Dios, where, within a broken edge of sandbanks and coral cays, a fringe of orchid-wreathed

<sup>1</sup> I have come across references to a life of MacGregor by a Captain Rafter who took part in this expedition, but years of search have failed to produce any such publication, which might clear up much that is now doubtful.

mangroves, cocoanut palms, and thick bush is pushed out by the deltas of often flooded rivers, their streams interlaced by shallow lagoons that give a quiet interior water-way almost all along the coast, behind which the land rises into thick forests rich in mahogany and other valuable timber. The country is not unhealthy for a tropical wilderness, where fever must always be looked for in uncleared bush; and it does not seem specially to have deserved its name, mosquitoes not being troublesome so long as frequent sea-breezes sweep the shore. Its original Indian inhabitants having retreated to the interior, the coast was inhabited by a mixed race, in which negro blood had come to be thickest through intercourse with Jamaica, and English had largely tinged their mongrel jargon, while, with rum as the main agent of civilisation, these people had little profited by their contact with white men.

The Mosquito Indians, as they are ill-styled, had an old horror of the Spaniards, against whom they looked to England for protection. Their king, practically appointed by the government of Jamaica, was in the way of assuming names of our royal family, affected British military or naval uniform as royal robes, and was surrounded by drunken black courtiers christened by such titles as "Admiral Rodney," "Lord Nelson," "General Robinson," and "John Bull." It will be remembered that our chronic wranglings with Spain had once nearly cost us the life of Nelson in the forests of Nicaragua. Later on, the dynasty was provided by its patrons with a cheap crown and sceptre, which eventually found their way into the American curiosity-market. In the early days of this throne its chief dignity seems to have been in wives, nearly two dozen being credited to one dusky sovereign, a hint of the

sort of influence we brought to bear on him. At this time the king's residence, afterwards transferred to Bluefields, was usually about the northern corner, round which the name of Mosquito Shore is sometimes extended westwards to Cape Cameron, over the bush-grown country where MacGregor proposed to hew out for himself a more illustrious dominion.

In 1820 the king was a George Frederick, of whom little is known to history. I have before me perhaps the most important State-paper of his reign, apparently a copy, but possibly the original, of a grant to Sir Gregor MacGregor by his Mosquito Majesty, below whose signature it is countersigned by one William Boggs, who, trader, missionary or what not, perhaps played here the part of Mayor of the Palace, as did a Mr. Bell later on, whose son has given us the liveliest account of this coast. Whether the composition of Boggs, or of MacGregor, the deed is drawn up with all due form, "By virtue of these presents," etc.; and the King's part in it would be no more than the signature, which he may have been able to write, as more than one prince of this royal house had a smattering of education in Jamaica. The gist of it is a concession to MacGregor "and his heirs for ever" of a territory of some fifty million acres on the Rio Tinto or Black River of the northern shore, behind a coast line from  $84^{\circ} 25'$  to  $85^{\circ} 8'$  west longitude, a district called Poyais, among other names, where a British colony had been for a time settled in the preceding century. The grantee was given full authority to "enact laws, establish customs, and in a word to take and adopt all measures that he may deem fit and necessary for the protection, defence, better government and prosperity of the above described district." But it was further set down

"that there is nothing in this deed which shall be construed into a cession of the sovereignty of the country as now held by his Mosquito Majesty." When MacGregor's vanity led him to assume the airs of a sovereign prince under the title of Cacique of Poyais, this was taken as excuse for repudiation of the whole grant, dated "April 29th, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Twenty, and the Fourth of our Reign."

This deed turns up among some papers once belonging to the widow of General English, who was also in the Venezuelan service. I can find no other trace of MacGregor's dealings with King George Frederick, or with William Boggs, with whom at some time he appears to have been in personal relations. The would-be Cacique did not immediately proclaim himself; and those writers err who speak of him settling in Poyais, for in 1820 he was elected a deputy to the Columbian Congress, and next year received the same honour at Margarita, where a certificate shows him living for six months, poor but popular and befriended by the Margaritans, as is testified by the adventurer A. Alexander, who casually came across him at this period. His own story gives as the excuse for not taking his seat in Congress, that, while other deputies had means provided for their long and arduous journey, that Cromwell of a Bolivar served him with an injunction to keep away from Colombia. Early in 1821 he got a passport to sail for the Colombian port Santa Marta with his family; and soon afterwards he dashes into the most dazzling course of his career, when he presented himself in London as Cacique of Poyais, promoting an American Eden with its city office at 1, Dowgate Hill.

When an Emperor of the Sahara or

other such self-styled potentate reveals himself to our generation, he has small chance of escaping the notice of a Press Argus-eyed for fresh notoriety; but the newspapers of that day seem to have taken little heed of MacGregor till after the disastrous failure of his plans, when Barham's couplet shows how his name must have grown into a certain farcical familiarity half a generation later. It is clear that he took himself very seriously in an attempt to anticipate the enterprise of Rajah Brooke, with this difference, that the would-be Cacique seems never again to have set foot on his territory, but held his court at London, where he lived, for a time sumptuously, on as much as could be raised of a loan with which his first step was to burden the unborn State. He issued bank-notes, which now count as curiosities, promising to pay "on demand, or three months after sight in the option of the Government of Poyais, one Hard Dollar," this on the faith of a coat of arms doubly supported by a brace of Indians and of unicorns, and the legend "By order of His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais." He announced his intention of establishing no less than three houses of legislature in his new dominions, representing three orders of barons, yeomen, and commons. He proposed to bestow titles, and began by founding an order of knights of the Green Cross, no doubt to be qualified in much the same manner as James the First's Nova Scotia baronets. As earnest of an army to be raised, he conferred commissions which seem not to have brought his forces even to the strength of "four and twenty men and five and thirty pipers." Green uniforms and buttons marked with a coronet and a G. were duly designed. Under the name of Thomas Strangeways (described as

K.G.C., aide-de-camp to His Highness and captain in the 1st native Poyais regiment) was published in 1822 an account of the Mosquito Shore, drawn at second-hand from various sources, with the view of representing Poyais as an earthly paradise that offered ease and wealth for little more than the trouble of reaching it. It was afterwards sworn that Strangeways was in Jamaica at the time; and the book seems to have been in part compiled by MacGregor himself, so carelessly that while in one place it airily mentions gold as the only important mineral, it elsewhere promises silver mines among a profusion of tropical plants and animal life. This emigration agent's prospectus, as it was in fact, had for frontispiece a portrait of the Cacique in general's uniform, a portly figure of gracious masterfulness apparently posed after George the Fourth, in imitation of whom as Regent, our hero sometimes signed himself "Gregor P." One young gentleman, who united the functions of clerk and cornet of lancers, having exhibited poetical gifts, was further employed as minstrel of the settlement. His sister produced a ballad to be sung in the streets proclaiming the wonders of the happy land for which settlers were invited, and the brother printed lines addressed by a Poyais lover to his mistress "Oh, come to me my own dear love!" etc., giving a general idea of Arcadian felicity.

Strangeway's book was published, and the bank-notes were printed, at Edinburgh, where MacGregor was at the beginning of 1823, and where his agent had made sales of land to the amount of several hundred pounds. He would be specially successful in recruiting colonists among the Highlanders displaced by modern sheep-farming, and most of the emigration-offices he opened were in Scottish

towns. As in the disastrous Darien scheme, a number of Scots were deluded into seeking their fortunes under the Cacique's auspices, some paying for land in his dominions, but the rank and file of the settlers went out under indentures to serve for wages, and to be supported for the first twelve months. The shipment of wives and children was to be paid for out of the men's wages; but when MacGregor visited the first shipful of his subjects that sailed from Scotland, he graciously bestowed a free passage on their families.

His Highness appears to have had his headquarters at Oak Hall, Wanstead, a name at this day represented by the last suburban street on that side of London, looking over the Roding valley to Claybury Hill, close to the noble park and mansion brought to wreck by the fourth Lord Mornington, Wellington's spendthrift nephew. Here the Cacique *in partibus* entertained in the style becoming a prince whose state was best organised in the military and naval departments. An officer named Woodbine, boldly described in Strangeway's book as "several years in the Cacique's service," was appointed General, Knight of the Green Cross, and Vice-Cacique, but showed no readiness to enter upon such dignities. Colonel Hector Hall, sent out in advance as Lieutenant-Governor, was directed to style himself His Honour, to "ordain, decree and command," was empowered to grant commissions not higher than the rank of captain and to receive fees for signing such documents; then, in earnest of further favours, he was raised to the peerage by letter under the title of Baron Tinto, with an estate of 12,800 acres. The functions of President of Council he was to double temporarily with those of Commander-in-Chief, since General Woodbine, commissioned

to that dignity, had "absented himself without leave." Another ex-Colombian Colonel came out in April as Adjutant-General, with notice that the Cacique and his family proposed following about two months later in a ship of war. His Highness had appointed a Rear-Admiral, a clergyman, various Secretaries of State and other high officials. He was raising a body of guards, all Highlanders, and had arranged for the embarkation of 500 Germans from Hamburg, many of whom he hoped "will enlist into the artillery." At least four regiments of the line were drawn up on paper, and one of lancers. Mr. Edgar, who accepted a captain's commission in the Poyaisian lancers, gave evidence how, after a dinner at Oak Hall, an oath of allegiance to MacGregor was administered to him on a Bible, but he could not be clear as to the terms of this oath "from the particular circumstance of the wine having passed very freely round." Such transactions were naturally veiled in a certain mystery; and Colonel Hall afterwards asserted that he by no means clearly understood what was expected of him when he took charge of the first party of emigrants. Declining the honours his employer heaped on him, and bringing sober judgment to bear on his instructions, he refused to administer the oaths of allegiance to MacGregor prescribed for the settlers, which seemed inconsistent with the loyalty of a British subject.

In spite of his Christian name, Hector Hall, upon whom so much was thrown by the defection of the Vice-Cacique, seems to have fallen short in such Celtic imagination as coloured MacGregor's projects. There are hints in His Highness's despatches of "foul play," of a "loan knocked on the head," of "enemies in Jamaica." What happened was

that he could not raise money enough to inflate the Poyais balloon for his soaring enterprise. The banquets at Oak Hall perhaps consumed the funds with which he spoke of sending out 1,500 more settlers before his own arrival with 200 troops, his family, and the officers of his staff, for whom a "large and convenient house" was to be built at once.

All the colonists that came were some 300 in three or four ships. Early in 1823 the *HONDURAS PACKET* landed Hall with three score pioneers at St. Joseph's, the site of an eighteenth century settlement which had been given up on the demand of Spain. What was styled the capital of Poyais, turned out to be two or three huts and the slight clearings of three or four American settlers on the edge of the rank bush stretching to a background of thickly wooded mountains. The captain presently sailed away with a great part of the stores, detained by him on excuse of claims against MacGregor. The disillusioned emigrants seem quickly to have succumbed to the enervating effect of the climate; and when a second consignment of 180 passengers arrived in the *KINNERSLEY CASTLE*, they found part of the first body dispersed, the rest living in tents or huts of bamboo, and no more signs of the ready-made town where one gentleman on board expected to take up the functions of theatrical manager. There was "nothing but the bushes and the moonshine above us," as one poor woman testified, whose husband had paid £8 for forty acres of land. As Governor Hall happened to be then out of the way, there was no one to take command; and the landing at the river's mouth was conducted with a total want of discipline, cases and casks being broken open and much of the stores wasted or damaged. Cannon and ammunition were brought

on shore only to lie rusting, or to be buried in the ground.

Luckily the weather was still fine, and some of the more energetic set to work clearing the ground and felling timber for their houses. Others, from the first, showed an idle and mutinous disposition, as they had already done on board ship. They had now a special grievance in the want of rum, as also of tea and coffee, their supplies having been carried off by the captain of the *HONDURAS PACKET*. Hall, who went to Cape Gracias a Dios in chase of that worthy, came back with two puncheons of rum, which did not go far where there was nothing else to drink but unwholesome water. The idler spirits, when they were not snoozing on the damp ground, took to marching about with a black flag as a badge of rebellion. The industrious were inclined to strike work when at the end of the first month no money was forthcoming for their wages but those flash Poyais notes, which MacGregor had sent out so liberally as to understate their value in hundreds for thousands of dollars. Indians occasionally visited the encampment, bringing fruit and vegetables to barter for clothes or anything else the people could spare; and this traffic soon began to transfer the nakedness of the sellers to the customers. Neither for love or money would these natives work for the strangers, who in such a climate found it hard to do a hand's turn for themselves.

The rainy season began to set in before they could be urged into making their huts watertight; then fever and ague came among those careless greenhorns. They quarrelled over alleged unfairness in distributing rations. Some helped themselves by plundering the stores, which soon ran short of medicines and comforts. They were plagued with mosquitoes,

sandflies, and jiggers that got into the toes of Scotch lads walking about barefoot. Misery and discontent throve among them. Several persons died, and at least one committed suicide. Four or five stole a boat, in which after great sufferings they escaped to Belize. Three others were thrown overboard by Indians whom they had hired to paddle them away. All the time their doings had been stealthily spied upon by emissaries of the Mosquito King, and to add to their troubles they learned how he looked on them as intruders. That potentate (who had enlarged his style to George Frederick Augustus), through another Secretary of State named Vanks, served the leaders with a notice "that his Majesty does consider General MacGregor's sending any person to this territory to be null and void"; his grant was revoked by reason of the Cacique's unwarranted assumptions, but he would allow the colonists to remain on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance to himself, and obeying the laws of a constitution which he offered to bestow, "founded upon justice to Christians of all persuasions." But even George Frederick Augustus and his scribes would hardly be in a position to give them a clear title, since by this time the new Colombian Republic was claiming overlordship of his kingdom in right of succession to Spain.

To the Mosquito King, so well equipped with forms of government, the authorities of Belize were in the way of sending presents every year. A boatful of ragged runaways having brought news of the plight of the colony, the schooner *MEXICAN EAGLE*, carrying two officials on that errand, put into the mouth of the Black River, to find some two hundred people, filthy, naked, and fever-stricken, most of them "lying on the

ground, under a few leaves and branches thrown across some sticks." Those of the unfortunates who could move came staggering about their fellow-countrymen, wan figures of men, mothers with dying children in their arms, cursing the name of MacGregor who had lured them to such a pass, and begging for God's sake to be rescued from certain death. Colonel Hall was for the moment absent, dancing attendance it appears on the Mosquito King at Cape Gracias à Dios; but his deputy and the two surgeons made a formal request to have the people taken away. Mr. Bennett, the Belize magistrate, at first scrupled to interfere on the ground of their being indentured servants; but this point was waived on consideration of their unpaid wages; and when Hall came back with the King, it was agreed that the settlement must be broken up. Mr. Bennett then carried off to Belize as many of the most sickly as could be crowded into his schooner. She returned for the rest, who by this time were all down with sickness except one hardy Scot named Todd; and in two more passages the whole colony was transferred to Belize along with their stores, which were sold by auction to meet expenses. A third party of emigrants that came out in the course of the summer, refusing to land on the wild shore of Poyais, went on direct to Belize and were settled under charge of the authorities, but throve no better than their predecessors. Still later is said to have arrived another small body, whose fate has not been recorded.

The unfortunate sufferers were treated with kindness at Belize, the most sickly accommodated in extemporised hospitals, the women and children taken by twos and threes into private houses, looked after by a committee appointed for distribut-

ing relief, largely supplied from the public treasury. But the capital of British Honduras is no bracing health-resort, and many of the people died here in spite of all that could be done for them, while some of the least affected lost their lives by indulgence in the much missed luxury of new rum. Baron Tinto himself, the Lieutenant-Governor, is described in a letter from Belize as having "scarcely breeches on him," so we may imagine the general destitution of the sufferers thrown upon charity. A list, which seems incomplete, gives more than sixty names, mostly Scotch, of those dying at the Black River or Belize. Such was the end of an Eden, whose only Mark Tapley seems to have been MacGregor himself, banqueting at Wanstead; but he had now a rude awakening from his sanguine dreams.

In August the survivors were sent home to London, where the Lord Mayor helped them with a public subscription, and the Scottish Corporation forwarded part of them to Leith. They did not see the Cacique, who had withdrawn himself to Paris, well out of the way of the abuse freely bestowed upon him, when the miserable result of his scheme became known through the newspapers. But he faced out the reproaches against him so far as to bring an action for libel against *THE MORNING HERALD*, which made good its disclosures in general, though on one plea the plaintiff got nominal damages, it not being proved that, as alleged, he had fraudulently exchanged his Poyais notes for sound money. *THE TIMES* and *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW* had also opened their artillery upon him. Two or three writers, probably interested, came forward in his defence; notably a Colonel Low, of the Colombian service, author of a pamphlet trying to saddle the blame upon Hall's disloyalty and the jeal-



ousy of the Belize merchants, who were accused of conspiring to wreck the settlement and of dishonestly selling the stores. Some of the returned colonists were persuaded to make affidavits at the Mansion House to this effect, and the narrative of an ex-soldier named Hastie was published, who lets out as much against his comrades as he asserts against Hall.

Such charges led to an official enquiry at Belize, from which proceedings are drawn most of the facts above given, all going to show that the failure was mainly caused by the unfitness of the emigrants as well as by the inordinate vanity of MacGregor, more taken up with his pretensions to principedom than with the practical cares that might have nursed such an enterprise into gradual prosperity. But it is to be remembered that several attempts to plant a European settlement on this shore came to nought, a German colony some time later faring so ill that in a few months there were not left enough with strength to bury their dead.

When the Poyais bubble burst, leaving an unpleasant odour of law proceedings, mutual recriminations, and public indignation, our soaring Cacique could not but fall into woeful straits. *THE SCOTSMAN* of October 23rd, 1823, mentions as a piece of gossip that he who had been "living in royal state" is now without a sixpence; but there may have been some pickings out of the wreck, by which stood more than one of his partners or agents. There are glimpses of him in London and Paris for the next few years. In 1827 he had an office in Threadneedle Street, and was living at 12, Upper Baker Street. He now comes into discreditable publicity through an intrigue with the wife of a Mr. Spong, who represents him as passing under various

aliases, among them that of Major Drummond, which would be reverting to his grandpaternal name. A scuffle with the injured husband led to our hero's appearance at the police-court, where, in default of bail, he was sent to Tothill Fields Prison, and there pined ignominiously first in the Cadgers' Yard, then in the Apprentices' Division, whence he was transferred for trial to the new gaol at Clerkenwell. He was still not without backers, for when brought up at the Middlesex Sessions, he found two sureties in £250 each besides his own bond for £500 to keep the peace. In the course of these proceedings the court is reported to have been full of creditors armed with writs; and about the same time an Irishwoman complained of him at the police office as having borrowed two guineas from her, after swindling her husband out of a considerable sum.

In such days of eclipse one fancies that MacGregor may have been known to Thackeray among his Major O'Gahagans and Chevalier Strongs. In *THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND* the stock of a second-hand tailor includes "40,000 uniforms for the cavalry of H.H. the Cacique of Poyais." It appears that he did not wholly lose faith in himself, for in 1836 he is stated to have drawn up a constitution for his principedom of Poyais, which had been regranted to a hardly more fortunate British Company by another dusky sovereign, a Robert Charles Frederick crowned at Belize with burlesque solemnity, in time to be succeeded by a George William Clarence, till this domain became merged in the volcanic republic of Nicaragua. Gregor P. had not even the comfort of approval among his own kinsmen, for the acknowledged head of the clan looked with strong reprobation on the adventurer of fortune, the revolu-

tionary general, and the pinchbeck prince. And the last quality we can attribute to him is such a wholesome sense of humour as goes with common-sense, which might have else helped to a philosophic view of the downfall, whose disgrace could not but be impressed on him by indignant sympathy for the victims of his vain-glorious scheme.

Through what straits and ignominies the discredited hero had to pass in those years we must imagine; but fortune had in store for him a blink of quiet sunshine at the end of his stormy life. He had addressed several petitions to the government of Venezuela, begging for assistance in returning to a land on which he had spent "all his fortune, the flower of his years, and the lives of two sons." As his avowed object was to press for compensation, the authorities at Caracas showed no readiness to further an importunate claimant. But in 1838, his wife having died "worn out by climate, fatigues and privations," he at last found a passage to Venezuela, reaching that troubled Republic at a lucky conjuncture, when it had the means and the mood for patriotic gratitude. It opened its arms to MacGregor as one of its few surviving liberators, his fame in the War of Independence not being forgotten, while he had been out of the

way of the warfare of factions, during which Bolivar had died in neglect.

He now published at Caracas his *EXPOSICION DOCUMENTADA*, dwelling entirely on his services to his adopted country and passing over those other enterprises on his own hand. In 1839 he was honourably restored to his rank and one-third of his pay as Venezuelan General of Division, the government also voting him a few thousand dollars for his present needs. Thus he could live at ease in Caracas, much respected, as a local historian vouches, till "death blotted his name from the list of the living," which happened at the end of 1845. He had a public military funeral with all due observance. South American Republics have usually been as liberal in sepulchres, statues and such like, as they have been sparing of confidence and loyalty towards their living heroes. When, under the sumptuous rule of Guzman Blanco, in our own time Caracas came to be equipped with a Pantheon on the Parisian model, MacGregor's bones were decreed a place in it among other illustrious citizens; but for some reason this posthumous honour appears not to have been fulfilled, the jealous Venezuelan republicans perhaps taking umbrage against the memory of that would-be Prince of Poyais.

A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

## THE DIVORCE COURT AND THE PUBLIC.

THE apartment is small, almost square, loftier than it is either broad or long, and entered from a long corridor, through swinging doors screened by thick heavy curtains. The walls are panelled in unpolished oak for half their height; above that stretches a bare expanse of dull grey stone, broken by high windows through which there sometimes enter slanting shafts of radiance revealing a dust-laden atmosphere, but oftener admitting but a sorry substitute for God's daylight. A few hundred legal books in buff bindings are ranged in cases round the sides. At one end a narrow, raised bench stretches from side to side, with a canopy in the centre overspreading an observant judge in tye wig and black gown, with piles of stiff-looking documents at his elbow. In front of this is a lower platform with a table upon it, at which sit an associate, or clerk of the court, also in legal attire, and one or two other officials in ordinary dress. To the left of the judge's bench, and at a right angle with it, two rows of jurors are keenly following what is going on. Facing them on the opposite side, are two other rows of young men, journalists busily working with pen and pencil. In the well of the court is the solicitors' table, laden with blue and white papers bearing the orthodox legal crease down the middle. Sprinkled among the professional gentlemen appropriating it are two or three handsomely dressed ladies, flushed and pale alternately, the parties to a suit. Behind them half a dozen rows of benches rise by steps, the

front row, or inner Bar, occupied by King's Counsel, "learned in the law," the next two by members of the outer Bar, and the three hindmost by petitioners, respondents, co-respondents, witnesses, and interested spectators, who likewise crowd the narrow standing space behind. Above them is a small public gallery, its foremost occupants peering forward to gain a bird's-eye view of the drama being performed below, the rest thankful to obtain a chance prospect of the distant judge.

The silence is profound, alert ushers insisting upon it. The only sound is the questioning voice of counsel, and the answering tones of the witness, who stands between the judge and the jury. The witness is ill at ease with so many eyes directed upon her; she is agitated, crumples her perfumed cambric handkerchief into the smallest possible compass, and speaks with a low voice. The ladies sitting with the solicitors watch her intently, and share her nervousness. Soon the witness stands down and others in succession take her place,—men and women, young and old, bold and timid, honest and dishonest, truth-tellers and perjurers. The judge has a watchful eye for each, and the jury labour with doubt or conviction. The council harangue the Court one by one, palliating, fulminating, appealing, and condemning, the secrets of a life, intrigues, deception, domestic infelicity, being their theme. The judge listens attentively and mentally formulates his summing up. When he begins to speak there is a momentary rustling and shuffling as all settle

down in their places to catch his words and pursue their drift; a critical stage has been reached, the climax of the drama; copious notes are read, material facts pointed, no essential detail omitted. With the utterance of the final words of caution and direction the tension relaxes. The jury put their heads together to confer, or retire to consult in privacy under lock and key. Among the spectators a whispered conversation begins. Interested parties compare notes and prophesy results; others discuss the principals, and mentally pronounce decrees *nisi*, or magnanimously dismiss the suit. But the jury settle the matter. They announce their finding to a hushed assembly: the judge affirms it by statutory declaration; and by separate doors two human beings leave the Court, a man and a woman, once husband and wife, henceforth strangers to one another. A few people perhaps leave with them, but the day's work is not over. Two or three counsel change places, new briefs are unfolded, new clients take their seats with the solicitors, the judge dips his pen afresh in the inkpot, the jury are re-sworn, and in five minutes a like drama has been opened, and other hearts are being strained to breaking-point.

Such is the every-day aspect of the Divorce Court, situated, by singular coincidence, almost on the very spot at Temple Bar where, centuries ago, brave knights tilted at each other for the favours of fair dames. With it is allied, for judicial purposes, as everybody knows, the Admiralty Court. Such an amalgamation as matrimony and matters maritime seems a little strange, but an ingenious explanation was once ventured by an eminent counsel who, with true legal acumen, saw in the arrangement a compliment to Venus,

who rose from the sea. Whatever the true reason was, the two branches are combined, and the judge who to-day is settling domestic feuds may to-morrow be dealing with salvage or a question of damages for collision at sea. Between them the two Courts provide some of the most knotty points arising in Civil Law. Lord Hannan is reputed to have said, when he was President of the Division, that he had much more onerous duties than any other judge, because "It is not easy to administer justice between man and man, it is difficult between man and woman, and still more difficult between ship and ship." Unquestionably the settlement of probate and divorce matters is the most important of all jurisdictions. Rights to property (which may involve poverty or riches), legitimacy of issue (affecting social and domestic status), the content and happiness of individuals and of whole families,—these are serious affairs to devolve upon a single being. This fact was realised when the Court was first constituted, for three judges then sat upon the bench, the responsibility being thought too great to be cast upon any single pair of shoulders. So recently as the era of Doctors Commons, when divorce and ecclesiastical jurisdictions were allied, the system of a plurality of judges obtained; and it was not until matters at Common Law, which were also adjudicated upon in the same fashion, were relegated to a single judge, that matrimonial matters were placed on a similar footing. How heavy the duties are, as well as responsible, may be gathered from official statistics. These show that within the last ten years there has been an astounding increase in matrimonial suits, embracing petitions for divorce, judicial separation, nullity, and restitution of conjugal rights, the yearly

average now being about a thousand. The melancholy psychological fact is also established that the petitions of husbands exceed those of wives, and tend to do so in growing ratio. It is furthermore shown that the greatest proportion of marriages sought to be dissolved are those of between ten and twenty years' duration; that an undue proportion are alliances that have been effected at registry offices; and that the vast majority of husbands who seek release from matrimonial ties are engaged in trade, manufactures, or professions, a convincing proof that, substantial as has been the cheapening of divorce-suits, the cost is still far beyond the reach of the very poor. Even an undefended suit may run away with £70.

These, however, are details departing from the purpose of an article concerned mainly with the aspect and conduct of a Court which for consistent popularity has no rival. Every other Court in the different Divisions may at long intervals dominate attention through the interesting nature of some particular case, but the Divorce Court is never deserted. It is the Ultima Thule of all who pay a casual visit to the Royal Courts of Justice, the daily resort of regular frequenters, the only Court to which admission has had to be regulated by wooden barriers. Loungers gravitate to it by common inclination; those temporarily relieved from professional business within the building seek it out for recreation. Its whereabouts is easily ascertained by the throng usually gathered outside. Women are there in excessive numbers, the titled mixing with the plebian, grand dames and domestics, the great and the small, in an atmosphere of perfume. This olfactory evidence of the feminine presence extends to the inside also, and, if report be correct, has once at least provoked judicial

comment. One of the judges is said to have accounted for a headache he was suffering from in this fashion: "It has been a hot and trying day for me, for each of the witnesses has come into Court and waved about a dainty handkerchief saturated with scent. I have inhaled patchouli, white rose, heliotrope, and half a dozen other perfumes since breakfast, and unfortunately the more emotional ladies become the more they wave these pretty scraps of scented cambric, and apply them to their eyes." There is said to be a language of scents, as of flowers, a masonic cypher as easily read by the initiated as the coquettish movements of the fan or the vagaries of the postage-stamp are by the lover. But Courts of Law have little to do with sentiment and lovers' ways, and essence of roses mixes inharmoniously with the atmosphere of briefs and sworn affidavits. Still, no one has yet been so bold as to actively resent the inroads which perfumery has made in this Division, and no judge has precisely stated in what direction his choice of smell may best be met. Hence the waft of dainty scents will continue to apprise the wanderer in the long corridors of this mighty building when he is approaching the gathering-ground of matrimonial squabbles.

The Divorce Court is not a place where humour plays a considerable part, as in some other Courts not far distant; its business is of too serious a character for that. Yet there are petitioners, respondents, and witnesses who occasionally treat the ordeal of trial in a spirit of levity, and to this Court we are indebted for many definitions and axioms bearing upon human problems, as well as for a few judicial observations upon matrimony worth noting. Among the failings which lead to infidelity a prominent place must be given to insobriety,

and opinions differ as much upon what constitutes a drunkard as upon the speed of a motor-car. The late Lord St. Helier himself laid it down that a man who gets drunk once in three months is not a habitual drunkard, but that he may justly bring himself within that description if he is more often drunk than sober. Few people will quarrel with that carefully considered conclusion. An equally interesting problem once arose,—what is a “perfect lady”? A female witness giving evidence in behalf of a petitioner applied to her with impressive emphasis this laudatory description, and on being asked to express her idea of what a perfect lady was, replied, “One who is always home at ten, is not allowed a latch-key, and on only one or two occasions has been slightly inebriated.” Whether the Court endorsed this broad-minded definition or otherwise, record sayeth not, but it was delivered with a solemn conviction that indicated how lamentably short of the standard of excellence set up in a chivalrous age have we come in these modern times.

Affecting as it does the very foundation of community the law of divorce must needs be as nearly perfect as it can possibly be made, neither too tolerant nor too drastic, liberating the injured, but condoning no unwholesome collusion, holding in balance the susceptible scales of right and wrong. This is no easy result to attain, as Lord Hannan truly said. There is a terrible liability to err in adjudicating upon matters arising out of human frailties and moral weakness. The very reticence induced by the delicacy of the issues hampers accurate conclusions. The law of relative values enters very largely into all the calculations; it cannot be disregarded without danger of injustice, and it will have been observed that, except the facts be very

plain, juries engaged in this Division find more perplexity in coming to unanimous verdicts than in almost any other class of case. Hardly two nations have arrived at the same conclusion as to what is good and adequate ground for divorce. One, our own, holds that misconduct, or misconduct and cruelty combined, are essential; another thinks mutual aversion is enough. The United States of America alone provide us with almost every conceivable ground. Each State decides its own cases in its own way, but all, with one exception, lay down misconduct solely as a sufficient reason for untying the domestic bond. Some forty States hold conviction for felony a good ground, and a similar number are satisfied with cruelty. In Pennsylvania forgery resulting in a punishment of at least two years' imprisonment suffices; in Florida the habitual indulgence of violent and ungovernable temper unties the strings; in Illinois a malicious attempt on the life of either husband or wife justifies the decree *nisi*; in New Hampshire any treatment that has injurious effect on the health may be set up by the petitioner. Elsewhere the infliction of personal indignity, rendering life burdensome or creating keen mental distress, may be successfully pleaded.

Thus no universal reason for dissolving marriage is established, nor can it ever be, for the human conception of marriage rights, privileges, and obligations is more or less constricted or elastic throughout the civilised world. Here, in England, we are not all agreed that we have hit upon the best solution of the problem. Many regard our divorce laws as too taut and confined, and in seeking reform they claim to be working for the common good. So long as the all-important question

of morality is not lost sight of, no good purpose will be served by decrying proposals for amendment, if they are honestly made. Morality lies at the root of the matter; is it best served by the present state of our divorce laws? Take a type of case often cited by the advocates of reform. A man and woman are united, and one is attacked by the misfortune of hopeless, incurable insanity, which requires physical separation for the rest of their days. Is morality best served by insisting that they shall remain indissolubly bound together, the living and the dead? May not immorality be the direct outcome of such a provision, be, in fact, fostered by it? For human nature is weak among all men and all women, and through all grades of society. The laws of the Church, the dogmas of Christianity, cannot countenance such a proposition, say some; but, comes the reply, neither the Church in its laws, nor Christianity in its dogmas, has always been right. Some of our judges, in the effort to administer justice, have now and again ignored the strict forms of procedure, and been guided by common-sense and rules of equitable adjustment. Nobody has complained, nor could they do so with reason. Their lordships have at times expressed regret that the law in some directions is what it is. May it not justifiably be advanced that the divorce laws of England come very much short of the perfect article, neither conforming to common-sense nor advancing morality in some of their provisions?

But while the element of common-sense is sometimes absent from the laws (according to the testimony of Lord Alverstone, who recently described some statutes as "legislative riddles"), so also it is often missing in the conduct of those who have recourse to the law. In matrimonial

matters tactlessness, unreasoning aversion, and temper, play a very considerable part, and are the precursors of immorality. The late President of the Divorce Division had a favourite formula for those who are on the highroad to legal dissolution. A mutual temporary separation, he was wont to say, may stay the headstrong rush and give common-sense a chance to act. "Many examples have come under my notice in which married people have lived together agreeably after a temporary separation. It is much better to separate for a time than to live a cat-and-dog-life together. The husband and wife are better out of each other's way for a period. The pair get time to reflect upon their position, and arrive at a sane estimate of each other's qualities. Their friends have also an opportunity of gathering round them, with the possible result of bringing them together again in a mutually forgiving frame of mind. Many couples are living together happily now after a brief separation which enables them properly to appreciate and understand each other." Mrs. Malaprop, as we know, thought it safest in matrimony "to begin with a little aversion." This sentiment will hardly conform with the sugar-plum ideas of the romantic, but there is a solid substratum of common-sense in it. At any rate, when marriage proves unhappy after such a beginning, it leaves no ground for either party to plead so absolute a wreck of original emotions as when the married state is commenced with mutual worship.

Allusion has been made to the power of attraction which the Divorce Court has above all others. In view of the unpalatable and unedifying nature of the matters it deals with this must be regarded as a misfortune, morally considered; but the sense of liberty and fairness in this country

is so strongly ingrained, that the closing of the doors of any tribunal of justice except for very special reasons would be universally resented. Hence the Divorce Court is free of access to all who are properly conducted, and considered in the broadest spirit there seems no just reason why this should not be so. There are, however, occasions when it would scarcely be denied by the most liberal-minded in this respect that privacy would be desirable, and even beneficial, in the interests of justice and of the public weal. At rare intervals the presiding judge has gone the length of assuming a power to hear a case *in camera*, and none has been bold enough to raise a protest, though there seems to be no specific authority for the act. When the Divorce Court was established there was a disposition to hold that no case could be heard *in camera*, and by the provisions of the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1857, petitions for dissolution of marriage must be heard in open Court. The old Ecclesiastical Courts almost invariably heard nullity cases in private on the ground of decency, and that practice has been largely followed in the Divorce Court; but to hear a suit for dissolution with closed doors is an exceptional event. The most recent instance of note was in last July, when the *Abdy* case was before the Court. In that case counsel based an application for privacy on the ground that some questions which were necessary to be put in the interests of justice were of too delicate a nature to be asked in open Court before a mixed assembly, and the learned judge directed that when the parts of the case raising such matters were reached the Court should be cleared. It seems only in harmony with reason and a civilised age that some definite statutory power should be given to the judges to hear

cases in private when decency demands it, and when justice would not thereby be diverted. At present the power is in doubt; it appears to have no more solid basis than the dictates of common-sense and the approval of a reasonable and tolerant public. For long the Chancery Courts have followed the practice of hearing matters affecting wards in Chancery and lunatics *in camera*. It is also not unusual for family disputes and cases involving secret trade-processes to be heard in privacy. On the Common Law side, too, this course was followed both by a Divisional Court and the Court of Appeal in the *Sherborne School* case in 1889, when very delicate matters had to be gone into; and it is well-known that magistrates often clear their courts during the hearing of certain charges, though in doing so their conduct has been challenged as illegal by many authorities. There are some who would even welcome a rule prohibiting the publication of divorce proceedings altogether, and so bring us into line with the practice in the French Courts, which encourages no publication until the close of the trial, and then only a record of the names of the parties concerned and the result. Mr. Justice Darling takes up this position, if a remark made by him in January, 1903, is to be regarded as serious. While hearing a Common Law case he was referred to another matter which had been before the Divorce Court as likely to throw light upon a proposed form of procedure. His answer was, "Divorce cases I never read, and I wish no one else had a chance of reading them." Judicial ignorance of many things of common knowledge is not unfrequently avowed; but taking his lordship at his word, he makes a statement which carries the subject home, and, truth to tell, lands us on the verge of Star Chamber practice. Yet, with modi-



fication, his conclusion would find many adherents among well-meaning people, and it is free from the objection which might be raised to it in countries where there is greater risk of justice going astray.

But, after all, it is not from publication that the worst evils result. There is a spirit behind modern journalism which shrinks from pandering to immoral tastes, however much it may yield to sensationalism in other directions. The journals which exist on the rakings of the Divorce Court are extremely few and extremely contemptible. Over and over again did the late President compliment the daily Press on its judicious treatment of nauseous details, and the justification for such compliments is as great now as then. What is most deplorable is the unhealthy anxiety of men and women to be permitted to sit hour by hour listening to disgusting details which would never be discovered in print. I include women advisedly, for they are consistent offenders. Once Mr. Justice Bucknill, when trying a particularly bad case, appealed to the ladies present to retire. Several complied, but some remained, and his sense of disgust at their conduct was thus expressed: "I have observed with

the greatest pain that the public gallery has never been empty of two or three women,—I shall not call them ladies—listening to the filthy details day after day which have been said before the Court. I think it is a pity such things are allowed." It is this deliberate seeking after the morbid that is most to be deprecated, and that induces a hope that before many months have passed unquestioned power, leaving no room for doubt or error, will be conferred on their lordships to order the clearing of their Courts at all times when common decency demands it, and when the ends of justice would not thereby be interfered with,—a result scarcely possible with the presence of counsel and the representatives of the Press. A judge assumes the power, and exercises it, of ordering those outside who misconduct themselves; is it a less dignified act to guard the public against doing an injustice to themselves? For no spectacle of regular occurrence in the Royal Courts of Justice more obtrudes itself with unwholesome effects than this struggle of well-dressed people to obtain admission to an arena abounding in revelations destructive of the finer feelings.

FREDERICK PAYLER.

## HOLIDAYS AND THEIR ETHICS.

SOME of us are prone to fancy there were no holidays in the land worth mentioning before Lord Avebury's time, that we were nailed to our last, ploughtail and counters, true slaves of civilisation, until he pleaded so benevolently in Parliament for us. The error is immense. All things considered, indeed, it is probable that our remote sires of Plantagenet and Tudor times had more freedom from their routine of labour than we from ours. In those days, however, it was not the State that uprose on behalf of the race; the Church then had us in its mighty keeping. It was the Church that instituted the holydays in which the people found not only compulsory relief from the forced toil of the feudal baron, but spiritual comfort, followed, very wisely, by entertainment for minds more or less jaded or dull, and solid good cheer for stomachs used to food of the very plain and common kind. One need only trifle briefly with the records of parish life in England half a millennium ago to realise that there were plenty of gay intervals for our unenlightened ancestors in the year's round. They had not the advantage of tourists' tickets on railways: zoological gardens and music-halls were excitements unknown to them; but every parish had its accumulated fund of money and stock properties, the money ever at the disposal of the parish, and of the parish only, and the properties of gold and silver plate to increase the magnificence of its Church festivals, aided by gorgeous Church vestments (also the property of the parish) and followed

by dances, roasted oxen, Mystery plays, and strong ale, all indigenous, and not the less attractive for that reason in an epoch when to go on a journey was to risk one's life.

Moreover (and this is a great point), when the Church commanded rest, that is to say salutary diversion, it was worth no man's while to disobey. We treat the State's mandates more cavalierly, presuming on its terror lest it should be proved guilty of that very heinous modern crime, undue interference with the liberty of the subject. Thus, while the happy majority may speed off on a Bank Holiday to Blackpool, Brighton, Llandudno, and one or other of the Western Isles, a groaning multitude remains at work, in thrall to manufacturers, shopkeepers, and others who set their own interests above those of the race.

Touring was the privilege anciently of the highest and the lowest orders. The king and his great nobles were above those perils of the road which to the trading and working classes were as fearsome as a pestilence. The itinerant vagabond was of course beneath them. For the king, if of an active disposition, as it behoved our kings to be if they were to keep their dignity, life spread itself broadly, with as much picturesqueness and variety as even Edward the Seventh may command. In one year Edward the First changed his abode seventy-five times without leaving the kingdom. King John, as the Patent Rolls inform us, rarely passed a month in the same place. The state bedrooms, which still astonish and excite the scepticism of visitors in old country

houses in all parts of the land, bear out these other, more credible, witnesses to the perpetual motion of royalty in the past. The coming and going of a king were very splendid and ceremonious affairs in those days. His archers went before, and his marshals followed after, to clear the way of suspected persons, and even the house and precincts which the monarch proposed to honour with his presence for a night or two were strictly guarded. The court went with the king, and that might mean very much indeed to the king's entertainer. More significant still, the judges and the royal executioner were in the stately train, which was swelled by a host of skirmishers for favour, justice, and the crumbs that might fall from the potent traveller's table. Amid the making of jests, the tootling of lutes, the chopping-off of heads, the kissing of fair ladies, feasting, hunting, and the catching of fleas, the one fully-qualified national tourist of his century thus sought pleasure and profit from year to year. Battles and sudden death were the main violences which troubled his programme.

How the march of civilisation broke up all this pictorial splendour in the train of the king is to be seen strikingly in *Madame D'Arblay's Diary*. In 1788 George the Third carried his queen and daughters to Cheltenham in July. To be sure, the country people lined the roads, nearly all the way, in respectful silence; but at Cheltenham the King was lodged in a private house which would not accommodate a single person of his suite. "Not a man but the King sleeps in it! . . . The pages sleep in out-houses. Even the housemaids lodge in the town, a quarter of a mile or more from the house!" The two revolutions of the seventeenth century sheared the king of all need for the majestic environment of the past

when on his travels. Thenceforward he might tour about the land in comfort and privacy (if he chose), leaving all scarlet and ermine to the Courts of Law and Houses of Parliament which stood for the constitution which had supplanted the king's personal mightiness.

Change is holiday. The more absolute the change, the more complete the holiday. This, at least, is the common theory, which almost compels the doctor to send his tired patient from the town into the country or from the country into the town. On this understanding we can appreciate one of the most touching extracts from another old diary, that of the immortal Pepys. It is the last note one would expect to be struck from a Londoner of his age (thirty-five) and temperament, fresh from the skirts of the most sophisticated society England has ever known. "At Epsom I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; and we took notice of his woollen knit stockings, of two colours mixed." It may not be inapt to continue the quotation from Master Pepys's notebook on this 14th of July, 1667, if only to show that in his day the value of a weekly holiday was fully recognised: "Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit it to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house."

Certainly, for the purpose of mere longevity there may be some doubt

as to the wisdom of violent interruptions of the routine of life, especially if a man's brain be not cultivated to the inquisitive degree. Our centenarians are not gadabouts. Generally speaking they are persons who have grown extraordinarily tough on simple habits and simple fare within strictly prescribed areas, such as villages remote from the glamour of excursion trains, and workhouses equally free from excitement. Old Parr, until his one hundred and fifty-second year, was a regular anchorite.

His high'st ambition was a tree to lop,  
Or at the farthest to a maypole's top ;  
His recreation and his mirth's discourse  
Hath been the piper and the hobby-horse.

And in this simple sort he hath with  
pain

From childhood liv'd to be a child  
again.

It was old Parr's one fatal mistake in a life of a hundred and fifty years to permit himself to be beguiled by the Earl of Arundel into a journey to London, there to be exhibited to the king as the most remarkable of his subjects. The great Dr. Harvey, who opened him after death, found him still so organically sound, as the result of an extraordinary constitution and his calm healthful life, that he had no option but to declare his end an untimely one, due to the violence of the change, and its emotions, in that triumphant tour from Shropshire to the metropolis. The truth of the words of a famous traveller of our day, Mrs. Bishop, were obliquely exemplified in the poor old man: "The longer one travels, the fewer preparations one makes and the smaller is one's kit." Having put off his travels until so solemn an age, Thomas Parr should have put off Lord Arundel himself with pleas about the enormity of the preparations which it

behoved him to make for such an enterprise, and so have avoided it altogether. His times differed prodigiously from ours, when it is no unusual thing to find a youth of one or two and twenty who knows something about all the world's continents, and has learnt Mrs. Bishop's lesson so thoroughly that he is ready to set off for Japan or Australia at any moment, with little more than a tooth-brush in his pocket.

It is a shrewd saying of Sir Francis Bacon's that "our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it." One need only think of one's first pipe, one's first oyster, the professed woman-hater's inevitable end, the contempt with which so many ardent cyclists formerly contemplated the man on wheels, and so forth, to realise how much good sense there is in the words. They apply of course also to deeper matters than those with which we are concerned. Many a convent-bred maiden has made her first step into the world with the most profound disgust for her surroundings, and in a year or two has by her heartless frivolities astonished the same worldlings who once so appalled her. The saying has a particular application to an acquaintance of the writer's who from the age of fifteen to sixty devoted himself to his counting-house as a saint to the service of God. It was his boast that for thirty years he had taken no other holiday than the Sunday and half Saturday in every week. Save for commercial purposes, Bradshaw's Guide was nothing to him,—less than nothing indeed, for he viewed it as an evil and seducing temptation to the pockets of his subordinates. It was to be linked with the theatrical placards in the streets as something to be passed by with averted face, if you wished to prosper in material and

spiritual things. He condemned, with crushing adjectives, the increased lust for cheap tours, here, there, and everywhere, indicated by seaside and railway advertisements, as well as by the brown faces and skinned noses to be met in the streets in the summer months. He seemed indeed a man fifty years behind his epoch. But he grew rich, of course, and in due time attained the age of sixty, turned his business into a company, and settled down for the routine of country life. One day, however, he was persuaded (in the interests of his stomach) to leave England for a short foreign tour among German baths. That was six years ago; since then he has visited innumerable parts of the world and, like King John in the thirteenth century, seldom stays a month anywhere. He has no disease at all now, except that very commonplace one of restlessness. And he is convinced that there is nothing so delightful and instructive as travel, "If you are careful about the wines and waters and don't bother your head with foreign tongues." That which he hated at first he has in fact exalted (or degraded) into a passion. He is as unreasonable in living the life of a mere tourist as he was earlier in his slavish sacrifice to the narrowing interests of his business. It is to be feared he may be bracketed with the unfortunate Mr. Nicolini whom Horace Walpole thus mentions in one of his letters,—*"He has been a progress to add more matter to the mass that he already don't understand."*

The times change and we change with them. The old methodical life in a five-mile circuit, with all its blithe and perhaps somewhat rough incidents, would not at all suit our modern rustic, or the factory-hand who represents with us the skilled artisan of the old parishes, before machinery wrecked his industry and

changed the face of our towns. Our holidays are not exactly holydays now. For the majority they begin with a very early breakfast and a rush to the train instead of a confession of sins. One may argue at discretion as to the respective merits of bull-baitings, village-sports, and dancing on the green, in comparison with railway-journeys, new scenes, and museums. Our ambitions and temperaments doubtless adapt themselves to the century to which we belong. As touching the dangers associated with change from the ordinary round and common task, we do not seem much safer than our forefathers. Highwaymen of the picturesque accredited kind are spared us; but trains collide, excursion steamers sink, cyclists break their necks, and mountaineers die of exhaustion on our Bank Holidays year after year, as if to support the contention of the statisticians that in one way or another a certain number of us must be sacrificed in the pursuit of pleasure.

These are the risks for the majority, and they seem unavoidable. For those others to whom a holiday means a scamper to the Continent, there are risks of a special kind, moral and intellectual as well as physical. Indigestion of ideas is a common malady in men and women who, for the benefit of their minds and bodies, travel two or three thousand miles in a fortnight and then return home to rest. We see things, but we have no time to reflect about them until afterwards, when the memory of them is confused and faded. It is the same with the people known to us as foreigners. We have neither the time nor the opportunity to take note of more than their surface eccentricities. As they impress us, so we impress them. It is a pity, but, as things are, it cannot well be helped,

even though we realise that often it is with our brother of France or Switzerland or Germany as it was with the very outspoken Indian of British Columbia who thus passed sentence upon us for the invasion of his ancestral hunting-fields: "Accursed sons of dogs, why come they, to thrust themselves upon our land? Their bread, nevertheless, is good, and their bacon not amiss, and I wish we had only a little of their rum, or even their coffee."

But of course, even as holiday makers, we are only in a transitional

period. Steam has enabled us to rush about a great deal in a short time, and many of us yield to the temptation to rush about overmuch and rest too little. Electricity will, perhaps, by and by bring us to our destinations so rapidly that we shall perforce become better acquainted with the recreative side of a holiday. Then there will be a chance for the amenities of social intercourse, and our brother of France or Germany may come to be understood,—and to understand—as a brother indeed.

## THE OLD ADAM.

ALL the way down the village street yellow and white placards met the interested eye of Mr. Henry Arbon. One window flaunted a yellow bill, the next a white one; some yard-gates bore oblong patches of the one or other hue on their front sides; the chimney of a house in building towered four-square in yellow; the white posts of THE BLUE BOAR porch were swathed in yellow from the waist upwards; directly over the way a broad frieze of white sheets stretched lavishly along THE BLACKBIRDS' red brick front; and next to THE BLACKBIRDS' a dingy cottage was papered with yellow from the eaves to the ground-level, and had the words *Nonconformist Committee Room* across its windows. Church and Dissent grappled in a Parish Council Election, slumbering feuds awoke, ancient nicknames hummed, buried lapses stalked anew like gibbering ghosts, quip and accusation sped black-winged, humour took malice for ally.

Mr. Henry Arbon, farmer and senior deacon of the principal chapel of the village, sat in his gig behind his fleet young mare. His broad tanned face shone freshly shaven above a spotless collar, the lemon-coloured wheels of his gig glistened, the bay mare was groomed to a polish. The yellow bills bore his own name at the head of a file of dissenting champions; the white sheets urged everybody to vote for the Reverend Guy Leymour and half a score of lay bulwarks of Establishment. Mr. Arbon halted at the Cross, that open space in the village where four ways

and many gossips meet; and where Tom Correll, with his pipe cocked under his rakish moustache, his long legs breeched jauntily, and his brown covert-coat on his arm, stood ready in front of THE SWAN.

Tom Correll's eyes followed Mr. Arbon's intent look toward a neat white fence before a neat red brick house standing some dozen yards down the other street. Mr. Arbon's face darkened and Tom smiled privately. At the white fence stood a buxom woman to whom a little man in black clerical dress was palpably persuasive. "There's the parson courting Mrs. Winsley for her vote," remarked Tom casually.

Mr. Arbon frowned, grunted, and checked the mare's impatience impatiently.

"She'll carry a few of her tenants with her whichever way she goes," pursued Tom. "*He* knows."

Mr. Arbon threw the reins across the mare's back and said "Stand still!" sternly. The mare started; the clergyman at the fence also started, turned his spectacled face, and then shook hands with Mrs. Winsley in effusive farewell. Mr. Arbon descended, swelling in his coat. He was a big man with a broad fleshy face, a nose that turned up slightly away from a mouth full of strong teeth, and a flat obstinate chin. "Jist a minute, if you'll have an eye to her," he said to Tom Correll.

Mr. Arbon walked across to the white fence while Tom Correll patted the mare and smiled anew, with the landlady of THE SWAN at the door to

help him. Henry Arbon had been a widower two years and Mrs. Winsley owned a nice little home and pony-carriage as well as a score of cottages, and was a widow in the prime of life.

"It's only her vote," remarked Tom to the landlady's wise smile.

"It's herself as well," said the landlady emphatically.

"She's Church," objected Tom provokingly.

"What's that matter?" said the landlady contemptuously. "He's had her in his eye, and this election's a good excuse for him. She won't be Church long."

Mr. Arbon had Mrs. Winsley in his eye, but, so far, he had not spoken,—only for her support. He intended she should first declare herself on his side, and he had purposed that morning-call, himself groomed, his turn-out impressive. As he neared the white fence the rector mounted his bicycle and rode off with the preliminary wobble of the middle-aged novice. Then Mr. Arbon also smiled, grimly. "Hope I ain't disturbed our friend," he said as he took Mrs. Winsley's plump hand.

"That's what he called you," said Mrs. Winsley, a fresh coloured woman who equally became morning white apron and blue print, and evening black silk and gold chain. "'Our friend the enemy,' Mr. Leymour said. I hope you really are friendly with him?" Mr. Arbon cleared his throat. "Well, of course you will be after to-morrow's over," said Mrs. Winsley. The poll was next day.

"We are hopin' to have the pleasure of your company at our meetin' to-night," said Mr. Arbon persuasively. "I shall be back from Shendy about six, an' if I may have the honour of callin' for you?"

"Ah, you are going to Shendy Show," said Mrs. Winsley. Shendy is a small town five miles east of the

village, and Shendy Agricultural Show comes the first Thursday in June. "And is Mr. Correll really your companion?"

"A neighbour," explained Mr. Arbon, with some air of apology. Tom Correll was a gay blade, openly regarding dog and gun and tavern more than higher things, and Mrs. Winsley, as a churchwoman, enjoyed hinting at any apparent departure by the deacon from Non-conformist strait-lacedness. "A little light-minded, but a first-rate judge," remarked Mr. Arbon further.

"Ah, your lovely horse! And you are exhibiting things at the Show of course? You must be very busy."

"Choked up," said Mr. Arbon, suddenly beset by the nearing hay-time, and the Show, and the poll, and the prospective chairmanship,—and herself—"choked up. I'm glad to hear you haven't been to the meetins' on the other side."

"The rector strongly pressed me for this evening. He was very nice."

"They are," said Mr. Arbon ironically. "Wonderful stock o' butter!"

"People seem to like him so much," said Mrs. Winsley smoothly.

"Astonishin' how folks let themselves be soaped over! Don't *you* be led away, Mrs. Winsley."

"That's what *he* said. Shall we have to congratulate you on becoming chairman?"

"Office I don't want," said Mr. Arbon. "An' elections I don't like," he added emphatically.

"The rector seems worried," remarked Mrs. Winsley.

"No proper eatin', drinkin', nor sleepin'," pursued Mr. Arbon. "But when you feel it a matter of duty—"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Winsley, who seemed to imply that the rector had also used a similar phrase. "And think of the honour of being chairman."



"I feel there's some abler an' fitter, Mrs. Winsley," said Mr. Arbon modestly.

"I know a great many naturally look to the rector," said Mrs. Winsley as if in sympathy.

"A firebrand in the parish," said the deacon quickly.

"I have heard that your side rather blame the contest to him."

"A snake in the grass, Mrs Winsley."

"Really, Mr. Arbon!"

"I'm a plain-speakin' man, Mrs. Winsley." Everybody knew it. "His tongue is like honey an' full of guile, an' he's at every ear an' every turnin'. But I won't say too much behind his back, for there *may* come a time—this evenin' about seven, shall we say?"

"Don't let me trouble you, Mr. Arbon. You will be so busy with all your other friends."

"A pleasure an' a honour."

"The rector also talked of calling," said Mrs. Winsley as if to herself.

"It's like his cheek!" rapped out the deacon.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Winsley with some show of dignity. "Why not? I have only myself to please."

"Jus-so, jus-so," said Mr. Arbon quickly. "A feeling hand on the bit," he warned himself. "Every confidence an' no disrespect, Mrs. Winsley, I'm sure."

"I can't make any promise," said Mrs. Winsley coyly.

"I shall call about seven," declared Mr. Arbon. He had ready a score of yellow bills,—*Vote for Arbon*—and if he could but see a couple of those across the Winsley pony-carriage, but doubtless Mrs. Winsley guessed and shrank as long as might be from the beginnings of self-surrender. "I can't make any promise," she repeated.

"At least you won't go to the other?"

"I can't make any promise," said Mrs. Winsley, smiling full on him; but Henry Arbon was not learned in women's smiles and he turned away rather gloomily. "I shall call," were his last words.

The church-clock struck noon; the landlady of THE SWAN disappeared; Tom Correll corrected his watch. Down the street John Tabbs the grocer, with much action of bared arm and spread of white apron, stood in his shop doorway arguing with Thomas Closs the crier, whose bell rested in the hollow of his arm. In another of the four branching ways the children swarmed out of school, and the boys straightway divided and shouted election cries shrilly. A woman carrying a pail of water came to the gateway of some white-washed cottages which stood end-ways on the street and halted, looking at the excited mob of youngsters. "Oh, cuss this 'lection!" she said. As Mr. Arbon mounted the gig he looked as though he echoed the sentiment inwardly.

"The parson didn't stop to shake hands with you," said Tom Correll.

"If I get against him when I'm right for it he'll hear something," said the deacon darkly. "Steady, lass!" They had left the Cross, they had reached the open road twenty yards from THE SWAN, and the mare had jumped.

"She'll have it took out of her up to Lanleigh Turn," said Tom, looking ahead where the highway ran like a white, climbing ribbon, smaller and smaller among green fields and ever upward. "Deep old file, Leymour."

"Let's get away from it," said Mr. Arbon shortly.

But he could not get away from it for long that day. The Reverend Guy Leymour cycled over to Shendy in the afternoon to take tea and counsel with his friends the vicar

and curate there, and thus the rival leaders encountered in the Show meadow, where they sparred a little. However the rector fended assault and escaped temporarily; and Mr. Arbon had so many people to see.

"We've rather overstayed," he observed to Tom Correll as they seated themselves for returning. "Let her go, ostler."

The mare stepped fresh and eager, and admiring eyes followed her out of Shendy. To the two horse-lovers in the gig her action was a poem. Her owner, outwardly impassive, scented the mute, continuous tribute of the expert beside him and relished it. He let the mare go; but as she slackened up the long incline which culminates at Lanleigh Turn, whence a good two miles' slope trends to the village, his brows came down. "Him yonder," he said darkly.

In front of them a cyclist was footing it upwards beside two women who were driving, and walking their staid old pony. The cyclist was the Reverend Guy Leymour, and the two women were voters of the village.

"He's making hay as usual," observed Tom Correll. "His brother crows call him a worker."

The sight of the rector, untiring with the weaker sex, brought the stress of things back poignantly to Mr. Henry Arbon. The revived prospect of Mrs. Winsley declaring for the opposition on the persuasion of this beguiling little priest made him feel as though certain absorbed refreshment had suddenly turned to gall. "Votes should go with trousers," he muttered inwardly.

"He'll be off if he sees you," pursued Tom, who yearned with all the godless layman's longing to see a parson well admonished, and who foresaw a lovely passage of arms. "I heard how nicely he put you off this afternoon; lots of people spoke of

it. I saw him and those other two parsons laughing together afterwards. You know what they are."

Mr. Arbon gave a snort as he touched the mare with the whip, and Tom put his hand to his moustache. The parson turned his head, and took even more hasty leave than he had done in the morning, for the deacon's face flamed an unmistakable danger-signal. Gig, bicycle, and pony-cart closed a little short of the hill-crest and Mr. Arbon's voice rang: "Now, ladies, vote for Arbon an' poll early! Don't be fooled by smooth talk!" The women and Tom Correll tittered, and the gig passed the pony-cart and slowed up beside the rector challengingly. "Was hopin' I might assist at your little argument, Mr. Leymour."

"Pray don't let me intrude upon you with the ladies," answered the cleric. His face hardened at the other's aggressive manner, for he was combative underneath his suavity; but he prided himself on his velvet glove, and he mentally drew it on for the few yards' journey to the top of the hill. Once there he could mount and leave. "I am pleased to hear you have taken prizes to-day," he added disarmingly.

Mr. Arbon had also taken luncheon, where the president stood champagne royally. His face was very red; ruminated phrases stirred powerfully within him. "Thank ye, sir," said he. "Let me tell you I think you'll be the very last man to obtain that prize that's promised the peace-makers."

"Hush, hush, Mr. Arbon!"

"Truth, sir! Don't you think it's a pity when people as are set up,—an' set themselves up—to teach other folk *their* failin's, ain't better employed than in promotin' this upset that's settin' us all by the ears?"

"I certainly think you are not in

the proper mood to discuss this matter, Mr. Arbon."

"I'm in the proper mood for *you*. I've seen your ways,—I've marked 'em for months,—you an' your lady-folk an' your under-strappers; all slippin' about gettin' the blind side o' people, an' especially o' women, like,—like,—well, you know."

"Control yourself, Mr. Arbon," said the cleric, trying to control his mount sufficiently to gain the saddle. "Be careful or you will certainly regret your words. You are carried away."

"Oh, no, I stand firm!" Mr. Arbon ground his heel on the floor of the gig. "You ain't in the pulpit now, remember; you've stepped into the ring, an' you'll be hit. Look at me! Everything as me an' mine have ever done or thought or said, an' a lot besides, is raked up out o' the mud an' thrown at me. But you wait; if you're about the pollin' to-morrow, you'll hear. You've stirred the pond, an' you can't complain if you get some o' the dirty water."

The rector got safely in the saddle with a jerk, and pedalled forward as jerkily. That man Correll's grinning face suggested bar-parlour entertainment later. The women behind laboured at their staid old pony. Mr. Leymour's gaze was fixed ahead, his jaw had set, and the red spot glowed in his cheek. He sped onward, but the gig kept level with him and the deacon's voice went on resistlessly.

"We don't often get a chance at you. If the votin' should go against you I expect we shan't see much of you for a bit afterwards. No! There'll be no parson poppin' here, there, an' everywhere; an' no parson's women-folk kissin' the babies; an' no district-visitors from door to door all day long; an' as far as you an' yours are concerned the parish 'll go, as the world says, to the devil generally. But after all the parsonin'

it's had lately the place'll be all the better left to sweeten for a bit. In my opinion, Mr. Leymour, it's bin parsoned till it's tainted."

He stamped his foot and the mare tossed her head. She swerved to the near side a little; the cyclist swerved more. "Don't come too near, Mr. Arbon," he cried sharply. "Your horse seems a little out of hand; I hope you are able to manage it."

"Oh the mare's right enough, sir." The farmer's tone flung off the reflection acrimoniously. "She'll never reach half the mischief your spider-wheels carry, for she's more like a Christian than many professin'. An' I think I can handle her; I keep to my own cattle an' know 'em; I ain't like some people tryin' to plough with somebody else's heifer when there's some underhand advantage to be gained."

"Do you refer to me, Mr. Arbon?"

"As Nathan said unto David, *Thou art the man*."

"Whose heifer, Mr. Arbon?" They had rounded the hill-top, but the rector checked himself suddenly, hard with meaning. *Whose heifer?*

"You know an' I know, so don't pretend. It ain't but a very few hours since you sneaked off the minute you sighted me."

"You shall apologise to me for this," said the rector hotly. "Instantly!" The angry man felt he had lawful excuse for anger. "In the name of the lady!"

"Apologise!" scoffed the farmer. "When it come from her own lips? I fancy I hear myself!"

"I shall inform Mrs. Winsley of your insult to her," snapped out the cleric at a white heat. "She shall know of your refined way of speaking of her,"—he shot forward—"at once!" He turned his head, and seeing from the other's gaping mouth that he had got home a facer, sped

on with a quick thrill of triumph. "Good-afternoon," he said over his shoulder. The phrase sped sharp and summary, and the cyclist showed the mare his back.

"What's he mean?" asked Mr. Arbon of his companion blankly.

"Mean?" echoed Tom. "You see what he means. Look at him; he means telling Mrs. Winsley what you've been calling her, and he means getting there first."

"Oh," said the deacon, while the mare hung from her driver's uncertainty. The cyclist spun fifty yards ahead.

"Look at him," repeated Tom. "Gosh! I wish this mare was mine,—I'd give him good-afternoon. A little parson in specs on a bike,—look at him—you've done it now, clean! He's off like a bird."

"Oh—h" said Mr. Arbon slowly and long-drawn. He stared after the rector, his jaw fallen. That gentleman's receding form, humped and vigorous, with something of resolve, of triumph, in its effort, spurned him with a sense of defeat, present and prophetic. The full perception of what would result if this escaping priest once fulfilled his venomous threat clapped in his brain stunningly. The mare pulled at him as though she knew; beside him Tom Correll quivered with desire. "Oh," he said with a snap of his teeth, "does he?" He took the whip from the socket and the mare sprang forward.

"Can she?" asked Tom Correll, wickedly.

"Can she?" echoed the deacon, contemptuously. "We'll just ask her for once."

Mr. Leymour heard the gig coming on; but he was in the very last mood for allowing himself to be overtaken. He had firmly decided that the assault should not be renewed; he would only hear harder, more brutal things, and

he would look foolish. He had never been extended, of course, but he was wiry, and on the long, easy slope a bicycle should surely out-pace a horse easily; and then he would be able to slow down long before he came to the village. Some of that racing spirit latent in every Englishman sang in his blood as he gathered momentum with every yard. He scoffed in his heart at the sound of wheels behind urged with meaning and malice. His mount felt alive beneath him. The white, deserted highway beckoned, narrow between grass, but smooth, dustless, and winding gently downward; just the faintest air from the west met and fanned him, pleasantly murmurous of speed. He felt he had the start, he knew his was the last shot; and he had died rather than yielded one inch of temporary advantage to this rustic and rude-tongued dissenter who challenged his right to place and leadership among men. He, too, held on.

And so the race began.

When they were fairly at speed,—the mare at the top of her stride and the man of cloth just beginning to wonder how it would end—another cyclist passed, racing village-ward. He was a little red-headed youth, a winner at local sports, and he rode a phenomenally high-g geared, low-handled, feather-weight flier of a machine. In passing the young champion absorbed Correll's rejoicing grin, noted Arbon's red, set face, marked the parson's strained, tense gaze, and swept on at the rate of about thirty miles an hour down the lovely incline. He covered five yards to Leymour's three; and presently Correll saw him well away, his back horizontal and his legs going like the piston-rods of a high-speeded twin vertical engine.

"That's riding!" said Tom admiringly.

But the farmer's eyes were glued to Mr. Leymour's back. "The slope helps him now, but you wait," he said. "Tchick, tchick."

The young fellow in front rode his very hardest and chuckled to himself so far as his wind allowed. At a bend in the road he risked a look round. The parson's head was lower, his elbows wider, his whole attitude that of the unredeemed scorcher. Beyond him Farmer Arbon bent forward in his seat, his whip arched over the mare as the eager angler extends his rod over the water in the supreme moment of a nibble. Young red-head sped on, and three minutes later he pretty nearly ran over Mrs. Winsley as he skimmed round the corner on to the Cross.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Winsley, almost dropping her parasol. She had been restless all day and she thought of walking down by the school,—you can see a good way along that road as you drive in from Shendy. The young tearaway never heeded her but swerved under the sign of THE SWAN, jumped off and, skidding along on his feet several yards, rushed to the open window of the taproom, and shouted: "The Parson and Harry Arbon's racin' one another down from Lanleigh Turn! The Parson's bikin' an' Harry's got that free mare of his'n! An'—an' Tom Correll's ridin' with 'im! Get out an' see 'em come in! It's jam!"

His voice cracked at the last word. He bent and swayed in a fit of choking laughter. Mrs. Winsley gasped again and stood staring. The sitters in the taproom scrambled outside; sundry loiterers hastened; one quicker wit poised himself on the garden wall at the mouth of the road, looked, and shouted confirmation: "It's right! I can just see 'em agin Twelve Acres, an' they're comin' like mad. They'll be 'ere in no time."

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Mrs. Winsley suddenly remembered she was Mrs. Winsley and strolled on calmly, but the village generally jumped. Each way the news flew, out-speeding wireless or any other telegraphy. Down the two streets heads protruded as by magic; in twenty seconds all the world came hurrying to where the road from Shendy gives on to the Cross. Mrs. Winsley turned back there, on her way home. The gig and the bicycle were full in sight, racing hard; the crowd swelled every instant, and the buzz of excitement began.

But to Mr. Leymour the hundred seconds of that last half mile were an eternity wherein he lived many lives. The prick of spurring anger, the thrill of unwonted speed, the heat of contest, the zest of conquering counter-stroke against the enemy,—these had passed, leaving despair and a strangling breathlessness. The air sang past him; hedge and tree shot swiftly by as in some fevered dream; the white road, which had lain so tempting, streamed up greedily to meet him as he was whirled down it, the blood drumming in his ears.

Surely never middle-aged novice had scorched like this! But he could not stop. His mount gave back the angry effort as angrily; his pedals came up with an elastic thrust as if possessed by some demon of speed; he dared not stop. The vision of a sudden check,—of himself hurtling through air to iron earth—made his thumping heart stick in his throat.

Slowly there crawled to his brain some cognisance of the black, humming, expectant crowd below. Then all at once he saw the folly, the madness, the iniquity of it. He felt for the brake, to stop at all events; but the lever fell impotent, for in that downward rush the connecting screw had jarred loose, and the freed bar

began to rattle against the head,—*clink, clink, clink*,—horribly.

"He's shot his bolt!" cried Tom Correll, a chain-measure behind.

The parson swayed in his course. He made a sudden attempt to back-pedal and missed his hold with the right foot. The prompt, vicious whirr of the disengaged rat-trap filled his ears like the crack of doom; a fiendish chuckle from behind sickened him; he felt the pursuers upon him bodily. A vivid memory of some painted chariot-race flashed across him,—of foaming nostrils, pounding hoofs, devouring wheels, mangled humanity beneath. He recovered miraculously; in a frantic spurt he gained, and Tom Correll thumped the splash-board. "By—!" he shouted, "he'll lick us yet! You'll have him beat you, man; make her move."

The deacon grew desperate. Strong words escaped him, the cast-off expressions of his unregenerate days, sadly unfitting the mouth of a church-elder. He forgot Mrs. Winsley,—save for certain curiously recalled races of his youth he forgot everything in a wild desire to overtake this foeman whose flying form mocked him as it sped. He flogged, he imprecated, while Tom Correll, as he said after, "slanged and held tight." Under lash of whip and tongue the mare sprang to a wild gallop; with stretched neck and ears laid back she lifted the gig. To the parson her bounds shook solid earth, and there was no more question of his stopping. A maddened animal urged by a madder driver,—one slip, and this murderous avalanche was over him. The hare, hotly pursued, is said to look only behind. So the cleric, horrified to his very marrow, gave no heed to what lay before him, but with his hat squeezed down to his neck, his glasses fallen to his nose, his face trickling sweat, his coat-tails flying, and his whiskers streaming

backwards in the breeze, he strove for his very life to fly from the furious hoofs and the relentless, rasping wheels in his wake.

Ahead, at the Cross, the village waited in a packed ecstasy. It was inconceivable, this amazing, glorious impropriety. The total lapse of two such leading embodiments of orthodox piety into so sporting a contest tickled them all to the supremest delight, and presently it stirred them to the most delirious partisanship. Here,—somehow it was felt—here, and not at the poll, was the very grapple of the contest. The crowd, with Mrs. Winsley an unheeded unit at its rim, tossed, bubbled, and seethed.

There rose a babel of shouts, yells, screams,—encouraging, warning, jeering, ironic, earnest. All eyes were fixed on the competitors. In the level straight for home the parson led by a few yards only. His coat-tails spread and swung; with his shoulders humped and his head squat between them he showed an uncouth bunch of a man, "Like an ole crow tuggin' at a worm," as one said, screaming the simile. Behind him Arbon's face shone, a red disc above his huge, coated figure,—*"Like a full moon risin' over a wheat cob,"* to quote the same word-painter. When they were within some hundred yards a mad wag rushed across the way, scraping as he went a line with his foot, and lay down at one end with his eye along it amid a frenzy of hilarious applause.

The awaiting spectators, for the moment hushed, packed themselves away in twin lines. Mrs. Winsley's parasol shook in her hand. The gig-wheels crackled on the road. Tom Correll craned as if he would take flight. The deacon's elbows worked to the gallop. The parson's face, drawn, glaring, oblivious, with mouth a vertical oval, made a nightmare

of agonised effort. A vibrant buzz hailed the mare's nose level with the cyclist's pedals. Correll half rose, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand. "Wheels count," he yelled, "wheels count!"

The huge and instant chorus of "Wheels count!" was interrupted by frantic appeals to "Give 'em room!" The human avenue swayed and shouted. As the mare got her nose in front the partisans of Chapel with one voice shouted "Arbon-n!" and a breath later the adherents of Mother Church raised "Leymour-r-r!" like a war-cry, and the final consonant mingled, and held, and swelled to one roar of acclaim. Hard upon it leapt the unanimous verdict "Dead heat! Dead heat!" with wavings of hats and clappings of hands, with laughter uproarious and hysterical, with gestures indescribable.

The tumult was checked suddenly. The deacon was seen lying back in his seat, reining in. The cyclist was seen swaying in his saddle drunkenly, dangerously near. A dog rushed across the way with a shrill yelp. For one bewildering instant dusty wheel and black and white terrier appeared inextricably mingled, and then the bicycle seemed to sprawl across and over, and the rider slid limply to earth and lay there, face upwards, his arms spreading. A quick ripple of laughter stopped in a hush,—the charged silence of tragedy impending—for the waltzing mare seemed hard on him,—over him. But to the desperate strain at her bit she swerved, and reared aloft, making the nearer spectators shrink with short, quick cries. As she alighted safely on all-fours her driver lurched heavily, but Tom Correll jumped afoot like a sprightly groom, and sprang to her head. The crowd vented a long sighing murmur.

Mr. Arbon lumbered to earth. He

stooped over his prostrate rival, his face pale, a stammered, anxious enquiry on his lips. Mr. Leymour lay with his mouth open and his chest heaving. Presently he looked into the farmer's face and smiled, and moved as if to rise. Then Mr. Arbon smiled too. "Let me, Mr. Leymour," he said, "let me."

With the word he took the clergyman by the shoulders, grunted, and set him on his feet. "Sure you aint hurt, sir?" he asked, brushing him with a hand that trembled slightly. "Sure?"

"What was it?" asked Mr. Leymour, shaking himself reassuringly, but still rather dazed.

"It was the dog," said Mr. Arbon as the buzzing crowd swarmed round them. "We was very close, an' my heart went thump." He drew a long breath of relief,—the ease of bitterness spent in struggle, or the miss of bodily injury imminent and escaped. He swiftly imagined what a catastrophe might have been. "It was a mercy!" he ejaculated. "Mr. Leymour aint hurt, friends," he sang out as though he were leading a Hallelujah. "All safe and sound,—a little more room, please." Mr. Arbon caught sight of Mrs. Winsley on the fringe of the crowd and perceived he was figuring worthily; at that moment he almost could have hugged his rival. "Some of you take care o' the bicycle," he commanded.

"I couldn't stop," said Mr. Leymour, recovering; "and then I rather lost myself, I think."

"Our hosses both got their heads a bit," said Mr. Arbon loudly, for the public ear; "comin' home you see, an' down hill too. The mare's findin' her behaviours now though," he said, glancing to where Tom Correll stood patting and soothing the smoking animal. "Shall I drive you up, Mr.

Leymour?" he asked protectively, as they moved through the spectators together.

"I think I will walk that little way, thank you, Mr. Arbon," said the rector.

Mrs. Winsley, all flushes and anxiety, bore down on them. "Come in and rest a minute, Mr. Leymour," she said, when she had been assured and was shaking hands; "and you, too, Mr. Arbon; you can leave your horse, can't you? I saw it, and I *was* frightened! *Come in.*" Her hand rested in Mr. Arbon's.

"It will do you good," said Mr. Arbon to the rector, endorsingly, feeling the pressure of her fingers.

But Mr. Leymour begged to be excused. "My friend Mr. Arbon must accept for both of us," he said, smiling to the deacon and Mrs. Winsley.

"I will just go a few steps with you first," said Mr. Arbon, politely, as the rector glanced at him shrewdly. "Joseph," he called to a villager, "just take Mr. Leymour's machine up to his house—thank you, Joseph. In two minutes, Mrs. Winsley, askin' your leave."

"This is very strange," said the rector slowly, when he and Mr. Arbon had drawn clear.

"They think so," said the deacon half turning to the amused, buzzing company that stood looking after them. "There'll be jokes; you can't shut the world's mouth."

"But we can keep our own shut, eh, Mr. Arbon?"

"You may count on me," said Mr. Arbon emphatically.

"And on your friend, Mr. Correll?"

"I'll answer for him, Mr. Leymour."

"I can hardly understand, yet, how it occurred," said the rector.

"A little outbreak of the old Adam," said the deacon wisely.

"Thank you for coming so far," said Mr. Leymour. "I was glad you dropped that little hint about our mounts getting master. To-morrow, I suppose, we shall have to be in opposition again."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Arbon as he shook hands cordially. Then he returned to Mrs. Winsley and took her to his meeting, where they received a regular ovation.



THE TRAVELLER IN PERSIA.<sup>1</sup>

JOURNEYING in Persia has many merits, of which the first and greatest is that, unless you are very poor, you travel on horseback; and if you are very poor, you travel on foot, which is the next best. It is true that if you ride your own horses, which is far the pleasanter way, you cannot for long cover much more than thirty miles a day, and such progress may appear tedious to the man who travels merely in order to reach his destination; but any man, who by nature or force of circumstances (which is more pardonable) is in this predicament, may, if he scorns fatigue and keeps to main roads, ride post. Then, if he has the luck to find relays, he can travel almost as fast as a Russian express, and be happy. But he would be happier still, had he remained at home, and never ventured into countries which have not yet realised that man's chief end is to do something and go somewhere as quickly as possible.

For those, however, who have not yet bowed the knee to the spirit of the motor-car there is no travelling like travelling on horseback, provided only that the roads are not impassable and the weather fair. In Persia these two conditions are seldom wanting. There is hardly such a thing as a made road,—though it was announced some two years ago that Russian engineers were about to make one from the frontier to Tabriz—but, except for a short time after the melting of the snow in spring, roads are

seldom too bad for comfortable riding. The ground, being in most parts rocky or at least stony, dries with wonderful speed; and as a Persian horse is accustomed even to galloping upon stony ground, the traveller can often go as fast as humanity allows. There are occasionally obstacles, irrigation canals with steep banks to scramble up and down, broad rivers, not always bridged, which are difficult in spring, and many steep and rocky paths in the mountains, with precipices unpleasantly near. But these are not more than enough to diversify the way; unless indeed you venture into the more difficult parts of the mountains.

And then there is the weather. Even in winter riding is pleasant, provided the snow be not too deep and the wind not too strong; and as a rule they are not. It is a new and pleasant sensation to sit on a rock for lunch and bask in the sun with snow deep round you and a hard frost. If the snow be deeper, it is less pleasant, for to lead a horse up a mountain path, yourself up to the waist in snow, and both of you occasionally struggling in a drift, is undeniably hard exercise to take in a fur coat; but that is all. English horses so seldom see snow that I cannot say whether, like dogs, they have a taste for it, but Persian horses evidently like it. In a foot of snow my horse, if he was fresh, preferred to gallop, and where he might have taken a beaten path or a bare slope, chose the untrodden snow. There was one thing, however, which he did not like, and that was crossing a frozen stream

<sup>1</sup> The description which follows applies only to Aserbaijan, the province visited by the writer.

on doubtful ice, with a hoof going through now and then ; but happily the streams are seldom deep.

On these winter journeys one first perceives how numerous the animal population must be. At other seasons you seldom see the trace of a wild animal, except perhaps a hare, and wonder where they hide and how they live, for many of the lower hills are bare earth, only sprinkled with stones, and too little broken to give much cover. But in winter the snow is riddled with tracks of wolves and foxes and many smaller animals, though the creatures themselves keep out of sight in the day-time.

Yet winter travelling is not the most characteristic, for snow extinguishes differences, especially in a treeless country ; and roadside incidents are fewer, for the open country is deserted and the few travellers on the roads are bent on business. Spring and early summer, or autumn are the pleasantest seasons for travelling, and each has its peculiar merits and defects. Spring gives cool air and a greener landscape, for then for a month or so there may be seen a little grass and herbage about the hill-sides, and later on the green retreats to the irrigated spots and leaves the intermediate spaces as brown as before. But in spring heavy rain is still inconveniently frequent, and swollen rivers and swampy ground impede the traveller. There are some bridges in Persia, but in the Azerbaijan at least they are not too common or too good. Over the larger rivers there are some fine and beautiful bridges, most of them built in Mongol times and, though half ruinous, still serviceable. The town of Maragha even boasts two such, both of them handsome. One of them is furnished with a square tower at one end, presumably a guard-house, which is

very finely ornamented with patterns in glazed tiles, dark red and blue and green. These bridges rise steeply to the centre and are usually borne by two or three arches of the form most common in the country, pointed, but wide, and with a somewhat flattened curve. Good stone bridges of a similar pattern, and even ornamented with tiles, are still built occasionally. There is one such in the plain of Solduz, which has been built in the last few years, and the cost defrayed by contributions levied on the inhabitants ; but such bridges are rare, and in spring, when the water is swollen and fords are difficult, the traveller is often obliged to go some distance out of his way. Over smaller streams the bridge, if there be one, is formed of tree-trunks covered with earth, which soon slips through and leaves gaps dangerous to horses' legs. By good fortune at the time I was travelling most, the Crown Prince of Persia was touring in the district, and gangs of men were busy repairing the bridges along his route and even improving the road itself by cutting away banks, where the sideways slope was steep, as it often is when the road skirts a hill. Thus his visit produced at least one public benefit.

In later summer and autumn these watery obstacles cease, for the rivers shrink or disappear entirely, being drawn off for irrigation, and their steep banks, when they are steep, are easy to a Persian horse. Till autumn the heat is a little severe for travelling at mid-day, even in the highlands, but nevertheless the season has many compensations. There is no lack of good water, and from June to October there is fruit in abundance, at least in the more fertile districts, a delicious series, beginning with cherries and white mulberries and running down through peaches

and plums and apricots to end in grapes and melons. They are not finer than the fruit of other lands, but a dusty road and a long ride give them a peculiar relish, and better still, the traveller may eat without fear, and be all the fresher for his debauch.

The fruit with which this part of Persia is most bountifully blessed is the grape. Of this the natives count, I believe, more than thirty kinds, each with its own name. There are black and purple and light red, white, and yellow, globular and oval, some as long as the common sort of Californian grapes. They differ too in size and flavour and degrees of sweetness, and are appropriated to different uses. Some are preferred for wine, some for preparing a kind of treacle, some for drying into raisins and currants, others for eating fresh. And each kind is good. The best raisins are better than any which reach England, but unfortunately they are not well sorted when packed for export, and so do not command a proper price.

The wine also is good, and if better made might be excellent. The district of Maragha is famous for both raisins and wine, and deserves its reputation. Its white wine, made by Armenians, has a very delicate nutty flavour, and is worthy of a place beside the best wines of Europe. Like most Persian wines it is strong, and would be the better for keeping, but it is not the custom in that district to keep wines long. That which I drank was commended as very old, but its age was not more than four or five years. Besides excellent raisins of the ordinary sort, Maragha produces a special kind of white raisin for export to Russia, where it is said to be esteemed. The grapes, when only half dried, are dipped in boiling water, and this has the effect of pre-

serving their colour and softening the skin; they are very sweet, and have something of the consistency of candied fruit.

The grapes for eating are good, too, though not so surpassingly good as the raisins, and they are not unappreciated; the native despatches many large bunches at a sitting. But though the eaten grape is sweet, it is sad that a country so gifted by Nature should be in the ungrateful hands of Mussulmans, and her bounty perverted to ignoble uses. True, many Moslems partake of the fermented juice by stealth, or openly if they are great enough to defy opinion, and we know from Persian poets that this is no new transgression. They are, however, few, and most of the priceless juice is squandered in prosaic gluttony and sweetmeats, while nobler nations must damp their spirits with thin and chilling beer. Worse still, it is asserted (and though I never saw the horrible fact I believe it to be true) that at vintage time in some parts of Persia horses are fed on grapes.

These observations upon grapes and other fruits of Persia may seem irrelevant to the main subject of this paper; but the digression is truly pertinent. To understand aright the spirit of Persian travel in summer-time the reader must have always in mind this back-ground of cool springs and juicy fruits. To ride is good; to be bathed and saturated with the heat of a cloudless sky is good; to look far over bare plains and hills whitened by the glare of the sun is also good; even the sand and dust are good, for in Persia there is seldom wind enough to raise them high, and they accord with the character of the scene and intensify it. Yet none of these things, excellent though they be, would please entirely but for the help of contrast. The Persian traveller

in summer combines the pleasures of virtue and of indulgence: upon the road heat and toil, not excessive, but enough to soothe the cravings of a restless conscience; then in his chamber of the *caravanserai*, or under a shady tree, comes balmy repose with the stretching of stiffened limbs and loosening of belts and buttons, and a repast (if the place be too poor to provide more) of dry sheets of bread and sour curds. Thus luxuriously furnished he mocks at the foolishness of home-keeping Epicureans, wearily chewing their unearned and savourless dainties. They desire the same end as he, but know not how to achieve it.

Yet it is strange that even the Persians themselves, who desire that end as heartily and pursue it more steadily than most Europeans, have not learnt to use the advantages of their country. The rich travel softly and slowly, half a day's journey at a time, with sunshades up and horses ambling delicately; all the remainder of the day they spend at the *caravanserai*. This is wiser than needless haste, and I do not blame them for delay, but because with such a mode of travelling they cannot be tired enough to attain true happiness. For this one good thing we of the West have at last gained, one precious drop of wisdom distilled from much unprofitable experience, the knowledge that a tired body is a surer way to peace than a quiet mind, and easier of attainment. Count Tolstoi has even discovered that physical labour is the one thing necessary to salvation. We now clearly apprehend why the path of virtue has always been depicted as laborious, and why the multiplication of labour-saving mechanisms has made the world so unhappy. Thus on the highest and most Epicurean ground the leisurely proceeding of the Persian noble is to

be deplored. He is compelled to substitute opium for exertion, and the peace of opium is disturbed by unpleasant dreams.

While the traveller rests in his *caravanserai* let us observe what sort of a place it is, though many have described it before now. If the place is important enough, it will be a large courtyard with a tank of water in the centre, and surrounded, or, partly surrounded, by a balcony supported by pillars of brick. The balconies are sometimes roofed over, and often there is a second balcony on the outer face of the building, at least on the side facing the main street. Opening on to these are separate chambers with doors and windows and perhaps even a fire-place, (not a grate), but no sort of furniture. In these the guest lodges and puts down his baggage. When he enters he has them sprinkled with water and swept and spread with cane matting and rugs, if he has none of his own. In the colonnade under the balconies are mangers in the wall, and behind it, under the upper storey, are covered stables and store-rooms. This is almost all the accommodation provided. The keeper of the *caravanserai* can usually supply fodder for your horses and water to drink, and often tea and a samovar; and sometimes you may even get a share of a mess of stewed mutton or fowls. Generally, however, even tea must be bought in the village, for the ordinary traveller carries his provision with him.

In small places the accommodation is even less; a courtyard, with perhaps a stable in one corner, and for the guests a room or two on the upper storey, reached by a crumbling mud stair-case, or just a space on the flat roof, preferable at most seasons to the rooms. The building, like all but very sumptuous houses, will prob-

ably be of sun-dried bricks, rough-cast with mud and chopped straw ; but in very splendid caravanserais the rooms may be white-washed, and the columns and the facing of the entrance made of noble red burnt bricks. I even know one where the outer balcony is adorned with landscapes painted on the plaster by a local artist ; but the chaste simplicity of grey mud is more harmonious and in better keeping with its surroundings. It is the great merit of mud architecture that no skill of man can make it worse than inoffensive, and against a blue sky it is the best possible foreground. And its simplicity is in keeping with the rest, because the best of caravanserais is more stable than inn. Below in the court-yard horses and asses are snorting and champing and munching night and day, and their soiled and tattered attendants are moving or sleeping among them. As you lie on the roof, stray dogs and cats or fowls wander by, prospecting for a meal, or run over you lightly while you sleep. But unless the dogs take to howling at night, these rural accompaniments are not unpleasant, and a caravanserai is not the worst of lodgings, if you carry your own bedding,—an important proviso—and its charges are not high.

Besides the larger caravanserais there are here and there humbler stopping-places, the *chaikhana*s or tea-houses. These generally lie upon the main roads about midway between the regular stations and are only destined to afford accommodation for the mid-day halt. In Persia the roads are divided into stages of some twenty miles, and caravanserais are only to be found at the regular points of stoppage ; the traveller who wishes to cover more than the day's stage, must either push on a whole stage farther or put up with chance accom-

modation in some village or *chaikhana*. The *chaikhana* as a rule provides nothing but tea, and perhaps drinking-water and fodder. It is usually a mud hut with one dark room for guests furnished with a seat of earth round the walls. If the European would have water as well as tea, he must bring his own cup with him, for the Shiah inn-keeper will not have his vessels defiled by infidel lips, and will only pour water from his pitcher into your cup. Yet since as a rule he makes no scruple of serving your tea in his own glasses, it is difficult to perceive by what principle he is guided. Does boiling remove ceremonial pollution as it removes more material kinds of infection ?

The tea provided at these places, like all tea in Persia, is a surprising concoction. The use of tea has come in from Russia of late years and the *samovar* is always employed in the making of it, but the product bears but a superficial likeness to the Russian. The tea is drunk from glasses, not cups, and no milk is used, but this is all the likeness. In Persia a pinch of tea is put into the pot, which is then filled with water from the *samovar* and placed upon the top of it to keep hot till the tea has drawn. In about half an hour it is considered to be ready, and a little of the decoction is poured into each glass ; about as much in proportion as the whiskey in a glass of whiskey and soda-water for a moderate drinker. The glass is now piled half way, or even to the top, with lumps of beetroot sugar broken from a loaf, and the interstices are filled with boiling water from the *samovar*. When the traveller has refreshed himself with a glass or two of this compound at the rate of a farthing or a halfpenny the glass, he usually goes on to cold water.

But in the *chaikhana* he has at least this resource and is better off

there than when he is paying a visit of ceremony. The visitor must always drink two or three glasses of tea, and, should his host be rich and wish to pay him honour, a cup or two of coffee, similarly prepared, will follow, and after that perhaps a little chocolate or sherbet. In hot weather he may escape with sherbet only, and sherbet, though over-sweet, has the merit of being iced. At times of festival a man may have to pay a dozen or so of calls in a day. When he returns home in the evening he feels that two or three Christmas dinners in succession would be a lighter tribute to custom.

Chaikhanas are found not only on the road, but often in and about towns. Many of these latter are temporary structures only put up to accommodate the townspeople when they come out to take the air, and others are open all the year round and are much frequented, for there is never a lack of unemployed males about the streets of a Persian town. Water-pipes are an additional attraction, but they are being superseded by cigarettes. Pipes, with massive stems a foot or two in length, are also used occasionally. These are often handsomely ornamented with silver, but have no mouth-pieces; the smoker must put the flat end of the stem against his lips, for it is far too large to insert. In the mountains the pipe in common use has a stem five or six feet long. Besides tobacco opium is smoked very generally, and often in excess.

The refreshments affected by the young are sweetmeats and melon seeds. The sweetmeats sold in the streets are little more than coloured sugar, though it is said that Persian ladies spend much of their time in concocting more elaborate kinds. The vendors squat upon the ground behind a little tray, and the price

charged is infinitesimal. They can scarcely make as good a living as the beggars, who are as numerous in Persia as in other Mahomedan countries.

But the repose of these halting-places carries my thoughts to another kind of caravanserai, which still more often meets the wayfarer's eyes along a Persian road; not to that "whose curtains are alternate night and day," but to resting-places of more confined dimensions. In Persia grave-yards are often seen by the high-roads, and sometimes far away from any existing village, all alone in the sand. They are unenclosed and seemingly uncared for. The head-stones are usually rudely hewn or even shapeless and uninscribed, and many of them lean over or have fallen flat, as though the modern Persian was not so punctual in paying honour to the dead as were his forefathers, who built some noble tombs. At Maragha is a Musulman graveyard perhaps a mile in length and spreading over the slopes of several hills outside the town. Many of the tomb-stones are very ancient, to judge both by their shape and by the lettering of the inscriptions. Most of the older ones are of tabular form, about the length of a human body, or somewhat more, and about eighteen inches wide, the height somewhat greater than the breadth. In some cases the top is cut into the shape of a sloping roof, though without projecting eaves, and one at least was evidently designed to represent a building, for in the centre of one side was carved an arched doorway. The sloping roof is noteworthy, because flat roofs are now universal in this part of Persia. Most of these tombs are raised upon a base of one low step, and one of them consisted only of several steps, each smaller than the last and the topmost no higher than the rest. Another, which is locally

called the tomb of the two brothers, is also singular in form. Two blocks of stone stand some distance apart upon a base and are united above by a flat slab, thus leaving an open space beneath. The stones in all these tombs are carefully squared, though destitute of mouldings, and the upper face, and sometimes the sides of the central block, are enriched with incised ornaments and inscriptions. The ornaments differ somewhat in style from modern Persian work, being simpler and less fantastic in design. One or two patterns suggested a reminiscence of Greek work.

As Maragha was at one time the capital of the Mongol kings, some of these ancient tombs may well be graves of wealthy and noble persons, and therefore cannot fairly be compared with the sorry stones outside a small modern town or village. Yet even in these one would expect to see a finer tomb here and there, and I saw none. Even inscriptions are rare, and where present they are rude, whereas the inscriptions at Maragha are fine specimens of ornamental writing. Also the difference of form remains. In the modern grave-yards upright head-stones are general, and horizontal slabs rare.

The tabular form, it may be noted, is also used by the Syrians and is very general in their grave-yards, both old and new. But the stones differ in shape from those of the tombs at Maragha, having no base, and being broader and higher in proportion to their length. They usually bear inscriptions in Estrangela characters, and conventional ornaments differing from the Persian. On some of the older stones are rude figures of men and animals representing scenes from daily life. These like the rest are sunk in the face of the stone, not in relief. A form of stone to be seen in both Christian and Mussulman

grave-yards is the figure of a ram, of which only the head is detached, the body being merely a block of stone roughly rounded and devoid of legs. Syrian grave-yards, like Mussulman, are unenclosed, but sometimes honoured persons are buried inside a church and their graves are covered with the same table-slabs as those outside. In some cases the bodies of Syrians, and no doubt of Mussulmans too, are laid in small cists formed of roughly fitting slabs of stone, below the ground level; and sometimes the gaping ends of these may be seen protruding from the face of a bank, where the hill-side has been cut away.

But for fear the reader does not enjoy as he should the contemplation of grave-yards, I must turn to the less equivocal delights of travel. One of the chief of these is the setting out at early dawn or in the twilight before it. The beauty of dawn has been observed not infrequently by poets and even by less gifted folk, and Persian dawns are not perhaps more beautiful than those of other lands; but they are more to be trusted. In general I am no fanatic upon the point of early rising. Here in England it would argue a perilously sanguine temperament to rise early in the hope of seeing the sun rise after you, and even Alpine sunrises are apt to deceive; besides it is inconvenient to wait some hours for breakfast. But in Persia the sun does actually and visibly rise almost every day of the year, and when travelling it is convenient to rise with him. Moreover, rising is easier when you sleep in the open air, and dressing not laborious when it means only the putting on of boots and socks; and this is often all, for the night air is chilly even in June and you cannot carry much bedding on horseback. A grumble, as your servant's voice breaks into

your dreams, a shake, a pitcher of water over your hands and head, a mouthful of bread and curds, or perhaps tea, if you have a good servant, and you are ready in time to growl at the man for not having the horses saddled sooner. You get under way and turn out into the high road, or perhaps splash through a ford or two, and begin to climb a mountain path. The first mile or so is a little chilly, but as your blood warms, you have your reward. The pleasure felt is indeed not a thing to be described. The sweetness of morning air and the transfiguring wonders of the change from purple twilight to broad day, the successive colours of the sky, and of the shadows climbing down the hills, are things that most men have seen and felt. Only in Persia they are seen so often that the remembrance of them colours every thought of travel there, and stands out as the chief of its pleasures. Moreover, they are enhanced by contrast; by nine or ten o'clock the sky is spread out hot and cloudless, the shadows have gone, the earth has again become an expanse of unsheltered grey, and the traveller is returning to his diurnal state of thirst and heat.

Still, except in some barren and lonely districts, this is not all he sees. The landscape is often diversified with patches of green, and the roads with fellow-travellers, in parties or long processions. Sometimes it is a peasant woman in her blue envelope, perched on the back of a lean horse, her husband paddling beside them, and now and again encouraging the beast with a blow or a groan; sometimes a solitary rider tugging at his cruel Persian bit and digging his shovel-shaped stirrups into his horse's sides to display his paces; sometimes a pair of Persian youths on foot setting out to shoot with guns and

dogs, beguiling the way by wailing a quavering love-song, and themselves conscious of their resemblance to the adorable Majnun of whom they sing. With their pencilled eyebrows and glossy love-locks, their henna-tipped fingers and their elegant clothes, they realise the ideal of youthful beauty as depicted upon painted Persian pencases. 'Tis pity that such charms should be wasted on that peasant woman who has just gone by; and you see they feel it.

But more numerous than human beings are beasts of burden, camels, pack-horses, and, above all, donkeys. These are the commonest of all wayside sights, and on meeting them your Syrian seldom fails to bring out his well-worn witticism, and point to them as the "railway-train of Iran." Call them the luggage-train and the title will be still more appropriate, for they are not greatly inferior in speed to such trains here, and their carrying power is wonderful; I was told, but will not vouch for the statement, that a donkey will carry about two hundred and fifty pounds of grain. He sometimes at least has to carry as much as that, for the driver, when tired, will perch himself upon the top of the load. Donkey-boys are good riders; they jump up on to some part of the animal, and there adhere comfortably in whatever position they chance to light. It sometimes happens that a donkey so treated collapses or gives way under the mere weight of his legitimate burden. Then he cannot move till he is lifted on to his legs again; but once up, he patters along as before, his knees bent under the weight, and covers a good four miles an hour. It is a hard life, though he is not often beaten brutally, but if he has any personal vanity, he may find some consolation in his finery. Even the common pack-donkey is seldom unadorned; if he has nothing



more, there are usually coloured tassels of wool adorning his head, neck, and quarters, and sometimes his saddle-cloth is also parti-coloured. It is characteristic of the country that these trappings are rarely absent, and still more that they are nearly always old and faded.

Camels are not so much used, but they are common enough, and go even in the snow. They are of course roped together, but the procession is not headed by a donkey, as in some countries, and few horses object to them. They are never other than picturesque, but they are not comely beasts, and a train of camels in the spring is a marvel of untidiness. At that season they moult, and naked patches alternate with bunches of long sandy hair. Not even a mangy dog can look so utterly disreputable and forlorn.

Dogs, too, are a very common sight and not unimportant to the traveller. They are of two kinds, the Kurdish sheep-dog, black-muzzled, shaggy, of a whitish yellow colour and larger than a St. Bernard, and the town curs. The latter are a more mixed breed and vary in size and colour. Most of them have apparently a strain of wolf, and also of the Kurdish dog, but they are commonly smaller (about the size of a collie), and yellow. They have the habits of the scavenger dogs of most Eastern towns, but do not seem to go in packs as the dogs of Constantinople do, and are less like jackals. Their favourite haunt at Urmi is the place for slaughtering sheep just outside the city wall. The blood runs into a trench and thence flows in a stream down the slope; there the dogs resort to lick it up,—one of the many illustrations of scriptural phrases which Persia still furnishes. Unfortunately the slaughter of sheep is not confined to that one spot. You may see the operation

performed by the side of the street outside a butcher's shop; and the beast is allowed to bleed in the roadway.

But the sheep-dogs are more important to the traveller. The poor city cur is inoffensive, but the others are aggressive and sometimes formidable. If you pass too near a flock of sheep or goats guarded by them, they will at least make a demonstration, and in some mountain villages they are so dangerous to strangers that it is not safe to walk out without the company of a villager. In the villages of the plain they are demonstrative, but can be kept off by sticks or stones. Still they are annoying, even to a horseman, for their coats are so thick that a well-aimed cut with a whip gives no real satisfaction.

These dogs are often kept to guard the house, even when there are no sheep, and have recognised owners; but they are never domesticated or cared for as in the West, and therefore remain half savage. As sheep-dogs they are much less intelligent than ours; they guard the flock, but do not drive it, for the sheep are guided by the shepherd. I am told that in the mountains they follow him, and that he pipes to them, but this sight I had not the pleasure to see. Even as protectors these dogs are not perfect, for in spite of their size and strength many of them will not face a wolf, and many sheep are carried off.

Wolves, it would seem, seldom or never hunt in packs in that part of Persia, even in winter, but they are bold. They not rarely carry off children from the villages, and more than once a wolf has taken a child from between its parents, when they were sleeping on the roof in summer. In hard winters they sometimes have ventured into the city of Urmi, and their tracks are often to be seen in

the snow outside. In the summer, too, they will come down and lie in the vineyards close by, presumably in quest of hares, which are common; and in winter a single wolf will sometimes pursue a traveller, but this is a rare event. In the course of many days' travel you may perhaps catch a distant glimpse of a prowling wolf towards sunset, but hardly more.

If wild animals are rarely to be seen by the road-side, birds are plentiful, except in the depth of winter, and where they fail the other orders often take their place, snakes, lizards, tortoises, and insects. In the driest places, where even birds are few, tortoises crawl about and bask in the sun, and beetles of various kinds are numerous. A species of dung-beetle, larger than the English, is often so plentiful as to stud the road with black patches. Snakes, one of which is blood-red, are not rare, and lizards of several kinds are common, but both are too nimble to be studied easily and I can give no detailed description of them. Insects of the grasshopper kind are almost as numerous as beetles, and as varied in size and colour; the locust is the largest. Butterflies are many and beautiful, though not conspicuously larger than those of Europe. The most novel in colouring was a small butterfly of which the wings are entirely green.

All these creatures amuse the eye, but except the crickets they are voiceless, and the dry country is often silent where it is full of life. To make amends every place where there is stagnant water teems with frogs, and at night-time it is hard to say whether dogs or frogs are the greater impediment to sleep. At sunset the noise of frogs supplies the place of rooks, and at a sufficient distance their voices are almost as restful.

Birds are numerous in the summer

and surprisingly tame. Even hawks will often let you ride to within thirty yards or less before they take flight. In and about the towns carrion crows, saddle-backed crows, magpies, and sparrows are the most common, and even hawks and owls nest in the trees of the courtyards. At some seasons too starlings are almost as plentiful as sparrows, and at sunset in early spring flights of them cover the bare boughs of the high plane or poplar trees, till they seem to be in leaf, and quiver and sway with the weight of their burden. Storks, too, frequent the towns in spring and are very tame, being, as in almost all countries, unmolested.

Of the birds which frequent the trees and orchards outside towns and villages, hoopoes are the most conspicuous and the most gorgeous. These are migratory and return in the spring, but small woodpeckers, which remain for the winter, are almost as gay, being conspicuously marked with red and white on black. They resembled the lesser spotted woodpecker of England, but I never approached near enough to be sure if they are identical; the red seemed more conspicuous. Several species of tits likewise stay through the winter, and magpies never fail. In the more dry and treeless districts, crested larks are common, and also two kinds of partridges, the grey Greek partridge, and a smaller and more slender kind, more like the English partridge in colour. These are chiefly found upon the hills.

As I had neither knowledge nor opportunity to study the birds carefully, it would be merely tedious to enlarge this list, but the sight of birds is such a frequent and pleasant part of the traveller's experience that they could not be altogether ignored. Of the many birds not yet mentioned, the bee-eater, with its blue breast and

the deep burnished gold on its wings, can scarcely be put second in beauty even to the hoopoe, and many others are as gaily coloured. Pale blue and yellow are the two colours most frequently seen in the birds here; many have no others on their whole body. They are less gorgeous than the birds of the Tropics, but more delicately coloured. In the open plains north of the River Aras, in what once was Persia but is now Russia, the Anglo-Indian telegraph runs beside the road, and rollers and other birds have learnt to rest upon the wires, and display their beauty to advantage. Who, after this, could question the beneficent effects of British enterprise, or fail to admire the mysterious destiny which in undesigned ways enlarges it to purposes more lofty than even its projectors hoped? But for those wires those birds would have had no resting-place, and would have wasted their beauty on the desert sands instead of coming to the roadside to be admired of every traveller.

From such aspiring reflections the descent to the subject of sparrows is abrupt, but no one could speak of Persian birds and forget the sparrows. They are far too pertinacious and insistent to let their presence be forgotten. European sparrows are proverbially bold and impudent, but they are meek as doves in comparison with the Persian. You have to fight with them for your meals. If there is a chink in door or window and anything to eat in the room, the sparrow will soon be in. If you are reading at table and look up suddenly, you find a sparrow in the dish; if you leave the room a minute, you come back to find a party at work on the loaf, and a goodly hole eaten into it. I once occupied a room which had been used as a granary, and it was long before the sparrows could be

convinced that there was nothing for them now. They besieged the window, and came bouncing in if I dared to open it.

It is evident that the Persian is fond of animals. So too is the Syrian, but when he extends his fondness so far as to let swallows nest in the ceiling of a room, though holy men in the West have done as much, the worldly European feels their virtue to be beyond him. They show their fondness (or perhaps their love of beauty) in another way, almost as odd, if not so inconvenient. A white hen or a white cat is usually decorated with a pink splash of henna somewhere on its person; this shows a kindly disposition and a simple taste.

The custom of dyeing the beard red with henna, or black, if the wearer can afford it, is more easily paralleled, especially if we remember that in Persia it is the man who is particular about his appearance in public, for feminine vanity is buried in its dust-sheet. Dyed beards, however, are not a successful fashion. One grows accustomed in time to the surprising number of red-bearded men, but as the dye soon grows rusty and the natural grey peeps through, the effect is usually unbecoming, though, to be sure, it harmonises pleasantly with the faded and weather-stained tints of most Persian attire.

But the commonest of all wayside sights is yet to be mentioned. The narrow road is often beset with flocks and herds. The cattle themselves are not remarkable, they are small and lean and usually dun-coloured or black, never red. They are often used as draught-animals, and the cart they draw is a triangular platform of planks on a frame of unsquared logs and supported by two groaning wheels of solid wood. The beasts are yoked

to a pole which projects from the point of the triangle, and have no reins or other harness. The driver's task is to keep them from the walls or ditches at the roadside, for which they are always making, and driving reduces itself to the skilful application of a long staff first to one side of the head and then the other. The cart is usually loaded with timber; when hay or such things are to be carried, the platform is enclosed with sides of basket-work. In transporting smaller timber the use of the cart is often omitted; the thicker ends of two trees, barked and stripped of boughs, are slung on each side of the beast, and the tops left to trail behind on the ground. Donkeys and horses are used for this purpose, as well as cattle, but they are never harnessed to the country carts.

The sheep and goats of Persia deserve mention, for they differ widely from ours. In the first place the colouring is reversed. In a flock of sheep you will probably see many black, and some brown (or red as they are called there), but very few white. Then goats and sheep differ little in appearance, except in the shape of their horns, and in the fact that goats are sometimes parti-coloured but never sheep. Both are alike in size and build, being small and slender, though the length of their fleeces gives them an appearance of bulk. And the fleeces them-

selves, if the word can be applied to the covering of a goat, are similar in appearance; they do not curl close to the body, but hang in wavy tresses, sometimes reaching almost to the ground. When the wool is dressed it has the gloss of silk. The likeness of the two kinds is illustrated by the fact that in Syriac the generic term for sheep includes both sheep and goats, though the language possesses a bewildering profusion of special names to designate the members of each kind according to age and sex. But Persian sheep have one distinctive mark. Their bodies are usually lean, and all the fat concentrates itself in the tail; in a well-fed sheep this assumes the shape of a bun about the circumference of a large soup-plate, which is attached to the body by a short haft and wobbles elegantly as the sheep advances.

Thus Nature surpasses the studied arts of European dressmakers. With all their care they hardly made the fashionable lady of a few years back more ridiculous than a Persian sheep. How humiliating to human pretensions are the reflections forced upon us by travel and research! Darwin has told us of the birds which to please their mates bite off a part of their tail-feathers and so rival the beautifying effects of the razor; and to rebuke the pride of the other sex these Persian sheep have anticipated the bustle.

F. R. EARP.

## THE NOVELS OF CAPTAIN CHAMIER.

IN this centenary year of Trafalgar it may prove interesting to recall one of our earliest novelists of the sea, who celebrated the naval victories of the Great War in a number of very popular tales, but who is now, to judge by the time his works have been out of print, in imminent danger of being entirely forgotten. Had Captain Marryat not already created a taste for nautical fiction, it is probable that Captain Chamier would never have written *THE LIFE OF A SAILOR*, *THE ARETHUSA*, *JACK ADAMS*, and *TOM BOWLING*; but the loss would have been an appreciable one, not perhaps to literature, but to all such as delight in historical romance and nautical adventure. Chamier would have been the last to disclaim his indebtedness to a writer he admired so cordially. He had not Marryat's inexhaustible humour and powers of invention, and was far from possessing his genius for creating the most delectably odd characters. But he had a genuine talent of his own; and in the humble task that he set himself, which was to instil a knowledge of naval history under the guise of entertainment, the truth and exactness of his accounts of real events excelled that of his master.

Frederic Chamier was born in London in 1796, two years before his great rival. He was the son of a member of the Council for the Madras Presidency and of Georgina Grace, daughter of Admiral Sir William Burnaby. Entering the Navy in 1809, four years after the series of triumphs that closed with the magnificent victory of Trafalgar, he served first under Captain Bathurst, on the

*SALSETTE*, through the miserable Walcheren expedition. The next few years he spent on the *ARETHUSA*, cruising in the Mediterranean and off the coast of Africa. Then the American War broke out, and Chamier crossed the Atlantic. He was on board the *MENELAUS*, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, and served as aide-de-camp to that intrepid officer in the action at Bellair, near Baltimore, where Parker fell while leading a mixed force of seamen and marines. There is a reference in *TOM BOWLING* to Parker's premonition of death: "The gallant, handsome, beloved Parker sat motionless in his gig when its keel grated against the enemy's shore, having himself previously announced his belief that he should die that night."

Chamier was not present at any of the famous duels between the English and American frigates that were the principal feature of this desultory conflict. Under the date 1814 there is mention of him in Sir William Laird Clowes's *HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY*. Parker in the *MENELAUS* had chased a French frigate of equal strength into Concarneau Bay, and Midshipman Chamier with Lieutenant Seagrove was sent in with a challenge to the French captain, twitting him with allowing himself to be blockaded, rather than come out and fight on equal terms. The Frenchman, who bore a reputation for excessive prudence, excused himself on the flimsy plea that he could not leave port without permission from his superiors. In those days the moral spirit of the French had

been utterly broken by the calamities they had endured at the hands of Nelson. Brave young officers, with few opportunities to distinguish themselves, sighed for the glorious time that had passed away. Chamier was promoted to the rank of lieutenant next year, and cruised in the West Indies, the Mediterranean, and off the Irish coast until the year 1826. A year later he retired from active service, although he was not placed on the retired list till 1833. He was now commander of the sloop *BRITOMART*.

By his marriage with Elizabeth, granddaughter of the famous architect Sir John Soane, he had acquired considerable property; and he now settled down at Waltham Hall in Essex, and devoted the remainder of his life to the congenial pursuits of a country gentleman and magistrate, combined with those of author. He lived till 1870. This is practically all we know about him; but a brief notice in an old number of Colburn's Magazine tells us, as has been told about many another naval officer, that he had had an adventurous career, and among his other strange experiences, "he had dined in the once glorious palace of Montezuma, eaten kabobs at Constantinople, sterlet at Moscow, caviare at St. Petersburg; he had been yellowed by fever at Jamaica, browned 'neath the broiling sun of Sierra Leone," and so on. A good portrait appeared at the same time, showing a jolly, handsome face, the face of a good officer, but not by any means that of a man of genius.

*THE LIFE OF A SAILOR* appeared a year after his retirement, and the rest of the series of nautical stories, which were so popular that several were translated into German, came out rapidly, with other works, books of travel and the like, none of which were of any value, with the exception

of one, Chamier's continuation of James's *NAVAL HISTORY*, which he brought down from the siege of Algiers in 1816 to the year 1827, a period that covered the Burmese War and the battle of Navarino. It may or may not have been a disadvantage to Chamier that in his novels he was telling the story of a time antecedent to his own career. At any rate he had two admirable qualifications, his intimate knowledge of the life described, and a thorough historical acquaintance with the events of the time based on first-hand information. All the important actions of the Great War are recounted with extraordinary wealth and minuteness of detail; even single-handed fights between frigates are usually described from actual fact, or only slightly altered in date and scene.

Each novel gives a clear, and fairly complete, account of a definite series of naval operations, and contains at least as much truth as fiction. Chamier's usual method was to construct a sort of composite hero by dovetailing together the careers of several distinguished seamen; of this plan *TOM BOWLING* is the best example. In *BEN BRACE*, on the other hand, Chamier took a more orthodox line. Ben himself is a character-study, in autobiographical form, of that devoted servant of Lord Nelson, Allen, whom Mr. Clark Russell describes as having "the reputation of exactly knowing how to manage his master," and whose titles to fame may be given in the words of Ben Brace (not a man to hide his light under a bushel), as, "the coxswain, valet, the undersecretary, the follower, the signalman of Sir Horatio Nelson," as the Admiral's faithful comrade in all his battles, and worthy of the nation's fond regard for his share in those glorious actions. Ben writes his memoirs, beginning with Nelson's

adventures as a midshipman, and ending with the bombardment of Algiers and his own old age in Greenwich Hospital. His story is to all intents and purposes the life of Nelson, the nautical life at least, for he abstains discreetly from entering into the domestic affairs of his master, the *liaison* with Lady Hamilton, or the disputed question of Caraccioli's execution; albeit, honest Ben has opinions of his own even on those points.

Neither innumerable repetitions nor the shouting of ignoble rhymes about "England, home and beauty," can detract one whit from the immortal pathos of Nelson's story. The seaman's unstudied recital of his beloved Admiral's victory and death is as moving as the Doric simplicity of Southey's narrative; neither can be read without a throbbing heart. A few episodes are tacked on that have no direct connection with the main theme. Such, for example, is the story of the famous duel between the QUEBEC and the SURVEILLANTE, one of the most murderous and hotly contested sea-fights in the French War. Both captains were men of the finest mettle. Du Couëdec had vowed "that the SURVEILLANTE should be his chariot of triumph or his tomb"; Captain Farmer was equally determined to be victorious or to die. The French ship was nominally equal to the British in gun-power, but in fact greatly her superior in weight of metal and in number of men. After two hours of the most stubborn fighting, victory inclining to neither side, both vessels being dismasted, an accident happened which is related with great effect by Chamier. The QUEBEC's sails were set on fire by the discharge of her own guns; she was soon ablaze, and in spite of all her crew could do, had to be left to her fate. Captain Farmer

was blown up with his ship; the dauntless Frenchman, after being promoted to the full rank of captain, died shortly after of his wounds.

A good example of the effectiveness with which Captain Chamier puts in little touches that make even familiar stories more vivid, occurs in his narrative of the battle of the Nile.

It happened [says Brace] that the French admiral, little dreaming that this action was likely to take place where he was moored, had been painting his broadside, which the BELLEROPHON afterwards spoilt. The paint-pots were all about the decks—and new paint and oil are not like the newly-discovered dresses in which a man may walk in a fire without being singed. When this blaze was first observed to have broken out in the after part of the ORIENT, Captain Hallowell desired all the guns that could be spared from accommodating the FRANKLIN to be directed to that part of the ORIENT which was now on fire; and he called Captain Allen of the Marines, and ordered him to continue his musquetry in that direction: this was done to hinder the French from extinguishing the flames. The crew of the ORIENT slackened their fire, although they blazed away from the lower deck to the last, in order to put out the blaze on their own ship; and our increased energy, all in one direction, made the slaughter more serious.

The well-known sequel is related with all the vigour of an eye-witness.

Ben's language is homespun. Like his shipmate, Bob Matson, who tears to tatters his own disguise as a Somerset yokel by ejaculating, in a moment of sheer absence of mind, such nautical phrases as "Crack on her, Captain, clap on a preventive maintopsail brace, and I'll bet the skipper's gold-laced scraper against a waister's shoes that she'll go nine knots clean off the real!" the narrator proclaims his occupation in every sentence. His simplicity of mind, the credulous ignorance of the jack-tar who believes the Arabs to be cannibals, his very shortcomings in the story-teller's art,

are all in keeping, and intensify the realism.

Ben's family history is melodramatic with a vengeance; and the novelist, with a sad disregard for verisimilitude contrives by hook and by crook to make the child of the seaman's unfortunate sister come out in the end as a peeress. But this is a characteristic weakness of Captain Chamier, who in a similar manner spoils the object-lesson of Tom Bowling's self-aided rise from the lowest to the highest rank by proving him to be the long-lost son of Lord Waltham. This anxiety to provide an aristocratic pedigree for his heroes is ludicrously inconsistent with his fierce animus against patrician fledglings, like the Honourable Charles Curlew.

But Chamier was one of the most crotchety of authors, and clung to his prejudices with intense bigotry, oblivious of the circumstance that many of these prejudices were inter-destructive. In one of his novels where a saintly clergyman comes to pray with a dying man, he goes out of the way to inveigh against public worship and the affectation and lip-service it engenders, as if it were desirable for all religious exercises to be conducted by the priest and the worshipper in private. He is always ready for a fling at the lawyers, no matter if the exigencies of the plot require that counsel, judge, and jury should collectively vindicate the right; even his own forensic champion he brands with the suggestive name of Twister. Equally queer and original are his views on duelling and other social problems.

His other best known novel, *TOM BOWLING*, is also concerned to some extent with the career of Nelson, since it begins to handle historical matters in the year 1780, when the future admiral was in command of a small expedition designed to cross

Central America in boats, by way of the river San Juan and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon. Chamier describes how the expedition was defeated by the deadly climate, to which most of the men succumbed. Nelson, who commanded the *HINCHINBROOKE*, a vessel of 28 guns, was succeeded by Collingwood, as was to happen several times again in the career of these loyal comrades. The next historical event that comes into the book is the taking of Martinique in 1794. The reader will observe that there is a gap of some fourteen years between these two periods, a gap that is carefully, or carelessly, dissembled by Chamier. One does not realise, without paying more than cursory attention to the dates, that the courtship of the lovers, Tom and Susan, covers a period of something like fifteen years, and that Susan, in spite of the author's gallant allusions to her girlish charms, was really getting a very old maid indeed when the engagement was happily concluded. These little difficulties result from the Captain's somewhat clumsy contrivance of mixing up two or three individuals to produce his hero.

A passage in this book explains both the sentiment of bellicose regret animating Captain Chamier and also his methods of construction. He says, alluding to the capture of Martinique, a feat of arms, which, by the way, he describes with graphic power:

It is now many years since this daring, this chivalrous success was achieved; and many, many of the brave fellows who assisted our gallant hero in his unexampled exploit are gathered to their fathers. The long peace, which has nearly obliterated the remembrance of the many gallant services of the navy, has seen most of the officers employed in the expedition against Martinique in their graves. Day after day blots out from the list of life men who have fought



and bled for their country, and who are forgotten by the rising generation. The navy—England's hope and firmest stay—rots gradually in the Medway and the Plym; her hardy veterans linger out the last remains of life in Greenwich, or a poor-house; the works of the historian become vapid and uninteresting; and naval novels are made the vehicles of knowledge, and are the last embers of history raked together to keep the navy before the eyes of the public: thus is Tom Bowling's career made to embody the services of many of the greatest men our navy has produced.

It is an interesting task to endeavour to trace the originals of Chamier's composite heroes; in the case of Tom Bowling the task is fairly easy. The first man whose character and achievements Chamier appropriated to the credit of Tom Bowling, is Lieutenant Richard Bowen, who was born in 1761, won great fame as captain of a frigate, and fell at Santa Cruz in 1797. He was a lieutenant in the *BOYNE* at the date of the assault upon Martinique, when he boarded and captured the *BIENVENUE*, under the fire of the adjacent forts, as Chamier relates of our hero Tom. In 1797 Bowen, with the same audacious bravery, in a frigate of 32 guns, engaged the huge *SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD* of 130 guns. The Spaniard had probably been partially disabled by the damage received at the battle of Cape St. Vincent a few days before, but was still a most formidable antagonist. Bowen stuck to her with pertinacity, until she fell in with the Spanish fleet. This was the year of his death; in the previous year he had fought two brilliant actions, one or other of which may have suggested the combat described in this novel, between the *ECHO* and the powerful *VENGEANCE*, where the *SEINE* comes to the rescue of the smaller vessel. The first was his capture of the *MAHONESA* (34 guns)

by the *TERPSICHOE* (32 guns), and the other, the capture of the *VESTALE* (36 guns), by the same ship. The *VESTALE*, unfortunately, was recaptured by her crew, and Bowen thus derived less credit than he deserved from this latter feat. The supposed enormous disparity of strength between French and English combatants is, as a rule, only a story-teller's mode of embellishing his narrative of brave deeds. The actual fight between the *SEINE* and the *VENGEANCE* was marked by no such disparity. The *SEINE* (48 guns) chased the *VENGEANCE* (of 50 lighter guns), and, after a long conflict with divers vicissitudes, made her strike her colours.

The next distinguished officer whose services go to swell the sum of Tom's exploits, is Commander Temple Hardy, who was in command of the *ECHO* at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope in 1795. He it was who, with a battalion of seamen and marines, forced the Dutch to retire. What was done at the Cape and at Algiers is related by Chamier with considerable minuteness and general accuracy, the chief liberty he takes with history being to promote his hero to the leading rôle in every action. He goes so far as to make Tom Bowling the captain of the *VICTORY* at the battle of Trafalgar, thus superseding an officer so well known to fame as Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. This is certainly carrying the composite method rather far, since it interferes with what the psychologist would call our inseparable association of things and persons, Nelson's Hardy being only a shade less familiar than his great commander.

Chamier's methods of composition were of the rough and ready kind, and artistic structure or finish are not to be looked for in any of his stories. He was obviously a close and shrewd observer of all types of saltwater life,

from blue-jacket to admiral, and also of the curiously-assorted population of the great seaport towns. It is natural that an author whose own nature was so crotchety as Captain Chamier's, should delight in painting such a whimsical and cross-grained character as the Doctor, Tom Bowling's pugnacious shipmate, who is as fond of a bout without the gloves as of a fight with a Frenchman. Raciness and broad humour are the pervading qualities of the marine chapters, save when the narrative rises to a higher pitch of strenuous action; but the romance played out on land, and most of the figures concerned in it, are as vapid and unreal as the men of the sea are lifelike and striking. It is impossible to believe in Captain Augustus Cæsar Cornish, the dandified officer and heartless rake, drawn from life though he may very well be; and to give such a name as Boniface to the outraged father of the maid of the inn, stamps that episode as a hackneyed piece of melodrama. It is a pity that Chamier was not satisfied with purely maritime fiction. The ordinary sailor's view of captains and admirals, and of the strategy of the great fights, is admirably revealed in *BEN BRACE*. Tom Topsail's yarns are so excellent that

I should like to quote one entire, if they were not so enormously long. The descriptions of the daily life on shipboard, of shipwrecks (in most cases actual ones), of naval manœuvres and, best of all, of the famous battles, are all admirable in their vividness and lucidity. Innumerable small touches show how careful he was to give the right features of each period. "Midshipmen," he says in a note, "although as old as the hills, with their heads as snow-covered as the Andes, are called 'Young gentlemen.'" The story about Collingwood's anxiety as to husbanding the ship's stores, is doubtless one of many instances of historical reminiscence.

During the hottest of the fire at the battle of St. Vincent, Collingwood, who commanded the *EXCELLENT*, observed the new foretopsail, which he had bent only the day before the action, almost cut to pieces by the shot. "Dear me," he said to the boatswain, "how very annoying! They will quite spoil that sail, I declare; we ought to have bent an old one before we began to engage." Serving under a man like that makes an officer.

True to his self-appointed task, Chamier makes even this bit of anecdote point a moral.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

## THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

## VII.—BEAUMARCHAIS.

THERE was only one of the Fellow-workers of Voltaire whom Voltaire himself never recognised as a helper; who was conscious of no mission in life, never bothered his clever head with schemes for the well-being of his country, and was not in the least concerned with humanity, but entirely with one man,—Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. Yet by a special irony of destiny the author of *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO* played one of the chief parts in the prelude to the drama of the Revolution.

Born in Paris in 1732, the son of a watchmaker with a large family, Pierre Augustin Caron early learnt his father's trade, picked up a little Latin at a technical school at Alfort, and the rest of his education from experience and from the world.

A lively, impudent, good-looking boy, young Caron was from the first clever with that smart cleverness which is as distinct from genius, or from wisdom, as kindness is distinct from sympathy. He was as sharp over his watchmaking as over everything he undertook in life. He had his first lawsuit,—the first of so many—over a discovery he made in his trade, and won it. But he was young, gay, musical, and Parisian. His trade was only a part of his life. There were debts and escapades. Then the watches took to disappearing mysteriously out of old Caron's shop; and finally old Caron turned his scapegrace out of doors, till the mother pleaded, not in vain, for the prodigal's return.

Then the prodigal made the loveliest and smallest of watches for Madame de Pompadour's ring. The King was pleased to desire one also, and the King's daughters, Mesdames, followed their father's example; while the courtiers could not, of course, be out of the fashion. Pierre Caron, tall, handsome, audacious, was presented at Versailles, and made watchmaker to His Majesty. In 1755 another piece of luck befell him; indeed this Caron was one of the luckiest of human beings all through his life.

A pretty young married woman, who had noticed him admiringly at Versailles, came to his shop to have her watch mended. Caron took it back to her house in person; a few months later the charming person's elderly husband sold to Caron his post at Court, and on November 9th, 1755, a patent was accorded to the watchmaker's son declaring him "one of the Clerk Controllers of the Pantry of our Household." An agreeable little post was this of Pharaoh's butler; nothing to do, but it must be done handsomely. Caron, looking exceedingly effective and magnificent, preceded the King's roast with a sword clanking at his side. At the end of a few months his predecessor in this arduous occupation died, and young Caron married the charming widow, Madame Francquet, who was certainly older than himself, but not on that account perhaps the less agreeable to a very young man.

His marriage could not, at least, have been one of interest; or he was

so far disinterested that he neglected to complete the marriage settlements, and when Madame Caron died, in ten months' time, Caron found himself penniless. She had, it is said, a small landed property, but it was apparently so small as to be invisible, for no one has ever discovered its whereabouts. But it is memorable as having suggested to Caron the name by which he now called himself, and has been ever since known,—Beaumarchais.

In a very short time the young widower (he was only twenty-five) reappeared at Versailles, not as a watchmaker or butler, but as a musician. Caron had all the social talents,—tact, impudence, a witty tongue, a delightful voice, added to a real talent for the harp, which was the fashionable instrument of the moment. Mesdames killed a great deal of the too ample royal leisure with music; Madame Adelaide played every instrument, down to the horn and the comb. This delightful young *parvenu* was the very man to teach them the harp. He not only did that but he organised concerts, of which he was himself the bright particular star. On one occasion the King was so impatient for him to begin to play, that he pushed towards him his own armchair; while on another Mesdames declined the present of a fan on which the painter had portrayed their concerts,—without the figure of Beaumarchais. Of course the courtiers were jealous. The beautiful insolence of his manners, his perfectly good-natured conceit (surely one of the most exasperating of the minor vices) naturally made him enemies. One scornful young noble handed this new favourite, this royal instructor, his watch to look at.

"Sir," said Beaumarchais, "since I have given up my trade I have become very awkward in such matters."

"Do not refuse me, I beg."

Beaumarchais took the watch, pretended to examine it, and dropped it. "Sir," he said, with a bow to the owner, "I warned you of my clumsiness," and, turning on his heel, left the watch in fragments on the floor.

The new courtier was at least a match for the old ones. "I was born to be a courtier," says Figaro. "To accept, to take, and to ask; there, in three words, is the whole secret." Figaro's father had the secret already. Soon he made friends with Paris-Duverney, financier and Court banker, "asked" of him the art of making money, and "received" so much of it that in 1761 he could buy himself a brevet of nobility. He would have bought also the post of Master of Woods and Forests, but that the other Masters objected so lustily to receiving such a *bourgeois* into their order, that even the patronage of Mesdames, and his own wit displayed in an amusing pamphlet, could not gain the *bourgeois* his point. So he bought the post of Captain General of the King's Preserves instead, and in that capacity sat solemnly in a long robe once a week in judgment on the poachers of the neighbourhood of Paris.

In 1764 he made a journey into Spain, where one of his sisters, who had married a Spaniard, was living, and another had just been jilted with a peculiar insolence and brutality by a man called Clavijo. Beaumarchais brought Clavijo to book; the day of the wedding was fixed when the shiftty Clavijo absconded a second time. Beaumarchais made the episode famous in his account of the affair, which naturally does not tend to the discredit of M. Pierre Augustin Caron.

But besides protecting his sister and exposing her betrayer, this energetic person was carrying out a secret mission from Duverney and recovering bad debts of old Caron's. Then, too, he was enormously enjoying

Spanish society, and writing love-letters to a pretty Creole, Pauline, whom he had left in Paris and whom he may magnificently condescend to marry if her estates in St. Domingo really turn out to be worth consideration. He was further corresponding with Voltaire, and, richest and most fruitful of all his Spanish transactions, studying the Spanish stage.

After his return he appeared, in 1767, as a playwright, making his *début* in one of those heavy and tearful dramas in the unfortunate style of Diderot's *NATURAL SON*. No one reads or acts *EUGÉNIE* now; but when the adaptable Caron had shortened and altered it, it mildly pleased the playgoing Parisians for a few evenings.

In the next year Beaumarchais married another widow, Madame Lévêque, having abandoned Pauline, or having been abandoned by her on the score of his mercenariness. Madame Lévêque was rich and young, and when she suddenly died three years later there were not wanting envious enemies to accuse this aspiring Caron of having poisoned both his wives. The fact that their deaths left him the poorer might have exonerated him, if his own character did not; but as Voltaire said,—Voltaire who was watching his rise in the world with a keen interest and who rarely made a mistake in judging human nature: "A quick, impetuous, passionate man like Beaumarchais gives a wife a blow, or even two wives two blows, but he does not poison them." It may be noted, moreover, that all the women who touched his life adored this Caron. He was so handsome and good-natured and successful; a little selfish certainly, but some women seem to love that quality in a man,—it gives them so great a scope for denying themselves—and then he was always so brave and gay.

His success now deserted him for a little while. He offended the King by suggesting a *mot* with a meaning,—Figaro, it seems, was getting apt in them already—which a duke gave forth at one of the little suppers of Madame Dubarry and which displeased his Majesty, who to be sure had reason to dread hidden meanings.

Then came the Affair Goetzman.

In 1770 Duverney died, and Beaumarchais immediately quarrelled with his heir, the Comte de la Blache, and plunged into a lawsuit, in which, according to general opinion, he was badly beaten. The Paris Parliament even declared him a forger; and during his imprisonment for this crime la Blache had his revenue and property seized. But there remained to him one rich asset,—his wit.

Except by name and for a brilliant quotation here and there, few people know the *GOEZMAN MEMOIRS* now; but at that day they divided Paris into two hotly hostile camps and fixed on Beaumarchais the eyes of Europe. The whole case was ridiculous: it depended, said someone, on whether Goetzman's wife had or had not received a bribe of fifteen louis; but the fire, the wit, and the irony of Beaumarchais's style made dry bones live. Like a skilful fencer, he parried, paused, attacked, always keeping his head and his coolness; none too scrupulous in the choice of weapons, bantering, mocking, ironical, and forever as light and elusive as the thistle-down borne on a summer breeze. He was his own advocate, and needed no other. His infinite cleverness gained him not only the admiration of the senile King, but of Voltaire as well. "What a man!" writes old Ferney to d'Alembert. "He has all the qualities! This brilliant harebrained fellow is in the right in spite of everyone."

Madame du Barry had charades

acted in her apartment in which an interview between Beaumarchais and Madame Gozman was represented on the stage. His MEMOIRS were read aloud in the *cafés*; of the fourth MEMOIR six thousand copies were sold in a single day. Horace Walpole delighted in them; Madame du Deffand gossiped of them; Bernardin de Saint Pierre prophesied for Beaumarchais the reputation of Molière. What did it avail, then, on February 26th, 1774, when the case had lasted some three years, to give judgment against him, condemn him to civic degradation, and prohibit him from the occupation of any public function? He was the victor not the less. "What public opinion has decreed must be obeyed," said Voltaire. The day after his sentence had been pronounced the Prince de Conti and the Duc de Chartres fêted him and a delightful woman fell in love with him. The Maupeou Parliament in attempting to destroy him had ruined itself; its ban and its condemnation were worse than useless; Beaumarchais was the fashion.

The King, to be sure, had to enjoin silence on this terrible advocate, but he promised him a revision of his suit, and then employed him as his secret agent in England to run to earth a person who had threatened to publish a scandalous pamphlet on Madame du Barry. Beaumarchais succeeded in his mission: he always succeeded; but when he returned to France Louis the Fifteenth was dying, so for all his pains his reward was, as he said, "swollen legs and an empty purse." Soon, however, news came of a libel against Marie Antoinette which was being prepared in London. Off starts Beaumarchais again, pursues the libeller (a shifty Jew) to Nuremberg, goes on to Vienna to procure from Maria Theresa an extradition treaty against him, is himself clapped

into prison for a month, and then liberated with profusest apologies and the offer of a thousand ducats. All his adventures were delightfully romantic and picturesque; and, with his eye for scenic effect, he took care they should lose nothing in the telling.

A year later, in 1775, he came to England on another and far more important secret mission,—the rebellion of the American Colonies. It was the one enterprise of his life, it is said, into which he put more heart than head. He attended Parliamentary debates, and was constantly at the house of Wilkes. "All sensible people in England," he wrote to Louis the Sixteenth in September, 1775, "are convinced that the English Colonies are lost." He advised that, while France should not openly embroil herself with England, she should send secret aid to the insurgents. For this purpose, financed by his country, he equipped for war three ships,—his "navy" he called them—and when he returned to Paris he traded in the American interest under the name of Roderigue, Hortalez and Co. England was naturally angry when she found out how she had been tricked, and America, so far as money acknowledgments were concerned, was not a little ungrateful. But the clever instrument, Beaumarchais, came out of the affair with his usual flourish and distinction, and would have deserved a paragraph in history, even had he not earned a page in literature.

On February 23rd, 1775, there was produced, and failed, in Paris a play called *THE BARBER OF SEVILLE*. La Harpe declared that its inordinate length bored people, its bad jokes irritated them, and its false morality shocked them. The *parterre* was vulgarly and loudly disgusted, and the boxes yawned behind their fans. It

was by Beaumarchais. He was but mediocre before, we remember, in EUGÉNIE. Watchmaker, courtier, advocate, secret agent was this man,—but clearly no playwright. In twenty-four hours Caron had laid violent hands on his poor Barber, shortened him, enlivened him, cut out his distasteful jokes and his dubious moralities, and under the pressure of a discontented and disappointed public turned him into a masterpiece. At its second performance the play was applauded beyond all bounds. It ran through the whole winter season: it drew on its author one of his dear lawsuits and enabled him to found the first Society of Dramatic Authors; and, far above all, it led the way to THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

The subject of THE BARBER OF SEVILLE is the time-honoured one of the amorous old guardian who falls in love with his ward. Only Beaumarchais's guardian is a wit, not a fool. It is the defect indeed of both the plays that all the characters are wits. Beaumarchais fell into Sheridan's fault, and made his personages the mouthpieces of his own cleverness. He wholly lacked the far higher and finer genius,—the exquisite fidelity to life and character—which made Shakespeare give to each of his creations the especial kind of cleverness, and no other, proper to its nature. But he wrote with a lightness and effervescence which are without counterpart in dramatic literature. If THE BARBER OF SEVILLE was taken, as some said, from an opera by Sedaine, and if the characters, though they were called by Spanish names and dressed in Spanish clothes, were yet thoroughly and essentially French, it inaugurated a new order of comedy, and introduced to the stage the valet, who was also wit and hero,—the character of Figaro.

Beaumarchais was not at all the

man to sit down and tranquilly enjoy his first dramatic triumph. He must not only follow it up by writing another, but he must with enormous difficulty, at the risk of much money and three years' hard work, become the editor of the first complete edition of Voltaire's works ever given to the public. Then, too, he must prepare the reorganisation of the *ferme général* with the Minister Vergennes. Actresses consulted him when they were out of an engagement, and dramatic authors when their liberties were endangered. The author of the GOEZMAN MEMOIRS can surely help a poor simpleton engulfed in a lawsuit, and the friend of Duverney, the rich man who began the world in a tradesman's shop, may well do something for a ruined speculator. Inventors, impatient to air their discoveries, brought them to him who had brought his first legal action over a discovery of his own. Girls deceived by their lovers begged the assistance of the man who had held up Clavijo to infamy. One of the most fortunate characteristics Beaumarchais possessed was his power of suddenly changing his occupation, and one of his most extraordinary characteristics was his love of doing so. "Shutting the drawer of an affair," he himself called this faculty. He shut the drawer with a bang, and perfectly good-natured, self-conceited, and successful, turned from a secret agency in London to interfere with the marriage of the Prince of Nassau, and from the marriage to assist the Lieutenant of the Police in censoring the works of his brother-playwrights, and from that censorship to put into the mouth of Figaro such sentiments as "Printed follies are without importance except in those places where their circulation is forbidden . . . without the liberty to blame no praise can be flattering."

By 1778 LA FOLLE JOURNÉE OU LE

MARRIAGE DE FIGARO was finished, and in 1781 it was received by the Comédie Française. But it contained that which no censor,—not even the dull Louis—could pass. In 1782 he read it and flung it from him. "This is detestable," he vowed; "this shall never be played!"

But that was not enough to daunt Beaumarchais. He never lacked courage and fight, and he never lacked cleverness. Forbidden fruit is ever the most tantalising and delicious. Daintily tied with pink ribbons he sent a copy of it to this *salon*, and another to that. Then he announced a reading of it,—and, coquettishly and without offering any reason, abandoned the reading at the last moment. In a little while he had raised all Paris on the tip-toe of excitement. Not to have read at least a scene or two of THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO was to confess oneself out of the fashion. Then the author read the whole of it to the Grand Duke of Russia, and Empress Catherine volunteered to have it produced in that country. Then he recited selections of it to the Comtesse de Lamballe and to Marshall Richelieu, in the presence of bishops and archbishops.

After all, Louis was very weak and public opinion very strong. The First Gentleman of the Chamber permitted the thing to be rehearsed in the theatre of the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs. All the world and his wife crowded thither. Comte d'Artois was actually on his way when, with an awakening of his feeble obstinacy, the King sent a mandate forbidding the performance. Even Madame de Campan, the kindly old sycophant of the Court, confessed that there were angry whispers of "tyranny" and "oppression," and murmurs of "an attack on liberty." Beaumarchais, stung to the quick, swore that it should be played, even if it was

in the choir of Notre Dame. The pressure on Louis was great; the Court was in want of a new sensation, and to be made to laugh at its own follies was a very new one indeed.

In three months the Comte de Vaudreuil, the leader of Marie Antoinette's select circle of the Little Trianon, obtained the royal permission to have it acted in his house at Gennevilliers before the Comte d'Artois and the Queen's bosom friend, the Duchesse de Polignac. When the permission was accorded, Beaumarchais was in England. He hurried home, saw to the performance himself, and made his own conditions. Three hundred persons, the very flower of Court society, crowded into Vaudreuil's theatre,—and would have died of suffocation if the resourceful Beaumarchais had not broken the panes of the windows with his cane. It was said he had made a hit in two senses. The aristocratic audience received his play with rapturous applause. He adroitly followed up his success by presenting his piece to a tribunal of censors who, for some unknown reason, "felt sure it would be a failure," and expressed themselves satisfied with it after they had made a few insignificant omissions. Finally a reluctant permission was wrung from the King, and on April 27th, 1784, seven months after the performance at Gennevilliers, THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO was first publicly performed at the Comédie Française, now the Odéon.

The play was to begin at half-past five in the afternoon, but from early in the morning the doors were besieged by crowds, where noblemen elbowed Savoyards, and the classes and the masses began their long struggle. In the press three persons were suffocated,—"one more than for Scudéry," said acid La Harpe. Great ladies sat all day in the dressing-



rooms of the actresses to be sure of securing seats, and duchesses were delighted to obtain a footstool in the gallery, a part of the house to which, as a rule, ladies never went. The theatre was lit by a new method. The famous Dazincourt played Figaro. The author himself was in a private box, between two *abbés* who had promised to administer very spiritual succour in case of failure. Then the curtain rose.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO," said Napoleon, "was the Revolution already in action." As in THE BARBER OF SEVILLE the atmosphere and the clothes are Spanish, the spirit and essence wholly French. The story of Figaro, wit, moralist, and valet, who outdoes his lord, and marries Suzanne whom his lord tries to steal from him, forms a plot simple enough. The morals are the morals of the time,—indelicacy delicately expressed. Figaro hardly ever says anything coarse, but intrigue is in the very air he breathes. "The ripening fruit," says Saint Amand, "hanging on the tree, never falls but seems always on the point of falling." Virtue, of a kind, does triumph in the long run, but Beaumarchais knew his audience so well that up to the last moment he kept them fearing, or hoping, that it would not. If its unpleasant situations and the character of the precocious page Cherubino (a particularly distasteful one to English ideas), gave spice to the wit in its own day, the modern reader can well enjoy the sparkling and rippling stream of mocking gaiety without stirring up any of the mud it hides. One situation leads to another with the most complete naturalness, and yet that other is always perfectly unexpected. Moralising and soliloquies, which spell ruin in other plays, are in this rich in brilliancy and aptness. Those who as yet know THE MAR-

RIAGE OF FIGARO only by name can purchase for a few pence one of the most exhilarating draughts of intellectual champagne ever offered to the world.

But it is not only as literature that the play lives. It *was* the Revolution already in action. There are not six consecutive lines which do not contain some indictment against the old order; there is not an aphorism which does not push, with a laugh, some abuse down the abyss. "There is one thing more amazing than my play," said Beaumarchais, "and that is its success." He was right. One can but marvel still that the old order, so clearly hearing its sentence of death, took that sentence only as a stupendous joke, laughed till its sides ached over THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, and applauded the warrant for its own execution till its hands tingled again. The fine ladies heard their vapours defined as "the malady that prevails only in boudoirs"; and my lord, surrounded by parasites, saw himself for a mocking second as other men see him, when Figaro says to Basil: "Are you a Prince to be flattered? Hear the truth, wretch, since you have not the money to pay a liar." With what a roar of laughter some of that tribunal of censors who had licensed the play heard the words: "Provided I don't mention in my writings, authority, religion, politics, morality, officials, or any one who has a claim to anything, I can print everything freely under the inspection of two or three censors"; and with what amused self-complacency it listened to the axiom, "It is only little minds who fear little writings." The hereditary noble listened to this: "Nobility, money, rank, place, all that makes people so proud! What have you done for so much good fortune? You have given yourself the trouble to be born"; and the

*bourgeois* at his side, to whom merit had opened no path to glory, heard with a strange thrill Figaro continue, "While for me, lost in a crowd of nobodies, I have had need of more knowledge and calculation simply to exist than has been employed to govern all the Spains for a hundred years."

Did the Minister who had filled the snug posts in the Government with his own relations and sycophants see nothing but a joke in,—“They thought of me for a situation, but unluckily I was fit for it; they wanted an accountant; a dancer obtained the place”? “Intelligence a help to advancement? Your lordship is laughing at mine. Be commonplace and cringing and you can get anywhere.” “To succeed in life, tact is better than learning.”

The ubiquitous Englishman of the audience heard Figaro announce “Goddam” to be “the basis of the English language.” The political world listened to a scathing definition of diplomacy: “To pretend to be ignorant of what everyone else knows, and to know what everyone else does not know, to seem deep when one is only empty and hollow, to set spies and pension traitors, to break seals and intercept letters, there’s diplomacy, or I’m a dead man.”

The audience trooped out into the night,—the performance lasted from half-past five till ten—with enthusiastic admiration on its lips and still ringing in its ears the seventh couplet of the vaudeville:

Par le sort de la naissance,  
L’un est roi, l’autre est berger;  
Le hasard fit leur distance;  
L’esprit seul peut tout changer.

As for the writer, he had as little idea as his audience that his was to be the wit to change everything.

From first to last Beaumarchais was the man we have always with us, who means to advance in the world and let that world take care of itself, whose argument is that, posterity having done nothing for him, he need do nothing for posterity, the true time-server, just audacious enough to say what less courageous people only dare to think, and earning thereby their gratitude and applause. Caron had reaped place and fortune from the old order, and was not at all minded to overthrow it. “Tyrants for tyrants,” says Saint-Amand, “he preferred the red heels to the red caps.” If he revenged himself in his play for the alights and humiliations from which even his cleverness had not been able to save him,—that was absolutely all. Overturn Throne and Church! Such a *bouleversement* would very likely overturn Caron de Beaumarchais too, and was not to be thought of.

Yet it was this man who irresponsibly uttered the burning thoughts to which d’Alembert had given birth with tears and trembling, who gave light, popular expression to the principles to which Voltaire had devoted his ardour and his genius, for which Diderot had been poor, Grimm had been exiled, Turgot had lived, and Condorcet had died.

If Beaumarchais had felt more, he would have said less: the deepest feelings are sparing of words; but he had merely caught the accent of his age, as a child catches the accent of its nurse. In *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO* he spoke what others were feeling and longing to say, but not what he felt. He wished to be a successful playwright, and he was one; but he did not mean to be one of the greatest and most influential of Revolutionists—and he was that too.

He followed up the success of *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO* by generously

founding a fashionable charity, to be known later as the Benevolent Maternal Institution, and the King followed up the success he had always disliked by punishing an imprudent speech Caron had made, or was said to have made, by writing on a playing-card, as he sat at his game, an order for Beaumarchais's imprisonment. By one of those charming little surprises for which the old order was so celebrated, Beaumarchais, at fifty-three years of age, found himself locked up in St. Lazare, the house of correction for juvenile offenders. At first Paris went into roars of laughter, but then she became very angry indeed. In twelve days she obtained the release of her playwright; and Louis, with the inconceivable inconsistency that distinguished his career, permitted, as a reparation, *THE BARBER OF SEVILLE* to be played at the Little Trianon.

That representation in 1785 marked the crowning point of Beaumarchais's success. Dazincourt trained the company of royal and noble amateurs. Marie Antoinette was rehearsing the part of Rosina with Madam Campan when she first heard of the opening of a grimmer drama, the scandal of the Diamond Necklace. On August 15th, 1785, Cardinal de Rohan was arrested. On the 19th *THE BARBER OF SEVILLE* was played in the theatre of the Little Trianon, with lucky Beaumarchais in the audience, the Queen as Rosina, the Comte de Vaudreuil as Almaviva, the Duc de Guiche as Bartholo, and Comte d'Artois as Figaro.

The Queen was infinitely vivacious in her part. Did Bazile's terrible definition of calumny disconcert her? History does not say so. How strange, with the knowledge of after events, sound in the mouth of d'Artois the words: "I am happy to be forgotten, being sure that a great man does enough good when he does no harm.

As to the virtues one requires in a servant, does your Excellency know many masters who are worthy of being valets?" ; and, most strange of all, "I hasten to laugh at everything, lest I should have to weep at everything."

The performance of this play at Trianon was the last flicker of the dying fire of royal pleasure. The scandal of the Necklace quenched it for ever, and Beaumarchais's own sun began to sink. He was shortly involved in a dispute with Mirabeau about the Paris Water Company, and then in another lawsuit. In 1786 he married Mademoiselle Willermaula, who had long been his mistress, and by whom he had a daughter, Eugénie. For them he built a splendid house looking on to the Bastille, which became one of the sights of Paris.

In 1787 he produced a very feeble opera, *TARARE*, which had a small temporary success. On July 14th, 1789, the Bastille fell, and not only the fine house was in danger, but its fine owner as well. He had, it is true, written *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*, but he had also been a courtier and the secret agent of kings. His courage and energy did not in the least desert him, and in the midst of the uproar he was writing a new play, *THE GUILTY MOTHER*. On June 6th, 1792, the day before it was to be produced, its author was denounced before the National Assembly by Chabot. He had indeed, with a view to making at once a *coup* for his country and for himself, and though he was now sixty years old and growing deaf, undertaken to bring into France sixty thousand guns,— "to massacre patriots," shouted unreasonable patriotism. On August 10th his house was searched; on the 23rd he was taken to the Abbaye prison, and on the 30th he was freed by Manuel, just two days

before the September Massacres. After all, his star had not yet declined. After many hair's-breadth escapes he reached England, where very luckily for himself a London merchant, to whom he was in debt, prevented him returning to Paris and the guillotine by shutting him up in the King's Bench Prison. In March, 1793, he did return, "To offer my head to the sword of justice, if I cannot prove I am a good citizen." That he did not thus pay for his imprudence proves that there was as much in that head as had ever come out of it.

Three months later Beaumarchais was sent as the emissary of the Revolutionary Government to fetch those sixty thousand guns which had been left in Holland. He had many delightfully picturesque escapes and adventures; and, being wholly modern in his belief in self-advertisement, he once more made the most of them. In his absence the Government which had sent him, by one of those little mistakes which make its history so vivacious, declared him an *émigré*.

During the Terror he was at Hamburg, in mortal anxiety as to the fate of his wife, his daughter, and his sister Julie. They escaped with their lives; but when Beaumarchais was at last taken off the list of *émigrés* and returned to Paris in 1796, he found house and fortune alike in ruins, his door besieged by creditors, and his famous garden a wilderness.

He was sixty-four years old and had already done more in his life than a hundred ordinary men compress into a hundred ordinary careers. And now he must start afresh! He

found a husband for his daughter: he revived his old social tastes, produced *THE GUILTY MOTHER*, and took the keenest interest, both in prose and verse, in that young Lieutenant of Artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte; and he also published two very anti-Christian letters in praise of Voltaire. The watchmaker's son, who had charmed Mesdames at Versailles, was to the end witty, gay, bold, and practical. On the morning of May 18th, 1799, his friends found him dead of apoplexy. To die in his bed at last was surely not the least of his clevernesses.

Caron de Beaumarchais is not a very unusual type of character or even of intellect; but in the use he made of his brains, of his qualities and his circumstances, he was a man in a million. His marvellous enterprise and industry enabled him to build more than one successful career on very ordinary foundations. His luck, that astonishing luck which followed him from the cradle to the grave, seems to have prevented such dangerous qualities as his conceit, his pugnaciousness, and his love of intrigue and speculation, from bringing their usual fatal results. Such gifts as a handsome face, a fine figure, a grand manner, and real kindness and generosity, he used to their utmost advantage. For himself and his contemporaries he was a brilliantly successful individuality. For posterity he is the man who, with a single thrust, pushed open that door, which by long labour and bitter sacrifice Voltaire and the Encyclopædists had unbarred, upon the great Revolution and the Day.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## MY FRIEND THE BRIGAND.

I WILL not enter into the causes of my sojourn in Sardinia. Reduced to first principles, they could be put into the singular number of the feminine gender, but to all whom it did not concern I arranged them elaborately and voluminously. One oft-repeated reason was that I had not yet shot moufflon. Nor had I shot bison and kangaroo, but a moufflon was easier to come by, and I had met a man in Florence who said that Sardinia was, figuratively speaking, stiff with the interesting sheep.

So, guns and bags at my feet, I found myself looking at Cagliari harbour in the dim light of a December dawn from the deck of a Florio steamer which had kicked her way across from Livorno against a strong head-wind. By me stood whining Frederick William, who is a species of pointer, of Italian nationality and German cast of countenance, unbeautiful but, I believe, faithful. He came into my possession against my will through circumstances too strange and complicated to recount, and remains with me because he won't go away. He had been extremely sea-sick; I had not, but land was a cheerful sight. A new country has an interest for all pessimists whose livers are yet in order.

In the distance were mountains, the home of the moufflon presumably: the harbour seemed to stretch

inland indefinitely, a prospect that instantly spelt duck; and in the foreground was a semi-circle of yellow and white town built on a steep slope.

Looking back on those first days in the island, I confess to being captious and unreasonable.

A letter waiting for me at the hotel Scala di Ferro flung me into depths of gloom and hatred of my fellow-men, which strike me now as having been unnecessary, even ridiculous. She was (and is) a great hand at letters, has an idea that she produces literary work whenever she puts pen to paper, and always begins, continues, and ends an epistle in the same strain. It would be impossible for her to congratulate a man on winning the Grand National and thank him for condolences on the death of her uncle in the same sheet; it would be against her sense of the unities. So this letter was of advice, unpleasant from *Dear Jack* to *yours always sincerely*. As a rider to my last interview with her it was explanatory; as an answer to the impassioned note in which I had striven to change the situation, it was unsatisfactory. No wonder I scowled at the only English-speaking man at the *table d'hôte*,—an American taking Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica as an *entrée* between heavier courses of travel—and sulked about the windy

streets seeing no beauty in anything from the Pisan Tower of the Elephant to the bananas and blue sea.

My host of the inn found a sportsman of his acquaintance ready to guide me about the *stagni* after duck and water-fowl. This gentleman, to my regret, turned out to be no picturesque villain with long hair and a sheepskin coat, but the stout head of a bakery, speaking fluent Italian. We went down by train to Quartu Sant' Elena on a misty murky morning. Here Signor Marddu had friends who gave us a long collation of inky wine, new bread, and oranges, only cut short by my impatience. At last we reached the stagni, flats of soaked tussocks alternating with great pools of brackish water. My guide explained that recent rains had made most of the country impossible without a boat, but excellent sport could be obtained from the roads.

I said nothing. His incapacity, when Frederick William had first tried to eat his mongrel, had prepared me for a fruitless day.

We left the main road, at my instigation, for a track leading to a bed of dry canes. Suddenly the fat baker dropped on his hands and knees peering cautiously over the edge of the bank. I saw nothing, but followed his example doubtfully. From a solitary thorn-bush near came a twittering sound, and then, a flash of gilt in the grey, out flew a goldfinch. Marddu straightened himself, flung up his gun and fired. There was nothing left of the bird but a poor little crumple of pretty feathers, and I spoke my mind to uncomprehending ears.

I need not describe our further performances. Without a boat the duck were safe, flamingoes never showed us a flicker of their pink wings, and early in the afternoon it began to rain. The bag consisted of one water-

hen, two divers, a blackbird, and a goldfinch. Marddu considered it a good day's sport, and my captiousness was not lessened.

At the end of another wet day I was considering plans for going straight back to Italy. Half a decent excuse would have sent me on board the first steamer, but shame and obstinacy bade me listen to my landlord's assurances that at Oristano I could hear of shooting-quarters, good guides, and all my requirements. Stories of the floods in the low-lying country came in hourly, and it occurred to me that I might as well waste a day in going by train to Iglesias to see the state of things. There was some idea that the line beyond Decimomannu was under water, but no one quite knew, and, at any rate, one could go that far.

Though few people were travelling, I was not alone, for a lad, whose fair hair and broad shoulders looked almost English, got into the carriage at the last moment. He began conversation at once, and then I knew where he had found his looks. He was a Piedmontese engineer at the lead-mines beyond Iglesias. There was not much sport about there, he told me, for the hills were badly deforested; once he had shot a boar, and there were hares and birds, of course. I asked about his mine, a question that produced fluent information. Size, output, number of engines, manner of working,—all, he discoursed on with an eager tongue and very bright restless eyes. And was it a healthy pleasant life? For one hears otherwise of lead-mines. "*O signore, non c'è male*,"—as well as another," was his laughing answer. It had not affected his spirits, at any rate. He gave me the first pleasant sensation since my landing, a return to real life after the confused weariness of a dream.

The outlook on both sides of us was dreary enough. Seaward all was water, landward little else. Sheets of it, grey and wrinkled with the soft wind, were pricked with dead stalks of reeds, lines of stakes marking broken fences, and here and there a miserable eucalyptus tree. A God-forsaken, drowned hopeless-looking country indeed !

At the little junction of Decimomannu we all grew excited over the question as to whether it was possible to run the train to Iglesias. My engineer dared not risk it ; he would get a horse and go by a longer way up-country where nothing worse than a swollen ford could happen to him. "I must be home by to-morrow morning," he said ; "my *capo* takes no excuses."

He shook hands with a cordial invitation to come and see him when I could, and I felt my first stirring of desire to stay longer in Sardinia. I was destined to know more of the island than could be learnt from a Piedmontese engineer.

The guard of the train was cheerful, the engine-driver gloomy, but the general consensus of opinion was that we had better go on, and perhaps the rails still held.

There were hills now, far to the right, but watery flats on the other side. About five miles further the train came to a stop, and the reason was plain enough. The river Sixerri was here reinforced by a stream in flood lapping over the rails, making together a great lake. Hearing hysterical shouts from somewhere ahead, I got out, to see a signalman parleying excitedly with our officials. Some distance off, the heap of ruins that had been his hut, with its shading eucalyptus, was visible. The man was half wild with fear ; all night he had been out sheltering where the embankment was higher, hearing the

lowing of drowning cattle, and always the water rising and rising. His queer Sarde-Italian was awfully graphic. Our engine-driver's worst fears were confirmed. We must back engines at once, for the embankment was crumbling under our weight. While he made arrangements, I strayed on to a heap of rubble and looked about me. There was nothing to be seen but water, till the blue hills rose out of it apparently, and those horrible signs of flood, bits of half-covered stacks or shepherds' huts. Away in the south a black spot (a cow perhaps), seemed moving on a neck of rising ground. I watched it with growing uneasiness. It was strangely like—it *was* a man on horseback !

My shout brought guard and passengers to look. They could only cross themselves and mutter *Poverino !* for what could we do ? More than two miles of deep water lay between us and the horseman, who was, perhaps, making for a higher point which we could not see. That was a vain imagination for, as we spoke, he held up something in his arms, signalling for help with what might have been a child. We were in some danger, I suppose : they all said so, and that crumbling earth was unpleasant to see ; but one had the inevitable shame pretty badly. At Decimomannu the authorities were sympathetic but not very hopeful. Rescue-boats were out,—they had none to give me ; everyone was doing his best, but it was certain that some of the shepherds would be drowned. Already two bodies had been found, and the loss of stock was appalling.

When I reached the smug comfort of Cagliari that night I hated it and its safe great houses. I had been face to face with tragic reality, and wanted open space for breath, and

me sort of adventure to restore my self-respect.

The next day, therefore, the hotel omnibus, which was a cart drawn by the stoutest and smallest donkey imaginable, carried my goods to the station, while Frederick William and I walked down the narrow streets for the last time, noted an English steamer taking in oranges at the quay, and, further out, the convict salt-rafts loading a lugger. There was a gleam of sunshine and a dancing breeze; mountains and moufflon lay ahead of us.

When we stopped at Decimomannu I made enquiries concerning the tragedy of the day before, but could only hear that the water was subsiding and some half-drowned people had been picked up by boats. It had been a grim little prologue to the island-drama I was to watch and share.

At Oristano a brigand, clad in leather and sheepskin with a shock of coal-black hair under his long-tailed cap, suggested that he would carry bags to the inn as a favour. I followed meekly, feeling that this was the real thing,—wild life up-country—at last. Later on I called people *brigands* with more circumspection, as the reader will learn.

My new host was an intelligent young man full of suggestions and plans. There was no shooting, to speak of, down about Oristano, he said, but he had a relation at a little place beyond Nuoro (there was a railway to Nuoro) who would show me the best of sport, and put me up, not luxuriously of course, but well enough. Perhaps I meant to stay in the island, buy land, and build a *palazzo*? They were fond of the *Inglese* in Sardinia.

I asked questions about Nuoro and the mountains. Oh, very wild,—poor people,—plenty of game,—yes, boar,

moufflon too, high up in the hills. His cousin's son would show me capital sport. "And what about brigands?" I asked with a laugh. His face changed to impenetrability. "The Signore thought there were brigands? Ah no, not now in the island. Times have changed. The Signore must try some old Vernaccia, a wine of thirty years' keeping."

I tried it; it was excellent, and most tongue-loosening. We were alone in a great dining-room whose sole adornment was a singular old gun hung on the wall. Before I found my way down echoing passages to a cell-like bedroom, my young man had told me one or two stories that led me to suppose brigandage not quite so extinct as he asserted. He had a way of beginning, "My cousin,—at least, a man I know"—which gave the tales a touch of realism. Next day, while my host was preparing letters of introduction, I sauntered about looking at the modern statue of the great Sarde heroine, Eleonora, Judgess of Arborea in 1383, the Spanish restored Duomo, and a curiosity-shop containing odds and ends of antiquities from the neighbouring Phœnician ruins of Tharros. I was longing to be off, "sick o' towns and men"; so was Frederick William, but he was more disgusted still to find himself in a train again.

At Macomer, on a windy upland dotted with the queer old towers called *nuraghi*, we changed to a train for Nuoro where the night was to be spent.

It was dark, the grim dark of a cold evening before Christmas, when we reached our destination. I made my way ravening to the eating-room of the inn to find, to my huge delight, a big fire and four officers of the little garrison at mess. The good fellows were glad enough to see a



stranger from the mainland. Preliminaries were over in no time, introductions formally bowed to, my stewed goat and a full tide of talk under way. They wanted Florence gossip, Roman scandal, and international news. I desired information about the island, their life in this lonely station, and the chances of sport. So we plied each other with questions, and the hastiest answers, until, by some means, the talk turned to *caccia grossa*. I had not heard the phrase before; it signified, I found, big game, biggest of all game,—the hunting of man.

"They call him Aquilone, the beggar we're after just now. He's the last of a famous band, quite a young man. Murders? Not for some time. He killed a *carabiniere* four years ago, then he took to the *macchia* where an old brute, called Castannas, had a big following and kept the whole district in a fright. The *carabinieri* and some of our men had a great haul one night. Old Castannas had come down to a village for a feast,—a marriage I think it was. The police got news, made a cordon, and took them all but young Aquilone, who has a horse that can climb up trees and down precipices according to report. He has done nothing worse since than stick up the *padrone* of this place (*he* could afford it!) and commit a few other robberies, but he won't come in, though we're bound to get him sooner or later."

"They told me at Oristano that there were no brigands now."

All the company laughed. "So they will here,—except the *padrone* who is a Cagliari man and doesn't like the mountains, but stays for very good reasons. The nearer you are to a brigand the less you hear about him. But if you like stories,—tell the Signor Inglese about Castannas and the sweets, Luigi."

It was a gruesome little tale of cold-blooded murder from behind a rock. Afterwards, in the place where the brigand must have crouched for hours waiting for his enemy, they found some twists of paper and the sticky remnants of almond sweetmeats. When I explained my plans and showed the superscription of my letter to the Vedova Nurri, my new friends were vastly interested. "That's some relation to Aquilone—one of the clan, at any rate," said the Captain. "Well, it gives you safe-conduct, I hope. Perhaps Aquilone will ask you to shoot with him. Let us know if he does."

"Ah, there would be too much shooting then," laughed young Luigi. "No, no; it is better in the forest to be friends with the wolf than the hunter, as they say here."

I protested that I was entirely an onlooker. My sympathies were, of course, on the side of law and order, but I merely wanted a few weeks' sport. We adjourned to bed jovially, and I gladly accepted an invitation to come down from Bosar and eat my Christmas dinner with them.

Twice did I wake from wild dreams of capture and robbery to find that Frederick William, being cold, had chosen my legs to spread his lengthy body over. In the morning, I may mention, I had half an hour's severe indecision. Was it worth the discomfort, the silly danger, the ridicule if by chance I should get into any mess in these uncivilised wilds? The recollection of her advice that I should really apply my abilities to something worth doing, leave this idle loitering and make a career, decided me. If I had the curse of Reuben I would at least be consistent; and perhaps she would accept a pair of moufflon horns though she would not have me. At this point I tumbled Frederick William on to the floor, and began a hasty toilet.

Two horses and a boy were a change from cramping railway-carriages as a means of locomotion.

The scenery was magnificent; towering crags, fantastic outcrops of stone, little glens full of green raffle and starred with yellow hawkweed left over from the autumn flowers. The road was no more than a track, and not a good one, but the horses seemed used to it. My guide sang interminable songs, improvising probably after the Sarde custom, and conversed rather unwillingly in broken Italian. At only one point did he stop with interest. "That is Aquilone's leap," he said, pointing to a gully over which I certainly should not have liked to jump a horse.

"When did he do that?" I asked.

"How do I know? Perhaps it was not so. I have been told,—but how should I know anything about the brigand?"

He looked round as if he expected to see the redoubtable personage behind him, and I felt a little chill of excitement, rather pleasant than otherwise. But we had no adventures, and in due course a cluster of houses came into sight, hanging like a wasp's nest on the woody hillside, the village of Bosar.

La Vedova Nurri proved a tall handsome woman in picturesque dress, with a black drapery over her head which gave her a stately Spanish grace. She handed my letter to a young girl who was half hidden behind her, and the damsel read it aloud with exclamations of surprise not shared by the elder lady. "There are some empty rooms at the house of my husband's cousin Benedetta that the Signor Inglese can have, and she will cook and clean for you, while my Tonio will guide you to the game," said la Vedova with a regal air that decided everything at once.

We proceeded to the house of

Benedetta, which was large for the village, — two solidly-built storeys round a very dirty courtyard. The rooms were on the upper floor; one contained a bed, the other a table, and Benedetta was eagerly ready to provide all other available luxuries. I liked the view from the windows,—a sheer drop of a hundred feet on to the tops of great chestnut trees, a barren mountain-slope beyond, the white gleam of a torrent in the valley, and glimpses of distant hills. Frederick William took at once to Benedetta, and so did I. There was something appealing and kindly in the little crushed tired old woman; I imagined she had had a hard life, and her tall stern cousin seemed unsympathetic.

The rest of the day was spent in settling down. After an evening meal I showed myself to the village by going to the little *trattoria* and general shop to try the wine. Tonio sank to silence as I entered, and an old grey-beard shakily rose from his corner to bid me welcome. At that signal the nine or ten men assembled held out their hands in turn, and I was formally acknowledged their guest. They were not difficult to get on with, in spite of their sorely puzzling language which is about as much a dialect of Italian as modern Welsh is of English. We eked out our remarks with gestures, and the wine was, mercifully, passable. Altogether, what a week before I should have called an evening in a brigand's hut was a pleasant entertainment, with promise of good times to come. The promise was amply fulfilled.

Benedetta's mattress might have been stuffed with Indian corn-cobs, but my sleep on it, after a day's tramping the woods with Tonio, was sound. She cooked the game I brought her to perfection, made even

old goat into a palatable stew, and gave me delectable almond cakes for dessert.

The weather turned to bright clear days with a touch of cold wind about them; if I had to walk after my game it was there for the trouble, and thus a week fled before I had time to see it go. Tonio turned out a shrewd companionable lad, full of long tales of shooting or *giganti* when one cared to start him off. I carefully avoided the subject of his relative Aquilone, of course, and the rest of the village did the same.

"There was the case of Maso Nurri that they call—by another name," began old Zio Raimon, once at our evening club. A sound that was not heard but felt seemed to go round the fire. "What case was that?" I asked as carelessly as I could, for I guessed the other name was Aquilone. The old man was filling his huge queer-stoppered pipe with more than usual attention. "Zio Raimon is too old to remember," said big Salvatore. "He forgets very often. Ay, he is almost too old for the song-making." "That I am not," said Zio Raimon very positively, and obviously relieved at the tactful interruption. Forthwith he chanted a string of improvised eight-lined verses, pausing for applause at each successful turn and topical allusion, while I dozed and woke a dozen times. Always his attentive audience smoked and listened, alert, appreciative, critical. Their big silver buttons flashed in the firelight, their long dark hair and brown clean-shaven faces gave light and shadow against a true Rembrandt background of warm murk with the steel of a gun-barrel propped against the wall as a relief.

I used to stagger out into the chilly night half asleep and half asphyxiated with the reek of bad

tobacco and hot sheepskin, vowing to sit over Benedetta's brazier of charcoal and read next night; but always next night found me back at the club, admiring the picture and listening to the stories and songs. My first boar, a little grizzly pig, succeeded to good bags of hares and partridges, and I told Tonio that my cup of joy would be full if he would take me up above the woods, within range or chance of a moufflon.

The boy looked troubled. "Perhaps we may come upon another boar to-morrow, Signore," he said.

"No; we'll go up to-morrow," I insisted. "I'm tired of the woods; I want climbing." He did not answer, and was very silent as we made our heavy-laden way home.

At the turn upwards of a water-course we used as a short cut to the village, he stopped. "You go to Nuoro for Christmas, Signor Gianni?" "The officers there have asked me, Tonio." "And you will talk to them of our doings, up here in the village?" I saw light. "Certainly not, Tonio; they have no concern with the village. Only of my sport will I speak, and perhaps say that I have a good guide." "If you wish to shoot moufflon, Signor Gianni, it will be well not to speak of the guide. There is one up *there* who can show you; but Benedetta will be afraid, and my mother angry." "On my honour Benedetta need not fear. I will say nothing, not even here in the village." "Then to-morrow have ready this big gun that carries far, and we will start before the stars go, Signore." The boy had a remarkable pair of grey eyes which had not been off mine while we spoke.

I was more than a little excited, and turned in that night sooner than usual to prepare for the long day with that hero of romance, a brigand-chief. Stumbling up stony tracks be-

fore dawn was hideously unpleasant; light showed bleak bare gullies that had looked like trenches from below, plains of short grass and towering cliffs. I followed Tonio along goat-paths and deep clefts where it was not well to look back, until I ached in every part of my body that was not panting.

At last we stopped in a queer hollow of grass, perhaps an acre in extent, bounded by rock-walls, and having a great monolithic block upright in the midst. The rising sun caught the peaks round us, opened the grey mist right and left till leagues of woodland, dim squares of pasture, little white villages and fold after fold of hills spread below us. A great bird screamed over our heads and floated away on the dawn-wind, the only sign of life on this roof of the island.

I lay on the turf getting my breath. Tonio strolled beyond the monolith and began imitating the eagle's scream. He did it rather well, better than his quail-call or thrush-chirp which I had often heard. The eagle was out of sight, but its answering call came from not far above.

I looked up, to see the most cheerful face I have ever set eyes on laughing down at me from a terrace of rock. "You must be Aquilone," I said involuntarily. Tonio gave a sound expressive of anger, but the brigand still smiled. "Yes, I'm Aquilone," he agreed, clambering down from his perch with slow easy skill. "And you're the Signor Inglese. Oh, have you brought any of the officers from Nuoro to shoot with you—and me?" "I have not," I said, and held out my hand. He took it, grave for a moment, then laughing again towards Tonio. "I asked the boy there to bring you three days ago, but he was afraid for me." Tonio muttered something about "Lila," which I did not understand.

I had time to look at Aquilone, outlaw, murderer, and last of his band, while he carefully examined my gun. He was about thirty-five, slight, active and wiry, with a scrubby beard and moustache that did not hide his smiling mouth, a handsome hooked nose, grey twinkling eyes, and brownish hair. A superfluity of silver clasps about his coat betokened dandyism; his shirt was clean and his untanned leather shoes sported silver buckles. A long useful knife was stuck in his waist-sash, and his gun, slung behind him, looked worn but well kept. Altogether he was not the typical ruffian of fact nor the princely personage of fiction: he was just Aquilone.

set off without Tonio; he was to walk below us, drive the game towards us if possible, and meet me at a certain glen in the evening.

There was not much time for conversation during the first hour; I needed my breath to follow my guide, though he carried both the guns. Then, through the glass I spied something which his unaided vision pronounced moufflon, and we sat down to wait events behind a rock.

"They pass there generally," he said, indicating a narrow opening between two crags, a long shot but possible. I sighted carefully, and curled down to endure the wind which was bitter enough. "You should wear the *mastruca*, Signore," he began; "it saves from both cold and fever," and, forthwith launched into a long dissertation on the advantages of the sheepskin coat. Never raising his voice above a whisper, he talked steadily, as a man might who has returned to his club after five years' absence. I expect the *macchia* was lonely enough to one of Aquilone's gun.

Time passed; I was annoyed from cramp to cramp by the excitement

to intense weariness. Evidently the moufflon was not going to let me win sitting down, as Tasso says. If it had not been for Aquilone's flow of talk, that day would have been long indeed. As it was, my interest grew with his very frank account of himself and his manner of life. He was exceedingly tired of the *macchia*, but what was to be done? There was no chance of pardon and reform for the man who had killed a *carabiniere*,—"by accident, the littlest accident, truly, Signore." He wanted a home and a wife as much as anyone: his mother was growing old and feeble, his father's house was going to pieces without him; but he would not take his trial and hope for a short sentence. "If I live here like a wild goat until I die, I will not come in," he asseverated. It was the proper attitude for Rob Roy Macgregor, but the gentle chuckles with which he told me of the robbing of the *padrone* at Nuoro, and his soft complaints of the hardness of life, were out of keeping and lacked traditional ferocity. I could not imagine his harming a soul, except through utter thoughtlessness. A foolish Pagan defying Christian laws he might be, but a villain he was not.

No sign of game appeared. We moved our stiff limbs with difficulty to the next good post for a shot; we spied and scrambled, slid and gazed, but never a pair of curly horns gladdened our sight. The sun was dropping, not slow but very fast, when we arrived at some sort of a path downwards, and finally gave up the chase.

"Come on Thursday. To-morrow you will be making Christmas, but on the day after come up to me, and, if we have to walk the hills for a week, we will have a shot." That was Aquilone's farewell, and I went home by no means dissatisfied with my blank day.

Old Benedetta received me that evening with suppressed excitement and some confusion. She had to be gently reminded that one needs a fork with which to eat *pasta*, and instead of sitting down to give me the gossip of the day while I finished with oranges and almond-cakes, she fidgetted in and out like a disturbed lapwing. I was just debating whether to turn in or go to assist at the Christmas Eve festivities at the club when she flapped in once more.

"What is it, Benedetta?" I asked, for there was obviously something wrong. "Signor Gianni, oh Signor Gianni, you have a mother somewhere?" "Yes, Benedetta." "Then for the love of her and the Santissima Maria, help my boy!" "What can I do?" I asked, puzzled, for I had imagined her a childless widow. "You have been with him to-day, and seen what a poor good boy he is." "Good Lord!" I cried; "Aquilone your son?" "That is what they call my Maso because of the nose of him like an eagle's. Oh Signor Gianni, help him to get away from the *macchia*, if it is to America or far away that he must go."

I was fairly startled. To go shooting with a brigand is one thing, to help him escape the clutches of the law is another. I had come to Sardinia to forget my own troubles, not to get mixed up in the questionable affairs of the islanders. But the dear old woman was crying softly, twisting her apron with trembling hands. As a boy I had a Welsh nurse; anyone who knows an old Italian *bambinaia* will see the likeness, and the Sarde more nearly touches the Celt at points. Then there was a little rustling sound in the shadows by the door. In a moment a slip of a girl was on her knees clutching mine and sobbing, "Oh Signore, save my Maso!"

It was objectionably dramatic and Italian.

The old woman I could stand, but this,—the girl I recognised as having seen once at the house of La Vedova Nurri — was not fair play. "My good women," I began, with an attempt at sternness, "I would help you if I could, but how on earth can I? Persuade Aq— Maso to give himself up to the police and take his sentence like a man. If it was an accident, as he says, he'll get off pretty lightly." "Never, no! The carabinieri have vowed to kill him," moaned the girl. She had great brown eyes in a white face, and, knowing the customs of her people which are something Eastern in their seclusion of women, I did not wonder that she looked so terrified. It was also exceedingly embarrassing for me. "Nonsense," I said. "But it's true, Signor Gianni," put in the old woman. "Not because of the death of that one; *that* was fair fighting as they know. But, once I was very ill, — dying they thought; and my boy borrowed soldier clothes from a lad he knew and came to see me. The carabinieri did not know him,— he told them he was my nephew from the mainland—and the fat sergeant brought him here himself. Ho, ho! Such a trick! I had to get better when I saw it, to thank the Saints for keeping him safe. And the carabinieri watching everywhere to take him, for they knew he would try to come to his mother! Beasts! He was too clever for them, and so they hate him."

The Nurri family seemed gifted with a sense of humour and few morals. "The law takes no account of tricks," I protested. "It is for the killing and the robbing that he will be tried. I will do all I can for him when he is a prisoner, but what else is there to be done?"

"This, Signore." Benedetta spoke in that positive voice which means the proposal of impossibilities. "It is a small thing for a great rich Signor Inglese. When you go back to the mainland you will take a Sarde servant to mind a horse that you have bought. He is the best horse in the island and it will be well to have him covered up closely. Then you will perhaps take your servant to England, or perhaps give him enough money to go to America, keeping the horse in exchange. Look, what a little thing it is!"

The girl seemed to dissent; at least, her sobs grew louder. "Don't cry like that," I said, to give myself time to think of a way out of Benedetta's audacious plan. "Ah, Lila is a silly girl," said the mother contemptuously. "But what would become of you and Lila," I asked, "supposing Maso went to America, which I don't believe he could do without being caught?" Lila rocked to and fro with anguish. "He would make money and send for us." "You would go across the sea to him?" I said to the girl. "To the end of the world with him," she sobbed. "She is a good girl, but very silly. If he was safe what matter for us? I shall only live a few years more and should die happy knowing my boy was doing well." Old Benedetta's maternal view was only unselfish concerning her son.

By that time I had made up my mind in some sort. "I think it is an impossible plan, but this much I will do. In about a fortnight I shall be going from Golfo d'Aranci to Livorno. If Maso can meet me there, I will let him come as my servant. I will lend him money to get to America, but I can make no promises for his safety, and if I am questioned by the police I shall say I know nothing of his career."

They made the usual fuss of women who have got their way. Lila kissed my hands and Benedetta blessed me until I felt even a bigger fool than before. I slept the sleep of the tired hound, but Christmas morning brought most unpleasant reflections, and I prepared gloomily for my ride to Nuoro on an old mare belonging to Zio Raimon.

I left the village coming from Mass in its best clothes. The track through the glens was familiar enough now, and I had plenty to think of as the old mare ambled sedately along over the stones. A bullet whistling near my head startled me more than her. "All right, Signor Gianni. I could not otherwise make you look round," said a voice, and I perceived Aquilone's laughing countenance above a cistus-covered rock. "O it's you? Well, you needn't try to kill me," I said crossly, for I had suffered enough because of him. "*Buona festa*, Signore. Give the officers *tanti saluti* from me. Believe me I would not hurt a hair of you, but how could I get you to stop?" "Go away, unless you want to make a good festa for the carabinieri," I said. "Tonio is bringing you a foolish message. Tomorrow we will talk of it." He laughed again, saluted like a soldier, and disappeared. That I should have promised to help this devil-may-care joker to escape justice! If he was caught, I should have his reproachful women on my mind for the rest of my life; if he escaped, it would probably be only to get into new difficulties.

It was a curious thing that I rode all that way to Nuoro without a thought about the letters waiting me there. Yet I had not heard from Her since I left Cagliari!

My friends of the —th welcomed me with open arms and a pile of newspapers. There was to be a race

that afternoon; everyone who had a horse for miles round had entered it. The course was tussocky moor with three jagged stone walls about it, and the prize was a silk flag and a demi-john of vernaccia. Imagine the scene if you can! The shouting, the wild costumes, the wilder horses, and, over all, the infectious gaiety. Lieutenant Luigi di Barini, amidst frenzied yells, carried off the trophy on a precocious three-year-old, and we all adjourned for a great feed and a colossal drink.

The room of the inn was full to suffocation, for all the principal townsmen were guests of the garrison; the meal was true Sardinian, plentiful and strange, and I have attended many less amusing festivities. There was one interval when the young men took me out to the village dancing-place where the *ballo tondo* was being performed by the less important folk. It was pretty to see, in the light of a great bonfire and torches, the old traditional movements to the queer plaintive notes of the triple pipes.

After that we settled down to a festive evening. I brewed a hot drink whose main ingredients were old vernaccia and cognac, and the general opinion was that the slices of burnt almonds on the top gave it a pleasing flavour. We toasted each other with flowery phrases, sang songs in three languages, and the last incident that I distinctly recollect was teaching Luigi how to dance the Highland schottische while an admiring audience shouted strange Sardinian oaths of wonder.

It was Tonio who roused me out of a big chair in the grey morning light, who administered coffee that steadied my swimming head, and guided me on to the old mare's back. "They are all in bed, asleep," he said, as I muttered something about my hosts. "I have come as the Signore bade. He will meet us just above there, for

it would be safe to come into Nuoro to-day. All the carabinieri are drunk." I doubted the last statement, but certainly the world had been keeping Christmas with more vigour than is usual in sober Italy.

The fresh keen air blowing from a powder of snow high above us was the finest pick-me-up possible. By the time we met Aquilone my hand was as steady as if I had not broken training for a month. There is a wearisome monotony about all stalking. I remember every incident of that day, but even I quail at the prospect of putting them on paper.

The stars were out when Aquilone and I led "the best horse in Sardinia" down a break-neck path to the cave-house which had sheltered the men of the *macchia* time out of mind. With immense labour we had dragged the carcase of a fine old moufflon to the place where the little bay barb was tethered, and a hundred times, during the long scramble that followed, I had passed my hand over a pair of great curly horns and felt proud of being alive. Aquilone asked me to start the fire while he attended to the bay. I put my hand into my pocket for a match-box, and felt a square of paper. By the powers! her letter, shoved away yesterday, because someone had called me to look at the horses gathering for the race, and forgotten! It could wait a while longer. The interesting question of the moment was supper. Presently we had a blaze, and a good smell came from the pot above it. Better even than *râgout* of hare *alla brigante*, was the smoke that followed, when one stretched out at length on a sheepskin thrown over some sacks of corn-cobs, while the flickering little lamp and big fire lit up unexpected corners of the rock walls. We had already threshed out the subject of Aquilone's escape. He was inclined

to take a phlegmatically cheerful view of the business. "Of course no harm will come to you about it, Signor Gianni. For me, if I get away, very well. I will work and make money to marry Lila and have the old *mamma* there in the strange country. If I am caught, it is easy to put the knife to my throat, for I will not be taken alive. The women are getting more and more troubled, and I myself think that I shall not keep long out of their hands here."

"They were talking of making a great hunt for you when spring comes," I said.

"Yes? And last summer also I had fever. Better die of the bullet than the *intemperia*, as the proverb says."

Now he was sucking away silently at my tobacco (English that had paid no duty) and my sleepy brain recurred to the letter still unopened. I spread it to catch the fire-glow. Perhaps it would shed light on my simple story to give it in full.

DEAR JACK.—As I have not heard from you since you left, *three weeks ago*, it is very good of me to write *again*. But old Major Benton has been telling me such horrid stories of Sardinia—he knows an officer who served there—that I *must* warn you, and beg you to come home. I know you have been to a lot of wild places, but this nasty little island seems as uncivilised a spot as there is in Europe, except, I suppose, Albania, and I do hope you will be sensible, and run no risks either from *brigands* or *fever*. As you see, we are at Viareggio for Christmas, because mother says it *suits* her. It does *not* suit me, and is duller than ever.

Perhaps you never got my last letter. If you did, I shall never forgive you for not answering, but if you didn't, don't try to find it at the post-office because it is better forgotten.

We are getting very old, Jack. I was twenty the other day,—but you don't remember my birthday any longer, it seems. It is *silly* and not like you to bear malice. Of course, I don't want to



be friends if you don't, though it seems a pity when we have known each other for so long. Yours very sincerely, H. M.

P.S. I think I shall ask Aunt Mabel to have me at Cannes soon. That horrid Mr. Masters is here and being *so* unpleasant.

Never since I had first proposed, when she was seventeen, had she seemed so possible. On that occasion she had permitted me to be secretly engaged to her for a fortnight "to try what it felt like." My handicap had always been the complaisance of our respective families and intimate knowledge of each other. There is no person so difficult to turn into a lover as an old friend.

I roused myself from very beautiful dreams as a log let itself down with a little crunch and roar of up-leaping flame. "I have had good news, Aquilone," I said.

"That was for the seeing, Signor Gianni. Good luck to you and her."

"How did you know that there was a woman in it? Well, there is, and it means that I must go home. After all, I have had some shooting."

"And are tired of the poor little island? You will not be troubled about me now, Signor Gianni?" I overflowed with hope and happiness. Besides, it would be an adventure after her heart. "Indeed I will; the plan holds. Look, now, can you meet me at the steamer-place on Wednesday? If you get safely through the island, I believe we shall manage the rest." "Up in the mountains I am among my own people; they will help me. By

next Wednesday I will be at the sea, sure enough. Now go to sleep, Signor Gianni, if you can on so rough a bed."

To my mind the adventure ends there, with her letter that lifted the trouble off me, and the splendid moufflon's head which had made me forget her. The rest was just the home-stretch of the trail, complicated with some diplomacy and strategy. I had my next really good moment when a clean-shaven European-clothed Maso, a bay horse, and Frederick William were safely ensconced in the steamer's hold preparing to be ill together, and the cliffs of Sardinia faded behind us into the night. Then I laid my trophies at her feet, man, horse, and horns, and, as I expected, she was wildly interested in the whole business.

Maso Nurri, once called Aquilone, and Lila his wife have a flourishing business now in Mexico City. They write to us every Christmas and send pots of strange preserves and other offerings. According to a recent photograph they are both growing stout, and their numerous children have all hooked noses. Old Benedetta died without seeing her boy again, just before my wife and I spent a few days at Cagliari to take Lila with us as maid on our journey to America and hers to join Maso. Lately, Major Luigi di Barini spent a fortnight with us. I told him the whole story, and he is as convinced as Hamlet's clown that Englishmen are mad.

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

## I.

THE three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Thomas Browne, which falls this month, presents the opportunity of a brief review of his life and works. Such a task can be undertaken without much risk to the reputation of the critic, who in this case has no difficulties to torment him in ascertaining what may be Browne's exact rank as a man of letters; and as his works have kept themselves apart for the pleasure of a decidedly esoteric taste, the same task may never be altogether gratuitous. Something similar perhaps might be said of all the choicest examples of Jacobean and Caroline prose, but to Browne in a special degree is due this attribute of exclusiveness, which removes him somewhat both from the great masters whom he followed and from the great company into which he came. Hooker was barely five years out of the world before Browne came into it: Donne had reached an almost perfect mastery in his art, while he was still an apprentice at it; and it was as the contemporary of Milton and Taylor and Bunyan that this Caroline physician helped to make the middle of the seventeenth century the chancery of some of the most unforgettable things in the history of English Letters. Nevertheless, he stands by himself. He did not employ his pen to vindicate ecclesiastical systems or public policies; he neither refuted Puritanism like Hooker nor defended it like Milton; he was not purposely and frankly didactic like

Bishop Taylor, and as unlikely was he to have written the *RELIGIO MEDICI* with the unadorned simplicity of preacher Bunyan as Bunyan was to have filled Christian's mouth with the aphorisms of Seneca or the syllogisms of Aristotle. In tolerably equal proportions all of them were busy setting up the stately structure of English prose: under the hands of all there went forth a mighty sound of axe and hammer; and the first Temple arose by the hands of all. But Browne was not a Cyclopean workman like Milton; he was not an architect like Hooker; it was less on the stonework and the pillars of the Temple than on the fine work and the pure gold thereof that he exercised the genius of his craft. By reason of these two things, the aloofness of his thoughts (as we have them) from questions that burned in his own day, and the rarity of the manner in which he delivered himself of them, he has in a sense discouraged the popularity of his own writings, and at the same time afforded a reasonable point of view from which to consider them. The result is that Browne has been intensely rather than extensively appreciated; and his influence, wherever it has been felt, has been so deeply felt as to confer the most distinguished part of their literary manner upon several great writers long after his own date.

It is not difficult to imagine how the valedictory triumph of *HYDROTAPHIA* must have stirred the pulse of a genuine rhetorician, like De Quincey, and smitten upon his ears like the

rumbling of the chariots of the Gods. Born out of due season, perhaps, but still the undoubted spiritual offspring and the most undisguised of all the pupils of the Caroline writer is Charles Lamb; and on the threshold of our own century there is passage after passage in the miscellaneous writings of Stevenson to suggest that the most fastidious and elaborate of modern writers had just risen in a hot enthusiasm from the pages of Sir Thomas Browne. To derive an author, to declare his ancestry, to unravel and separate the various elements in his style, these are usually hazardous undertakings, uncertain at the best, and unprofitable in the end; but back to Browne there is a clear road of return upon which here and there are lifted faithful finger-posts to the fountain that has refreshed the sands and revived the fruitful fields of three centuries.

## II.

London has the honour of being Browne's birthplace. He was born within the city in the parish of St. Michael in Cheapside on October 19th, 1605. He claimed an honourable descent on both sides of his house, his father being of an ancient Cheshire family, a fact which did not prevent him from carrying on a successful trade as a merchant. His mother was Ann Garraway, the daughter of a Sussex gentleman. Beyond the fact that he flourished in his business little is known of this Cheapside merchant, who died before he was likely to have exerted any permanent influence upon the character of his son. Probably the boy inherited part of his mystical temperament from him. "His father," says Mrs. Lyttleton, Sir Thomas's daughter, "used to open his breast when he

was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Oviglu's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." But he did not live to witness the effects of this consecration, and after a brief widowhood his wife married Sir Thomas Dutton. Browne was left with means amounting to affluence for those days, though his step-father and guardian appears to have dealt covetously with his heritage and impaired its value. Though Dutton's main object in seeking the marriage seems to have been money; and though the itch of acquisition was irritated by the contemplation of the £6,000 which was his stepson's share of the paternal wealth, there is nothing to show that his treatment of Browne was otherwise harsh or unnatural. He was sent to Winchester School, whence in 1623 he was removed to Oxford and entered as a gentleman-commoner at Broadgates Hall. About that time the Hall was merged into the new foundation of Pembroke College, and Sir Thomas Browne is really the chief glory in the history of that comparatively venerable society. Dr. Johnson, another famous son of Pembroke, does not miss the opportunity of commenting on Browne's connection with the college, "to which the zeal or gratitude of those that love it most can wish little better than that it may long proceed as it began."

Even the zeal or gratitude of those that love it most, in common justice to the material from which the sons of men are fashioned, could hardly expect a college to continue fertile in the production of men like Browne. But there is no hint of academic laurels. To be sure he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1626 and that of Master of Arts in 1629, and then turned his mind, apparently not his love, from the humanities to the study of medicine. In the eyes

of his college, however, he was a pattern of virtue and industry, hungry and athirst after knowledge, filling his mind not with husks, but with the solid mental nourishment dispensed by the prophets of his generation; and all his days, long after he had ceased to be the member of a university he never ceased to be a student. Systematically learned he may not have been, but even in an age of learning his erudition was profound and may have been astonishing. His writings contain rather the promise than the proof of it, though there is never a sign to show that he played the charlatan with his pen and counterfeited an intimacy with the Muses which he did not enjoy. The bulk of his work is a bundle of notes redeemed from their essential irregularity by the device of periodic elaborations, a redemption indeed that fixed an era in the history of English prose literature; still the bulk of it must pass as the observations of a man who delighted himself with excursions and explorations in the bye-ways, and was not content to follow the great high-road of knowledge.

After leaving the university Browne settled in Oxfordshire, in the practice of medicine, but the temptation to see the world was greater than his love of physic, and visits to Ireland, France, and Italy followed. He seems, however, to have employed himself busily in medical studies at Montpellier and Padua, and on his return homeward through Holland he stayed at Leyden and there graduated in medicine. This was probably in 1633, and it may be noted that he became a doctor of physic of the University of Oxford in 1637, and ultimately settled down to the practice of his profession in Norwich, where he spent the remainder of his life.

His first book, *RELIGIO MEDICI*, it is generally believed, was written before his settlement in Norwich, probably in 1635. It is clear that this treatise has the character of a private exercise, and was the result of a slow process of creation during which the author indulged himself by making a record of his speculations, and more particularly by practising and designing the forms of language into which they should be cast. Without doubting the purity of motive and the sincerity of piety which we expect of the *RELIGIO MEDICI*, it is likely that Browne was as much concerned with the manner of his discourse as with the matter of it; and when the last ornaments and graces had been given to the composition, he was proud to submit it to the admiration of his friends, who, it appears, bandied it about from hand to hand like a common property, until by corrupted transcriptions "it arrived in a most depraved copy at the press." In this event, which raised a gentle storm of mock indignation on the part of the author, there is nothing very odd; but the sequel is interesting. The corrupted version came into the hands of Sir Kenelm Digby, a gentleman who was extraordinarily ready with his pen. It comes to his ears that a "notable piece," by one Dr. Thomas Browne, has issued from the press; he takes measures to provide himself with it, and at last does possess himself of it; after which he reads the book, writes another by way of reply, and sends it to the Earl of Dorset. The remarkable thing is that the whole process, from the first tidings of the piece to the voluminous reply to it, was accomplished within the space of twenty-four hours. And yet, says Dr. Johnson, Digby's book contained many acute remarks and many profound speculations. "The reciprocal

civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life," comments Johnson on these transactions in a sentence almost as risible as the sentiment; and, truly enough, there is something highly amusing in the correspondence that followed between the two authors, in the softness and ceremony with which Browne repudiates the spurious *RELIGIO MEDICI*, and in the reverences and verbal salutations with which Sir Kenelm replies. After all it is something of a farce, and in the exchange of elaborate civilities upon which both gentlemen entered with appetite, they present the spectacle of a pair of gorgeous peacocks contemplating the finery of each others' feathers.

The best portrait of Sir Thomas Browne in our possession is from the pen of Mr. John Whitefoot, who was his intimate friend and first biographer. The characterisation is quaint; but it is naive and unskilled enough to impress one with its candour and fidelity. To make a paraphrase of this slight but intimate sketch, Browne had nothing to blush for in the matter of physical endowments. He was a man of moderate stature and of a complexion answering to his name; neither too stout nor too lean, but of that excellent condition of body which the Greeks described as *εὐσάρκος*. He paid no heed to the fashion of his dress, wore the plainest clothes, and despised fine plumage. We are told, also, that he counted it a necessity of physical well-being that he should always keep himself warm without loading his body, as Suetonius reports of Augustus, with a multitude of garments sufficient to clothe a good family. His memory,—not so eminent as that of Seneca or Scaliger—was both tenacious and capacious to such an extent that he remembered everything that was remarkable in

any book that he read. He had by heart most of the best passages of the Latin poets (he confesses to a knowledge of five or six languages), and he had read most of the historians, ancient and modern. Indeed, so notable was his sagacity and knowledge of all history that Mr. Whitefoot takes pains to publish an opinion that "he would have made an extraordinary man for the Privy Council, not much inferior to the famous Padre Paulo, the late oracle of the Venetian State." Notwithstanding those imposing virtues and talents Browne was excellent fireside company, when he was at leisure from his profession or his books; he was punctilious in his attendance at the public services of the Church, never missed the sacrament in his parish, and upon a perusal of the best English sermons never forgot to bestow upon them the most liberal applause.

Mr. Whitefoot's delineation is probably as just and true to life as we may expect from an intimate and an enthusiast, but there is some temptation to believe that he has drawn with an idealising pencil. We seem to be conscious of imperfections, which might have ranked as virtues under ancient dispensations of moral law, but in the new heaven and the new earth can hardly escape a chiding. For a Greek, perhaps, Browne stood upon a pinnacle of moral perfection and arrived at the apex of the Aristotelian code of virtue. The style of the man is something like the style of his pen,—lordly and splendid and magnanimous. He is proud, because he has escaped the first and father-sin of pride; and yet he must have a splendid and uncommon faith apart from the vulgar faiths that confessed their weakness before the mysteries of religion. Ordinary intellects, and even ad-

vanced judgments, should beware of the pleadings of a Lucian or a Machiavel; but as for him who is above such temptations, he (if he alone) can detect the secretary of hell by his writing and Satan by his rhetoric, and even in the most fabulous and staggering conceits can see the little finger of the Almighty.

From all which, and many similar self-revelations, Browne appears on his own admissions as an intellectual and moral aristocrat, who was pleased to take the vulgar under his patronage. He was frequently the mouthpiece of his own virtues, and was not above certain loud and public proclamations of his own praises by his own trumpet; and from the inaccessible heights upon which he adored the glory and splendour of God he made few descents into the valleys of humility. A shrewd physician, a man busy and careful in the affairs of daily life, and a consummate artist or devoted scholar during the wide intervals of leisure left for his pen or his books, this man, too, who writes that "he could with patience do nothing almost unto eternity, so that he might enjoy his Saviour at the last," and is "ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever,"—it is impossible to rank him among abstracted and professing mystics like Law and Rutherford. The strain of his worldly prudence is too deep and the latitude of his judgment too great. And yet it is not great enough. Browne is not always singular for his age in his charity and toleration, and his wisdom merely screens some notable superstitions which the foolishness of King James exposed. Although those characteristics are easily noticeable and for that reason should be noticed, it may fairly be said that they can, and in Browne's case did, exist without a pharisaical and rabbinical spirit. No one was less fanatic

for his age or less a Puritan in his age: no one was more devoted to the conventional rights of kings, or more loyal to the authority of the National Church; and on the whole no one disliked more than he did a reputation for heterodox doctrines. But humanity is a wide and liberal type under which the contrasted elements of our nature may unite without paradox; and to it we must leave the reconciliation of all Browne's worldly prudence and cautious conventionality with the plainest of known facts about him that he was really a "God-intoxicated" man, and that, to borrow Bacon's phrase, he wrote with the pencil of the Holy Ghost.

The chief remaining event of a personal interest in a comparatively uneventful life is Browne's marriage, which occurred in 1641, the lady of his choice being Dorothy, daughter of Edward Mileham, a Norfolk gentleman. Before his marriage he had indulged in several very wide generalisations on the subject of matrimony wholly to the disadvantage of woman. Man, he writes very bravely in the *RELIGIO MEDICI*, is the whole world; woman the rib and crooked piece of man. But after declaring his opinion that marriage at best is a disagreeable necessity, he makes some amends by confessing that he is not "averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful." He made still further amends by himself marrying, and it is worth noticing that eleven children were the fruit of this union, which was blessed with unclouded happiness. Regarding the qualities of the lady, no better authority can be found than Mr. Whitefoot, who declares that she was "of such symmetrical proportion to her husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." It is a brief but eloquent

panegyric, and we may conclude that Mistress Dorothy was among the least imperfect of all the daughters of Eve. Whatever may have been the date of writing, the publication of *RELIGIO MEDICI* occurred shortly after Browne's marriage in 1643. The most important of his other writings were published during the next fifteen years, —*THE INQUIRY INTO VULGAR ERRORS* in 1646, and *HYDRIOTAPHIA* and *THE GARDEN OF CYRUS* in 1653, his treatise on *CHRISTIAN MORALS* being reserved to the latter end of his days. Nor did his life close without dignities and honours. In 1664 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians on the ground that he was *virtute et literis ornatissimus*; and in 1671 he was knighted by Charles the Second. He survived this last distinction above ten years and died on October 19th, 1682, in the seventysixth year of his age and on the anniversary of his birthday. He was buried in the church of St. Peter Mancroft at Norwich; and so far as his own immortality is concerned, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents Churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt."

### III.

A reasonable point of view from which to approach Browne's writings has already been indicated; and it is evident, to judge by his frequent and not very complimentary allusions to the average quality of the human understanding, that as the author of *VULGAR ERRORS* he wrote nothing for the entertainment of the public, and as the author of the *RELIGIO MEDICI* compassed neither land nor sea to gain proselytes. If Browne were as widely read as Bunyan or Jeremy Taylor we might soon have a school of critics buzzing about his pages, like a nest of hornets, to flout him

with the parable of the buried talents; and to declare that a writer who meddles with such themes as Christian religion and Christian morality has no right to cultivate philosophic detachments. But the truth is there are so many people with what they conceive to be a proselytising mission to teach religion and morality that, once in a way, it is a positive relief to find a man preoccupied with the relation of his own mind to those high matters without an officious eye to the improvement of other people. In spite of its occasional egotism and plain contempt (not unbelied by a twinkle of humour) for the plebeian stupidity of the multitude, the *RELIGIO MEDICI* is a piece of salutary self-examination, and is capable of enthusiasms as burning and intense as the missionary enthusiasm to gather the sheep into the narrow way from the broad road to destruction. It is thus a useful study in contrasts; for while Bunyan was dragging poor Christian with a great burden on his back across the bogs and quicksands of the moral and spiritual life, and in an allegory as vivid as life itself would pluck him sweating from the mire to catch a glimpse of the Elysian fields or to feel the fierce breath of the everlasting flames, Browne would retire to his lamp with his own thoughts, and with the sweet night and the quiet stars for company compose the mighty music of his hymns to the glory of God.

They are prose-hymns to be sure, but reverberating with a majestic music; for the *RELIGIO MEDICI* offered him a field over which to parade all the splendid qualities of his mind and spread the flowers of his gorgeous rhetoric. Always remembering Browne's Platonic disdain of the base and mechanical mind of the multitude,

*Sir Thomas Browne.*

the book examines the respective claims of faith and reason, a pair of combatants that have grown grey in the verbal wars of Christendom. Two points, however, are to be observed. The treatise makes few generalisations on these subjects and sets down no dogmas. What it does set down is the faith of the author and the admirable condescensions of his reason; and by the mouths of those ancient and battered champions are proclaimed not only the oracles of the wisdom of Sir Thomas Browne but the ceremonious inauguration of the grand manner in English prose. The other point is this: Browne does not allow faith and reason to cudgel each other, but fixes an abiding truce between them, and brings them to the kiss of peace; and his splendid egotism still follows him, for this faith of his, towering above the rabble, is noisy in its demand for greater and still greater impossibilities in religion to test it withal. And so:

I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est, quia impossibile est.*

And on the other hand:

For unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way; and, being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood; wherein, notwithstanding, the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.

No one is likely now to go to the *RELIGIO MEDICI* either for divinity

or theology. In these respects the book has no more than a historical value: it still has a strong interest as the revelation of a great personality in the things which all men profess to count dear; but its main interest is in its literary graces and defects. The more so because the *RELIGIO MEDICI*, together with the closing chapter of *URN-BURIAL* and one or two passages in *THE GARDEN OF CYRUS* contains the entire ground upon which Browne's reputation as a man of letters has been raised. It is to be feared that the majority of people who profess to read Browne would not care to pursue their study of *VULGAR ERRORS* much beyond the index of topics; and having gone so far would shut up the book with a smile upon a discovery that it discusses nothing of more importance than the picture of Haman hanged or the anatomy of Adam in Paradise. But these and similar topics are not idle matters to Browne; his great learning unbends itself familiarly to the oddest and most unpromising themes; why Jews do not stink he will dispute as eruditely as whether God exists; and handled by him a griffin or a mandrake gives a new dignity to the Cosmos. And so he rides his uncommon hobby into every age; borrowing opinions from Cyril and Epiphanius, Ambrose and Tertullian; or forsaking the holy writers for the secular histories of Herodotus and Tacitus or the philosophy of Aristotle, or tempting you to a dictionary with Aldrovandus and Dalechampius; he will stagger your memory and resources with a question which is not worth answering, but which he transforms into a problem so fateful as if the saints in heaven were waiting upon the solution.

With the works of any author it takes some time to arrive on terms



of intimacy, and Browne is not to be conquered in a day. He cannot be picked up at random for the pleasure of the sound of his sentences. That pleasure is to be had at the price of putting up with his moods and humours, and at the labour of hunting it through hundreds of extravagant and tedious conceits. Browne's style is essentially that of a pioneer in the use of words, and if it is marked by the triumph of experiment, it is also marred by the failure of experiment. It has nothing of the flawless regularity and perfect balance of the great moderns who have been content to sit at his feet. It is possible to read Mr. Ruskin at random,—even where Mr. Ruskin is talking nonsense—for the mere pleasure of reading him, for the mere pleasure of moving with the march of his stately sentences. It is possible to read Mr. Matthew Arnold at random,—even where we may dislike his meaning—for the mere pleasure of remarking the miracle by which his words reproduce the exact force of his ideas. But there are no such random pleasures in Browne: his sentences are often more chaotic than symmetrical, their meaning more obscure than clear; and there are passages in which even the genius for painting a superb picture with one phrase and epitomising an epoch with another forsakes him, and he descends into an absurdly over-mannered and pedantic jargon.

In *CHRISTIAN MORALS* these defects are more noticeable than in any other of Browne's writings. Written in his later years, it is a somewhat pale shadow of the morning glories of his first achievements. The inexhaustible fancy seems at last to have exhausted itself and the fires of his genius in word-craft to have burned low; but they have never burned out, for again

and again the theme lights up with imagination, and the periods close stately and magnificent as ever. No one can mistake the jargon of such a sentence as this :

Strive not to run, like Hercules, a furlong in a breath; festination may prove precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation, and slowness no slothfulness.

And then we come upon a passage such as this, resounding with the old nobility of phrase.

Not the armour of Achilles, but the armature of St. Paul gives the glorious day, and triumphs not leading up into Capitols, but up into the highest heavens.

The defects of Browne's style are natural to the experimental stage through which our prose literature was passing, and continuous perfection of form is as absent in Milton's as in his works. They serve, however, to throw into relief those passages scattered through his writings in which he assumes command over even the last technicalities of his art, and his ear for the rhythm of a sentence is the perfection of truth. Take, for instance, this from the *RELIGIO MEDICI* :

Whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit, though I feel his pulse, I dare not say he lives, for truly, without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic; nor any light though I dwelt in the body of the Sun.

Or this (he is speaking of the last day) :

This is that one day that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter, to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece.

Or this from *HYDRIOTAPHIA* :

But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.

The chapter of *HYDRIOTAPHIA* from which the last quotation is made has been called "the very and unsurpassable dead-march of English prose"; and as a pageant of words nothing like it had been witnessed before and nothing equal to it during the three centuries that followed. It seems to roll to a close to the sound of drums and trumpets like the progress of an army with banners. In it all the noblest characteristics of Browne's style are assembled together, and his own words are its fittest eulogy; for here, it may be said, as in the last scene, all the actors have entered to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece.

It does not require a very intimate acquaintance with Browne's works to discover that, practical and prudent as many of his sayings are, it was in impalpable and undefinable regions of speculation that his mind was most at home. In *THE GARDEN OF CYRUS* we see him in a characteristic mood, dreaming and speculating with apparently no other ends in view than the pleasures of the imagination. The thing itself has no mundane interest. No one except Browne would care to know anything about the quincunx, and still less to invest it with a double setting of rhetoric and metaphysics. But Coleridge was right; for to Browne there existed quincunxes in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the mind of man. And so the piece goes winding through the mazes of fancy, till at length the writer sets aside his mystical mathematics and, in the manner of *HYDRIOTAPHIA*, moves to a conclusion with

all his flags flying and drums beating. Admirable, therefore, as his aphorisms and epigrams often are, so that Bacon himself could not have improved upon them, it was the unsubstantial and immaterial that fascinated him, and in him do now fascinate us. Browne was certainly no mystic, if by mysticism is meant a temperament too ecstatic to permit of active participation in even the most ordinary affairs of life. Mysticism is a term that has received a special signification in relation to religion, and the age in which Browne lived numbered some of its most notable professors. To that school, however, he himself does not properly belong. Every man up to a certain point is a mystic, and may be so without any reference to the kind or degree of his religious beliefs. In reality Browne's mysticism, though it suffered no unnecessary detachment of mind from affairs, did not end with "the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion." In *CHRISTIAN MORALS* there is a bundle of precepts embodying the universal kind of mysticism faithfully practised in his writings and vacant hours. "Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles; and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch; lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend into invisibles." And so he banishes our immediate and obvious sensations, the dreams and passing shows of our world, and confers reality upon what neither eye can see nor hand touch. It was in these vast upper provinces, undiscerned by the eye, that his mind was always travelling; and when his pen came to report what his mind apprehended, it never condescended to the trivial politics and vulgar projects of the kingdoms of this earth.

DANIEL JOHNSTON.

## THE GREAT LAND OF GOLD.

BISECTED by meridian 119 E., and lying between parallels 25 and 26 S. is a tract of land which claims to be the heart of the great West Australian Eldorado. This country is known as Peak Hill; its claim to distinction is based upon its phenomenal yield of gold, but its geographical position might also warrant its assumed title. At best Peak Hill is but a waterless desert unfit for human habitation, but Nature in her usual sarcastic mood has lavished such a golden treasure thereon that few can resist its allurements. A township bearing the name of the district has sprung up where the gold was first discovered, and its presence bears testimony to the heroic endurance and grim perseverance of the sons of Greater Britain, and proves that where gold abounds man also will find an abiding-place.

We, my comrade and I, were making for this city of gold. We had cycled from Kalgoorlie, the chief town of the southern gold-fields, and were now driving along a hard camel-track leading over the Robinson Ranges. We had not tasted food, other than a few raisins, since leaving Nannine, more than a hundred miles back, and consequently were not very energetic in our movements. For two hours we toiled upwards, under a sun that blistered the skin wherever exposed to it, now following our winding path through clumps of shadeless mulga, now threading an erratic course amidst surface outcrops of huge iron-stone boulders which glowed and sparkled with a dull phosphorescence in the intense sunlight, but which we were very careful not to touch.

"A doot we've lost the road," at length exclaimed Mac, as we approached, in single file, what appeared to be the summit.

"No fear of that," I answered; "we passed two bottles and an empty beef-tin about a mile back. But look, —there's the town in the valley."

Dismounting, we gazed in silent admiration at the scene before us. We stood on the crest of the ridge we had been crossing, and beneath us, about a mile away, the white painted roofs of Peak Hill glittered in the quivering sunlight like the domes of an Oriental city, while dotted here and there some white spots shining through a mulga patch indicated the presence of tents. The town stood in a hollow, and around it the scrub-covered slopes rose to the level at which we stood, and far on the northern horizon, just discernible through the indescribable cloud-haze of the desert, a smooth round cone reared itself above the surrounding country.

"If that is the peak from which this place takes its name, it seems a good distance off," I remarked, noting now for the first time, the heavy rumbling sounds that bespoke the near presence of ore-crushing batteries.

Mac paid no attention to my observation. "A'm hungry enough tae eat a nigger," was all his comment, and mounting our steeds, we sped down the white track towards the town.

While still half a mile distant we passed a row of tents, the occupants of which seemed somewhat excited,

but being on a down grade we could not readily stop, although one man requested us to do so in words emphatically Australian. We were now among the workings which stretched all round the town, and as we flashed past the dumps and windlasses the scantily clad miners turned and stared at us, while one individual, engaged in separating sand from gold in a contrivance known as a dry-blower, seized an axe and ran after us. Suddenly a cyclist shot out from a hut in front and flew down the road at a terrific pace without once looking round, and next minute we found ourselves in a crowd of shouting men who had swarmed from shafts on every side. "It's the Six Mile, mates," I heard one say as we left them behind, and then we entered the town.

"Say, mates, what's the racket?" "Where is it?" "Who struck it?" several men cried, running alongside us as we looked up and down for the least pretentious hotel.

"It is a rush to the Six Mile, I believe," I replied, "but that is all I know." It evidently was sufficient, for the men at once started running and in less than a minute disappeared round the corner of a saloon bearing the name M——s BONANZA.

"How much for your jiggers?" cried the saloon-owner, rushing out and frantically seizing Mac's machine. "Look alive!" he continued, my companion meanwhile staring at him in wonderment. "Twenty? thirty? forty? Damn ye!" I am not sure whether his last remark was prompted by the enforced removal of his grasp from Mac's machine, or by our unceremonious departure without any attempt at trade; but it was evident that if he thought a much abused cycle worth £40 it was of even more value to us. The entire population seemed to be taking part in the rush, and a more heterogeneous band it

would be hard to imagine. Some were riding on half starved horses, some had bicycles, and some were making good play on their own legs; a few overdressed individuals, whom I rightly judged to be mine-managers, were driving in buggies; at least four men were perched upon camels, and a bullock-team had also got into the medley. Every man was armed with the implement that previous experience told him was the most useful for claim-pegging; in most cases this was an axe or a pick, but about fifty had only pieces of rough wood, and, judging from the eagerness with which the others appropriated any scrub stumps lying in their path, these seemed very desirable adjuncts. Falling in behind a bronzed, half-naked, six-foot-six specimen of humanity on a bicycle, we skirted the edge of the crowd, and struck off at a tangent into the bush. Our leader evidently knew his business, and, after Mac had demonstrated that however convenient his long limbs might be in a foot-race, we were his superiors on bicycles, he became friendly, told us his name was Harry Abbots, and asked if we had seen the Six Mile slug.

"No," I answered; "what is its weight?"

"Forty-two ounces an' five weights," (pennyweights) he shouted over his shoulder. "It were old Macnamara that found it, jest 'bout three inches from the surface."

We could still hear the timber crackling away to our left, and the various exclamations that arose showed that the main body of men had encountered some obstacle to their progress. Our companion almost fell from his machine in sheer delight when he heard the significant expressions. "It's the five mile sand patch," he chuckled; "no man can go through it in less—" He ran

against an unoffending gidgya tree while speaking, and the spokes fell in a shower from his front wheel. His long legs proved of much service to him, for as his machine dropped under him, he simply spread out his feet and stood safely on the sand. "They Australians wad mak' the mate o' an Anchor Liner commit suicide," Mac muttered reflectively, as we left Abbots declaiming fervently, and steered for the open country which we could now see straight ahead. Usually the barren tracts are covered with soft impassable drift-sand, but the surface of this one was fairly hard where we crossed it, and five minutes later we entered the timber clump again and dismounted at a tent.

"You're first, boys," called out a miner from the inside. "We're the prospectors of the Six Mile; come in and celebrate."

"Wait till we stake off a claim," I replied; "the rush will be here directly. Can you lend us an axe?"

"What, new chums?" exclaimed the voice inside. "Well I'll be—"

"Hung, maybe," suggested Mac impatiently, "if you don't look alive with that axe."

"You darned fool, don't you see that claim pegged out there? Don't you know that old Macnamara and his mate always pegs out a claim for the first of every rush they starts. Now, will you come and celebrate?"

"We will," we both responded with alacrity, and we did.

Before evening, the ground was staked off by the rush for about a mile along the supposed line of reef. Finding we had some time to spare, and feeling indebted to poor Abbots for our luck, we pegged out a claim for him next our own, and his surprise may be imagined when, arriving on foot he found it ready for him.

"You're the two whitest men I

knows," he said, "an' may I be turned into a nigger if I ever goes back on you."

It was now late, and as the troopers were on the field to prevent "jumping," most of those who had been fortunate enough to obtain ground near the prospectors prepared their camp for the night, one man from each party going into the town for stores, and another to a windmill-driven pump, known as Tassy's, for water. Soon the field was as settled in appearance as though it had been an established camp for years, and as the stars came out, and the camp fires began to cast their flickering light among the dwarfed peach, the mallee, and the ubiquitous mulga trees, the scene suggested dreamland.

"It has been quick work with us, Mac," I said, as we lit a fire on our own ground, intending to sleep off hunger. "I wonder how many of our neighbours would believe that our last meal was in the STAR OF THE WEST at Nannine?"

"A dinna ken, an' a dinna care," was Mac's answer, and next minute he was fast asleep. Abbots had disappeared at sundown, and, sitting alone in the sand I felt very miserable. The fact that I could see men eating and drinking as far down as the tenth claim did not tend to cheer me.

"I'm real sorry, boss, for being so long," a familiar voice suddenly cried, and turning round, I saw Abbots emerge from the shadows with a heavy water-bag in each hand, and a well packed provision-sack strapped across his shoulders.

"Why, Abbots, I thought you had gone home hours ago," I said, as he unburdened himself.

"Home, mate, did ye say? I has no home, bar my claim, anywhere; but I couldn't drive my darned long legs fast enough to git back sooner. D'ye like tea or coffee?"

"Either, or rather what can be ready soonest."

"I reckon I'll borrow another billy an' we'll have both—"

"My mate, old Macnamara says tucker's ready, but you've got to bring your own knives an' forks," interrupted a voice from the darkness.

"You can tell old Mac that we've got our own tucker, Irisher," answered Abbots. I wondered vaguely if I was dreaming, for the change in our prospects within the last five minutes had been startling.

After supper the miners gathered round our host's fire to hear the story of the find, and to get any information as to the line of reef and the nature of the auriferous deposit. "It is the strangest gold formation I have ever known, boys," said the grizzled veteran, "and I have prospected on every goldfield in the British Empire. The reef, so far as I can make out, must be a feeder of the Great Belt, which runs northward from the Bight, through the Kalgoorlie fields, and ends somewhere in the Indian Ocean."

"I wouldn't mind betting that you're wrong," said a quiet-looking man. "I say your nugget is more likely shed from a belt running east and west across Australia,—"  
"What!" roared all who were capable of realising the significance of the words,—  
"and that belt passes right through under our feet, and I shouldn't wonder if it crosses the Kalgoorlie Belt somewhere between here and Horseshoe Camp."

"Shure, Hamelin, an' can ye tell gold when ye see it?" said the Irishman maliciously.

"I think so; at least I found about two hundred ounces of the stuff out in the Macdonald Ranges in South Australia, and—well—I traced this Central Belt from there west to the 128, and I should

imagine that we've struck it here again."

The theory of the existence of a latitudinal belt was not a new one, but hitherto the evidence in its favour had been almost entirely of an indirect nature, being based on the extremely vague calculations of so-called experts. The men were, therefore, very interested when told that surface indications of this gigantic reef had actually been seen as far out as the 128, and when some of them remembered Hamelin as the mineralogist of a famous South Australian expedition, all doubt as to the reliability of the statement was set at rest.

"I'll not say that a man is not giving hard fact, just because he runs against me," remarked Macnamara; "but our forty-two ounce slug is alluvial and was found almost on the surface. Now, how do you account for that?"

"I can't account for it, unless by assuming that the lode was once on top," replied Hamelin.

"P'raps it came down with the ironstone by mistake,"<sup>1</sup> suggested one of the miners.

"How d'ye know it didn't grow here?" inquired another.

"It doesn't make no difference, anyhow; I reckon this show will turn out a duffer," said a melancholy-visaged man.

"Lor'! Prophet, are ye at it again?" cried a powerful Tasmanian, skilfully directing a flaming log at the last speaker's head.

The Prophet adroitly evaded the missile, then rising to his feet, he began: "Tassy Lawton, ye has insulted me, an' I'll now tell ye what will happen to ye for it." Here he paused, evidently waiting for inspiration, and Abbots, acting probably

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the conjecture that the ironstone pebbles on the surface of the Australian desert are meteorites.

with the best intentions for the community at large, reached over about a yard and a half of one of his nether limbs, and by an ingenious movement precipitated the poor Prophet backwards on the sand.

"There ain't much good of being a prophet here," remarked that unfortunate, picking himself up; "but Lor! boys, jest wait till the fever an' the Barcoo rot starts among ye." Consoling himself with those pleasant anticipations, he resumed his seat in the circle and looked unutterable things.

"I hear the Nig's are out, up on the Gascoyne," said Trooper Boyd, who had just come up. "Young Chambers passed five minutes ago goin' into the Peak with the news. He says that Millar, the Scottie, found a sixteen ounce slug while dry-blowing in Nuggety Gulch out in the 'Shoe.'"

"Those Scotties is always lucky," growled Tassy; "they would git gold outen bully beef tins if—," but at this point I dropped asleep.

Next morning the men commenced throwing up the ground on every side, and early in the forenoon about fifty slugs were found, ranging in weight from one pennyweight to half an ounce. Naturally this gave great encouragement to the men, and feats of sinking were performed that eclipsed all I had ever witnessed elsewhere. As soon as possible I went into Peak Hill to order stores and to procure Miners' Rights for Mac and myself, for although Abbots said that he never troubled about Mining Rights, I knew we had but a poor chance of being able to hold our claim should it become known that we had none.

Peak Hill, at first sight, seems a city of drinking-saloons, and further acquaintance serves but to deepen that impression. The only other

erections are some half-a-dozen stores, a Warden's house, post-office, Miners' Institute, hospital, and prison; the church has yet to be built.

There are now several famous mines in the neighbourhood, all ranking among the richest gold-producers of the world, and, of course, owned by Limited Companies in London. These mines comprise the various claims of the early pioneers, who, being unable to work the strange conglomeration in which the gold so plentifully abounded, were forced to sell to the highest bidders. Fortunately for them, the fame of the Daisy Bell, Atlantic, Golden Chimes, North Star, and a few others, had already spread to all parts of the world, and as some of those claims yielded ten ounces of the precious metal to the ton of ore, it will readily be understood that the bidding was high indeed. About 250 men find constant employment in the large mines, at wages which soon enable them to become capitalists on their own account; hence a somewhat strange state of affairs obtains in the Peak Hill district. This is a sort of arrangement between those who work for wages and those sons of freedom who do not, in which the wage-earner pays the expenses of the prospector, and shares equally in any profits arising from the latter's discoveries. In most cases the capitalist of the party also strikes out for himself after a few turns of luck have befallen his partner, and consequently the mines have to be kept going by new arrivals, the majority of whom are sent out from England for that purpose. In course of time the new comer is seized with the speculating fever, and then the first needy prospector he meets becomes his partner on the half-profit system; but ultimately he too follows the example of his predecessors, and never more will he sell his glorious

independence for money. Some of the Companies are now sinking deep proving shafts in endeavour to trace the trend of the auriferous strata, but few of the independent miners are concerned as to its origin. "The gold's here," one said to me, "an' the banks won't give a sixpence more for it though it came straight from — you know." I did, but was surprised that he, being an Australian, had not named the place.

When I got back to the Six Mile I hardly recognised the place so greatly had the surface of the ground been altered. Mac was building up the wrecked wheel of Abbot's bicycle, and that gentleman was fast disappearing from view in his shaft.

"How much is gold worth in this country?" enquired Mac abruptly, as I lit the fire for cooking purposes.

"Four pounds an ounce. Have you got any?"

"Aye, A picked up some nuggets this mornin',—but see that naebody comes." Rising and walking over to his own bicycle, which was lying neglected on the sand, he unfastened the seat-pillar and shook from the tubes one eight ounce nugget and four smaller ones.

"Great Scot, Mac! where did you get them?" I cried.

"Ow'r in Ginger Billy's claim. He's sleeping."

"But they belong to him—"

"A wouldna gie much fur his chances o' ever seein' them. He tell't me this mornin' that A was a new chum an' wouldna' ken gold when A saw it, so—" A footstep sounded behind us, and turning I saw Abbots. "Good-day, mates," he cried, "we've struck it."

"Struck what?" I asked.

"Gold; here's a ten ounce slug, Scottie; put it in yer bank."

"But," I said, "we can't take your gold."

"Ain't it good gold?"

"Yes, but we are not bushrangers. You found the nugget; go on and find another."

"Then ye won't have me for a mate? I don't want nothing an' —"

"Is that what you have been driving at? Here you can attend to this fire better than I; prepare the best dinner our larder affords—for three." Abbot's delight was great, but what he gained by the partnership neither Mac nor I could understand. He was an excellent cook, however, and fifteen minutes later, we sat down to a dinner of rice, tinned meat, "kill-me-quick" (a sort of fritter), jam, and tea, in the midst of enjoying which the Prophet strolled up and eyed us strangely.

"Good-day," he said in a mournful voice.

"D'ye like bully-beef?" Mac answered. "It's gey dear aboot here, but A wouldna mind doing withoot it mysel' to see ye lookin' less starved like."

The Prophet shook his head, and his face assumed a peculiar expression. "There ain't much good wastin' good dog on me, Scottie," he said.

"We'll try its effects at any rate," I said, making room for him under our improvised shade, while Mac sliced and handed to him the contents of a tin of alleged roast beef.

"Say, boss, ye doesn't mind me saying things, does ye?" our guest continued, ravenously attacking the substance.

"Not a bit," I replied, "Personally, I don't care though you prophesy I'll be drowned in a fresh-water lake to-morrow,—but why, man, you are actually starving!"

"No, it ain't that altogether, but say, is it long since you two struck this country?"

"Not long enough to take root."



"An' ye didn't *have* to git from the old country?"

"Great Scot, no! We left of our own free will."

"An' has ye money to go back?"

"Oh, I think so; we can always cycle part of the way you know."

"Well, git now, for as sure as I'm peggin' out, ye'll not be able soon."

"Why, what is going to happen?"

"'Cause I've been tryin' to git this last thirty years, but no man can once he hears the mopoke call. I *walked* here from South Australia in the seventies. I came 'cause,—well,—there ain't no good talking now. I've no friends, no people, no nothin', anywhere, for as soon as I git to like any man, he dies—"

"Easy, Prophet," interrupted Abbots, anxiously; "I'm not tired of life yet."

"An' there's naething mair for eatin' till tea-time," announced Mac. "If ye come up then, Prophet, ye'll get the best feed ye ever had."

"I reckon he's got the fever bad in his bones," remarked Abbots, as the friendless one walked slowly down the claims, and I feared his words were too true.

During the afternoon Mac and Abbots took turn about at the latter's shaft, lowering it fully six feet without seeing any auriferous traces. In the evening the Prophet appeared again to share our meal, to which were also invited Macnamara and the Irishman, but having received a message from Sergeant Armstrong, who was still on the field, I left Mac and Abbots to entertain our guests, and went down to his camp. He informed me that he intended going north to Smith's Station on the Gascoyne River, to see if the aborigines had been proving as troublesome as had been reported, and being desirous of seeing the nature of the country in that direction, I accepted his in-

itation to accompany him. We set out the following afternoon, the sergeant riding, and I cycling.

"We'll have whips of gold when ye get back," cried Abbots as we left our camp; "but My Colonial! don't you eat any of old Smith's damper; its a cure and no mistake."

When about two miles out on the Horseshoe trail, we saw a man sitting in the sand, and as we approached him I recognised the Prophet.

"Prospecting?" cried Armstrong, riding past.

"I reckon so," came the answer, then catching my eye, he said, "Boss, won't ye shake?"

"Surely," I replied, dismounting; "but hadn't you better get back to camp? You are not well."

"I reckon I is goin' now," he said; "but I wanted to shake the hand of a white man first."

"Don't talk nonsense. Here, take a drink from my water-bag," I said, endeavouring to hide my feelings. "You need nursing and feeding, that is all. Go back and tell Scottie you are our mate until I come back; he will look after you." I scribbled a line to Mac on an old envelope as I spoke and handed it to him.

The Prophet's dull eyes kindled with the fever flash, and his gaunt frame shook with emotion. "D'ye mind leavin' me the pencil?" he said, the perspiration forming in beads upon his forehead. "Thank ye; I hope when ye come to the last peg-out ye will have a softer bed than ironstone. Good-bye."

I shook hands with him, and saw him start for camp, but it was some time before I overtook the Sergeant, although he had been riding slowly. "That's Mount Beasley in front," he said about an hour after I had rejoined him; "and it's a mountain built of solid gold."

"Is not that the peak from which

Peak Hill takes its name?" I asked, recognising the round dome we had seen from the crest above the city.

My companion laughed. "No," he said, "Peak Hill takes its name from an old cone rotten with gold in the centre of the workings. The early boys stuck a cross on it and named the place the Peak; but some Hay Street explorers down in Perth tagged on Hill, and so the thing stands. But we're in Horseshoe Camp now. Mount Beasley is the highest point of the range which gives it the name."

Horseshoe is sixteen miles from Peak Hill; it is a settlement of tents and scrub-huts nestling at the base of the horseshoe-shaped hills in the ravines of which gold was first discovered. There is, or was recently, only one erection in the place, and it has the distinction of being post-office, saloon, Deputy-Warden's office, store, and church.

From a geological point of view the surrounding ranges looked so unpromising that I could not help inquiring how their great auriferous wealth had come to be discovered, and the following is the story as given me by one of the pioneers.

"It was afore the Cue railway got up past Yalgoo, an' we were coming up the Gascoyne valley with stores for the Peak; there is good feed an' whips of water up that way, an' the sea-breeze is a bit of all right at night. One night we were roused by a noise like nothing I knows of, an' the horses came in as skeered as if the nigger's ghingi were after them. For an hour the sound growed, an' the stars all went out, an' the dingoes an' parrots began howlin' an' screechin', until at last Sam Field cried that it was the Gascoyne comin' down. Like a shot we then remembered that old Wragge of Queensland had prophesied whips of thunder showers in the west

interior, an' we knowed that the Gascoyne feeders drained all the back country. The noise of the water was now like three thunderstorms fightin', so we got the horses into the drays an' hauled for the high land. It was no good; there was no high land nearer than twenty mile, an' though we could not see, we knowed that the water was already fillin' the whole plain. When we saw this we cut out the nags to give them a chance, an' next minute the rush came. My mate Billy, an' Dave Brown, a sundowner goin' to the Peak, went down under an' I never saw them again. Field an' I got away somehow, an' rode like blazes all through the night, an' when mornin' came we were on the south slope of this range, but the whole desert was a sea as far as the eye could reach. We lived on kangaroo an' parrots for a time, until one day Field chased a bungarrow into a hole an' found a seam of gold running through the rocks that would make a fool of Coolgardie's best. We dollied out some, an' then started out to see what was left of our team. There was nothing, not a cent's worth, so we made our way through the mud,—the water had gone down now—on to the Peak, told the boys, an' got stores an' horses an' came back here, an' here we are yet. We know the mountain is full of gold for we tunnelled the peak through an' through, an' the darned stuff is everywhere. We are waiting jest now for D—— S—— to get up from Cue. He has offered us £50,000 for the mountain, an' if he gits here with to-morrow's coach, I reckon there's a good few of the boys will take a spell in the old country."

Such was the story. There were forty claim-holders on the mountain, and between them upwards of 5,000 ounces of gold had already been extracted by the simple method of

crushing the ore with hammers, &c., and dry-blowing the powder. The evening of our arrival in the camp an express rider came in with the news that the great D—— S—— was in Peak Hill, which caused much speculation and excitement in the little saloon.

At sunrise next morning we started off again intending to camp on the Gascoyne at night. We halted in the middle of a dwarfed sandal-wood forest for lunch, and while following the trail of a snake into a slight hollow, I discovered an outcrop carrying fine gold, but heavily impregnated with iron pyrites. "We can't work it, but it might do to sell to D—— S—— if he hasn't got all the gold mines he wants by the time we get back," remarked Armstrong. "We can peg it out in any case," I said, noting that our corner peg was placed in a line with the summit of Mount Beasley and another unnamed peak far out on the eastern horizon.

We reached one of the Gascoyne channels at sundown, and while preparing supper my companion became strangely communicative and told of his many startling adventures while on the Gold Escort from Peak Hill to Cue. His stories were very interesting, so much so, that the stars one by one sank behind the desert without our noticing the flight of time. Suddenly a faint twinkling light appeared away to the southwest, and starting up from the fire I exclaimed: "It is time we were turning in; there is the Cross re-appearing. See, it is just coming up—hullo! what stars are those?"

"That isn't the Cross," the Sergeant laughed; "that's what we've been waiting for since sundown. That's niggers; they have been following us all day, and judging from the number of torch-lights I

see around us I should say there are about 300 of them."

"You seem very cool about it."

"Why not? But as I was telling you, when the Stake Well gang"—

"Hadn't we better postpone the story for the present? The natives are closing in on us. See, they have formed a complete ring of fire round us. Quick, we can still get through, down the channel."

"Not much; that's where they want us to go. Suppose you roll your blanket round that log there, like what mine is already. That's right; now, get under that bank and I'll kick the fire into a blaze. No, they won't touch the old nag, and you needn't get out your pea-shooter; an aboriginal takes revolver-shot like pills."

I did not say anything, knowing it to be useless, and in any case, words would not mend matters. From our position under an overhanging bank about twenty yards away from our fire, we could see the ring of torch-lights converging, and soon the forms of the natives could be distinguished. They were not adorned with the usual corroborree embellishments, and from that fact I derived some consolation. Suddenly the whizz of a flying spear broke the intense silence, and a ferocious barbed point stuck in the log in my blanket and broke in two. After a moment's stillness a demoniacal yell burst forth, and a shower of spears stuck in the bank all round us. "They're coming now," my companion chuckled, drawing something from an inner pocket.

"I wish Mac were here," I said, as the rush of pattering feet sounded closer, "for candidly, I can't see any particular reason to be amused."

"No, that's just the point. See here." Seizing our provision-bag he placed it over his head, then lighting a match, he applied it to a piece of

what I afterwards knew was magnesium wire, and jumping up on the bank waved it round his head, meanwhile shouting the words, "Ghingi, ghingi, ghingi!" The effect was magical. In an instant the desert resounded with terrified shrieks of "Ghingi, ghingi!" The headlong rush was stayed, the torches were dropped, and the band of warriors broke and fled in all directions. Their dread of the ghingi must have been great, but looking up from my cramped position at the flour-covered figure in the centre of the spectral glare of the flash-light, I could not help thinking that many people less superstitious than the poor aborigines might also have been frightened by the gallant sergeant.

"Well, isn't this as good as a fight?" he laughed a few seconds later, dropping down beside me. "You may go to sleep now for the nig's won't come back here while they live."

"Do you always carry fireworks?" I asked when his mirth had subsided.

"Only when going among these people; but isn't the magnesium wire a good thing? I got the idea from a broken down chemist fellow in Kalgoorlie. Do you happen to know of any other likely dodge?"

"I should advise you to lay in a stock of the metal sodium," I replied; "it takes fire when thrown upon water, and you could easily work up something from that fact."

My friend took a note of the name and then we went to sleep. At sunrise we were off again, and about ten o'clock we arrived at Smith's Station, the farthest outpost in that part of West Australia. The owner was very indignant when informed that we had come out to rescue him. "Do you think the ab.'s would trouble me?" he said. "Why, I'm half a nigger myself. Some gins

came round here the other day wantin' tucker, but when my men gave them some flour they cleared again an' we haven't seen them since. But come in an' dine; the boys are all out turnin' up a reef 'bout twenty miles back, an' I'm mighty glad to see ya."

We stayed two days with the rough and ready pioneer, and then started on the back track, getting in to Horseshoe the following afternoon without adventure. The camp was a scene of wild excitement. "I'm a capitalist," shouted the first miner we met; "what will you sell me something for?" I suggested that there was a store on the field which might answer his purpose. "No, darn it, no!" he cried; "it's all burst up; we got the last drinks at five shillings a shandy. D—— S—— has been here an' bought all the darned mountain, an' the boys are jiggered to know what to do with their money. Say, stranger, sell me somethin', or I'll—"

"I'll bank your money for you," said Armstrong kindly, "and would strongly advise you to take a spell down at Geraldton; you need it, and the coach leaves the Peak to-night."

Soon after we saw the men depart in a body for Peak Hill, and thinking they would get along better without our company, we left them, and an hour later rode into the Six Mile. Here the men seemed even more excited than in Horseshoe, but the proximity of the Peak Hill saloons accounted for much of that. "That London fellow has been here an' bought all the men's claims," Mac told me; "he gi'ed twa hunder for each single man's share, on chance."

"But they were worth much more, Mac; we found nuggets on the surface—"

"That's verra true, in fact, that's the reason the man wanted the claims; but ye see Langlegs an' me

bottomed oor shaft through the night, afore they were sell't."

"You need not say more, Mac; but were there no other shafts down?"

"No," cried Abbots coming forward; "an' ours was the duffered'st duffer that ever I seed."

At this moment some of the men came up to inquire the news from the north, and seeing that the Prophet was not among them I asked where he was. "I reckon he's pegged out," said Ginger Billy; "he had it bad the last time I saw him 'bout four days back."

"He cyant be here, for the Bonanza manager jumped his claim just afore it was sold," said the Irishman.

"Come, men," I cried, "we must trace him, he will die—"

"I reckon he's started on the long trail by this time," said Tassy, "but we'll come."

We had not far to go. I led the way to where I had last parted from him, and the bright moonlight made the rest easy. Under a shadeless mulga tree we found him, a broken branch lying over him to keep the fiendish crows away. He lay huddled round the roots, face downwards on the sand, and tightly clutched in his fingers was the envelope I had given him, on which was scrawled, in addition to my lines to Mac: *Jim Flinders, South Aus. Give my claim to Scottie and his mate.*

"He's got a claim now that no man can jump," spoke Tassy, turning away his uncovered head.

"An' there aint no more duffers on it," said Abbots quietly.

I did not speak, nor did Mac; we could not. "You boys needn't take it so badly," said Armstrong some time after we had got back to camp. "It's the usual thing for the boys

to do in these parts when their call comes. He's only gone to see where the pelican builds."

"I think we've been long enough in this part of the world," I answered. "Get ready the machines, Mac."

"But, Great Snakes, you are not going now! The track south will be crowded with all sorts of men coming north to stake off land on account of the rush here. And anyhow, what about our reef out on the Gascoyne flats?"

"You can have it all, for me," I replied; "we are going now."

"Good-bye, then, mates," cried Abbots in a wistful tone of voice; "I reckon I can go an' peg out too, now."

"I will make Mac thrash you if you speak like that again. Get ready."

"What! Am I comin'?"

"Certainly, you are our mate, are you not?"

The moon was high in the heavens, and the stars of the South were tinged with the red of approaching midnight, when we gained the crest from which we had first gazed upon Peak Hill City. Down in the pestilential valley the saloons were doing a roaring trade with the lucky miners of Horseshoe and the Six Mile, who, by morning would probably be as poor as ever. As we stood, a faint hurrah floated upwards to our ears signalling the departure of the mail-coach with passengers for the coast, —and home. Next minute the kerosene flares were hidden from our view. On through the night we rushed, down over the Murchison flats and by the pool of Mindaroo until the glistening salt plains shone out ahead. And but for the jarring rattle of the nuggets in the tubes of Mac's machine, the night was silent.

R. M. MACDONALD.

## NELSON'S AUTOGRAPH.

ENGLAND expected that the centenary year of the battle of Trafalgar would see the value of letters and documents written by our great sea-captain, Lord Nelson, still further enhanced, which, in view of the extraordinary price paid last year for a document dated September 25th, 1805, was saying not a little. Recent sales, however, suggest that the expectation is likely to be disappointed.

That so many of Nelson's letters should have survived him so long is doubtless due to his having become famous so early in his career, and also to the fact that his personal magnetism caused so many of his correspondents to regard him with an affection that had as its corollary the preservation of every line he wrote to them. Lady Hamilton, Admiral Troubridge, Lord Hood, Thomas Lloyd, General Villette, the Reverend Dixon Hoste, Captain Ball, the Right Honble. Charles Arbuthnot, in addition to Lady Nelson, carefully preserved documents in his handwriting, and many of these have been put up to auction within the past few years.

When twelve months ago over £1,000 was bid for a letter written by Nelson to Lady Hamilton, the price was attributed partly to the fact that, dated some twenty-six days before the battle of Trafalgar, it was believed to be the last finished letter written by the Admiral to his favourite correspondent, and partly to the fact that a duel for its possession took place between representatives of Great Britain and the United States of America, which con-

cluded in a British victory when a bid by the English collector of £1,030 silenced the transatlantic aspirant.

That the letter was actually the last completed by the great sailor to her whom he addresses in its pages as "my dearest Emma" is probably true, but to prevent misapprehension it is very necessary to emphasise the word *finished* and the name of the recipient. The last letter written by Nelson to Lady Hamilton was of course found in an unfinished condition in his cabin after his death, and is now preserved in the British Museum; while the fact that between September 25th, 1805, to October 21st (the day that made the name Trafalgar unforgettable) Nelson took up his pen for the purpose of correspondence was made apparent in November, 1899, when Messrs. Sotheby disposed of three letters in his handwriting, one of which was dated only ten days before the battle, and again in last March when the same firm sold for £19 a letter, dated from the *Victory* October 14th, 1805, and containing the sentence, "I expect three stout fire-ships from England."

That Nelson's caligraphy is more eagerly sought after than Wellington's, was clearly shown on the occasion of the great sale in the course of which a letter written by the victor of Waterloo, at four o'clock on the morning after the battle, to Sir Charles Flint, though it realised a sum (£101) greatly in excess of the amount usually paid for documents in his handwriting, only obtained one-tenth of the amount bid for the great sailor's script.

When some years ago a letter was put up to auction written by Wellington to Marshal Beresford shortly after Waterloo, in which he said "I never saw the British infantry behave so well," and later remarked "Bony is off to Rochefort," the bidding ceased at £21. Certainly the hundred pound letter sold last year contained matter of historic interest, such as the sentence, "What do you think of the total defeat of Buonaparte by the British Army?" Nevertheless between £21 and £101 is a very considerable margin, suggesting that the atmosphere of the sale-room on this occasion must have been charged with electricity having the peculiar property of rendering those bidding more than ordinarily determined to possess at all costs the documents they had set their respective hearts upon.

Certainly £1,000 is a large sum to give for a single letter; but how large it is can best be gauged by comparing the amount with the prices attained when other important manuscripts have come into the market. The original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's *LADY OF THE LAKE*, on the same day upon which a number of Nelson-relics were sold for £1,000, elicited a bid of £1,290, but *OLD MORTALITY* only achieved £600, and Robert Burns's *Commonplace-Book* in his own handwriting £365 on the same occasion. The original manuscript of *THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT*, though enthusiastic collectors of Burns's caligraphy fought fiercely for its possession, fell last year to a bid of less than half the amount that Nelson's letter achieved, while in 1901 the manuscript of Moore's *LALLA ROOKH* (£330) brought less than a third of that amount. When Keats's *ENDYMION* (181 pages of manuscript) was put up for sale eight years ago, even the world that

collects was not a little surprised at the price it attained; yet the sum it realised (£695) together with the price (£305) put upon the manuscript of *LAMIA*, failed to reach the sum given for Nelson's famous letter by almost the amount that three manuscript poems, bound in a small album, by the late Lord Tennyson and containing the original manuscript of *St. AGNES' EVE*, sold for in 1898.

It usually happens, when an astonishing price is obtained for any relic, that the market is flooded with similar articles, and a considerable fall in prices ensues. This result, however, was not observed in the case of Nelson's letter last year, those who possessed them holding their treasures back, in hopes that the year which saw the centenary of Trafalgar would also witness a great wave of enthusiasm that would materially enhance prices for specimens of Nelson's caligraphy. Since last April, however, the market has been inundated with Nelsoniana as the result of this policy, and prices generally have in consequence fallen.

The only example of the Admiral's writing which has lately come into the market, and attained a bid of over £100, occurred a few months ago, when his official letter-book, containing the original drafts of sixty-seven letters written between September, 1796, and July, 1797, was purchased for £190 by the collector who gave the sum running into four figures for the famous letter. Probably this volume contains the first examples of Nelson's caligraphy after he had lost his right hand, for it contains this entry, *Officers killed and wounded. Rear-Admiral Nelson, right arm shot off*, while among the autograph corrections is one obviously written with his left hand three days after he had received his wound.

It would be wrong, however, to

jump to the conclusion that the prices already mentioned are typical of the sums that accrue from the sale of Nelson's handwriting, for such is far from being the case. In 1897, for instance, a collection of twenty-three autograph letters from him to his friend Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge only realised £280 (or about £12 apiece on the average), at the time when a variety of Nelsoniana, including his autobiography, the autograph letters to John McArthur, correspondence with his brother (the first Earl), and his wife, thirty-three articles in all, realised £1,000.

One of the biggest bargains in naval relics occurred in course of a sale held in 1896 when several of the carpenters' and other store books of fifteen of the ships (including the *VICTORY*) engaged at Trafalgar, were sold *en bloc* for £30. These volumes contained, in addition to many details of the fight, the signatures of Captain Hardy (Nelson's flag-captain), four signatures of Nelson when he commanded the *CAPTAIN* in 1796, and official letters and certificates in the handwriting of Hood, Howe, Troubridge, St. Vincent, Jarvis, Collingwood, Kempenfeldt (of the *ROYAL GEORGE*), Benbow, Anson, and other warriors of the period when Britannia ruled the waves with a far-reaching hand. How valuable this bargain must have been can be gathered from the fact that when the original log-books of ships commanded by Nelson from 1784 to 1804 were sold at Sotheby's three years ago, they were knocked down for £132 17s. alone, or within £8 of the amount paid by Captain Torrington in 1900 for the series of letters to Lord Hood, a large proportion of which were signed *Horatio Nelson*, written with the right hand during the siege of Toulon in 1794, while a few, written with the left, bear the signature *Nelson and Bronte*.

The letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, by the way, are far from always realising the extraordinary price attained last year. Thus in 1901 one specimen fetched £16, another, in 1900, £33, and yet another, dated September, 1801, £17. In one of these letters Nelson stated that he approved of the house at Merton, and further that as Troubridge and the Earl (St. Vincent) are so cruel as to object to his coming to London to arrange his own matters, he must beg and entreat his divinity to work hard for him. "I have £3,000 ready to pay to-morrow," he wrote, "therefore pray, my dear Emma, look to it for me; I shall approve your taste. How often have I, laughing, said I would give you £500 to furnish a house for me." Last May saw a letter, beginning "Your poor dear Nelson is, my dearest beloved Emma, very very unwell," sold, just one hundred years after it was written, for £71.

In 1901 a letter to Lord Hood, dated July 22nd, 1794 (containing the remark "my eye is troublesome, and I don't think I shall ever have the perfect sight of it again") was sold for £3 10s., while another, written four days later, relating to the bravery of his sailors when fighting on shore, bravery that went unrecognised by the military officers, realised £5.

In 1901 Nelson's famous letter of complaint to Charles Arbuthnot, dated from the *VICTORY* in 1805, —in which he wrote, "My distress for frigates has been and still continues to be extreme: but I fear we have them not in England, in sufficient numbers, for the purpose wanted"—was sold for £11 5s., while the following year an "Instruction" by Nelson realised £17 10s., on the same day as a letter by Lady



Hamilton, trying to obtain the royal box for Nelson to see the pantomime at Covent Garden, realised £7 15s. In this Instruction Nelson wrote in his most characteristic strain: "The business of an Englishman commander-in-chief is, first, to lay his ships close on board the enemy as expeditiously as possible; and, secondly, to continue there till the business is ended."

Five years ago five letters written by Nelson in 1796 brought only £38 15s., while before that date a letter, dated March 23rd, 1805, to General Villettes realised £6 15s., and another to the same recipient, dated VICTORY off Algiers, January 18th, 1805, but £4 18s. On the same occasion a letter to the Reverend Dixon Hoste, dated Dover Street, November 18th, 1800, written with the left hand and bearing the somewhat unusual signature *Nelson of the Nile*, realised five guineas; but the majority of letters sold within the last half decade have run into two figures.

Thus in 1899, the letter written ten days before Trafalgar, realised

£13, and another, dated June 1st, 1799, to Captain Ball, eleven guineas. A letter to the French Commander at Malta, dated 1798, a hundred years later realised £10, while a document dated VICTORY, November, 1803, having reference to Napoleon Bonaparte and the invasion of England fell to a bid of £30, or three times as much as the document signed *Nelson and Bronte* and dated VICTORY, Gulf of Parma, December 12th, 1803, that referred to the French fleet at Toulon, realised in 1900.

The average price of one of Nelson's letters would appear to be about £10, though many times that sum would probably have to be given before the owner of THE ROUNDWOOD, Ipswich, would part with the signature cut by Nelson on a piece of wood forming a portion of the mantel-piece in one of the rooms. It may be recalled that nearly five years ago this relic was almost lost owing to the zeal of some firemen who, in their endeavours to overcome a conflagration, were about to cut the mantel away when the owner opportunely intervened.

## QUACK DOCTORS.

RIGHTLY observed and understood quacks and their audiences form the world in miniature; and of all quacks the quack-doctor is the most interesting. To see him in his glory one must look into the market of a town which is visited by large numbers of imperfectly educated people. Of all places he prefers a large country town.

Unfortunately the number of these quacks is dwindling. I say unfortunately, for I do not believe that the decrease is brought about by the public being less gullible than in former times, while I do believe that his supplanters are less worthy. Quack-jewellers are ousting quack-doctors. People are ceasing to give sixpence for a box of Cure-all pills; they prefer spending five shillings on a gold-cased lever watch, a set of studs and links, half a dozen spoons, a patent pipe, and a coddem-gold ring.

Come with me, and let us look at a few quack-doctors before they vanish into Nephelococcygia. The old-fashioned town of Slepton, in the South Riding of Yorkshire, will suit our purpose excellently. The most suitable time is eight o'clock on a dry Saturday evening. Let us take the doctors (as we have to take other things in this world) as they come.

On a rickety stall stands Number One, surrounded by a wriggling mass of men, women, school-children, and babies; some of the little mites are crying in anxious mothers' arms, some howling in creaking baby-cars. There he stands in the midst of flaring, smelling lamps, his head be-

wreathed with a halo of kerosene smoke, his attitude one of affected dignity and majestic importance.

He is a wild-eyed, blear-eyed, sunken-eyed individual, attired in a shabby brown suit sadly frayed round the edges of the trousers and the coat. His head is covered with a battered old brown felt hat, and his feet with much ventilated down-trodden brown shoes. He is conscious, in sooth, that it is the frock coat which adds most dignity to his person, and this he has thrown loosely open so as to display fully the suit beneath and that gorgeous tie of green crossed with stripes of crimson. The imposing coat bears signs of undignified use. It is wrinkled, and tattered, and buttonless; the arms look to be about six inches too short, but the deficiency is amply atoned for by the cuffs of his deep blue shirt, which hang limply over the horny gnarled hands, their unfastened ends flapping together like castenets when the doctor emphasises the lessons he seeks to convey.

He is no ordinary individual. He says it himself. He tells all, with the greatest frankness, that he is in no need of money.

"Bless your life and soul, I 'as got no need to do this 'ere. I does it 'cos I loves my feller man. Believe me I 'as bags of gold, and rows of 'ouses of my own. Some may say as 'ow it is easy to say so, but believe me I never tell no unnecessary lies; they never put nothink into my pocket. Believe me I can't make you believe me, but as Shakespeare, one of the greatest writers of our

age, says: 'Him what never believes nothink will never gain nothink.' Next week I shall come 'ere in my gilded carriage drawn by four pure white 'osses, the same as you've often 'eard on afore in your public papers. Some on you may 'ave guessed as 'ow I am Doctor Hangelo Jenkins? You is right. That's me. My father you 'as all 'eard on: Professor Jenkins, the great conjurer and mesmerist of New York."

After this burst of eloquence, the doctor folds his arms and, placing himself in a melodramatic attitude, gazes around in solemn silence. His condescension, approaching familiarity almost, is very impressive, when one reflects on the true greatness of the man. In all his actions there is an air of studied dignity tempered by gracious affability.

"Has a sign of my noble eddication I will address you in Latin, and believe me all you as knows the langwidge of medicine will know what I means; but I asks you not to tell them as doesn't, as secrets is secrets."

Now follows a string of gibberish, after having uttered which the doctor looks mightily pleased and proud. In a brisker tone he proceeds.

"If I 'as a medical man in my audience believe me, people, he can tell you 'as 'ow them words was worth guineas of gold. I could address you in the Roman, or the French, or the Hitaliyen, but believe me you is not scholars enough to understand it, so I won't. What I will do is to give you a treat. I will show you how my father does 'is great trick of cutting off a boy's 'ead and turning it into a girl's by the aid of 'is magnetic mesmerism. Now watch me closely, people."

While all watch with bated breath, the learned man slowly bandages a boy's head. The process occupies

several minutes during which the expectant crowd increases rapidly. After making a few cabalistic passes, the doctor continues his speech.

"While the mesmerism developes in the boy's 'ead, I shall tell you of a strange experience what happened to my father while 'e was a learning mesmerism in the far off jungles of swarfy Hindia, the pearl of the hocean wave."

This last sentence he utters with unctuous delight. Then he tells how his father learnt of the existence of a mysterious root which had a marvelous power of curing disease and alleviating pain. After frightful exertions and struggles he managed to obtain a stock of the precious root, which he intrusted to the son to distribute to the suffering humanity of Europe, at the nominal charge of fourpence a box, or four boxes for a shilling.

"Believe me as a gent and a friend that this 'ere hin— this hin— hincomparable remedy is worth more than bags of gold and rows of 'ouses in this hage of 'urry and worry. You can't obtain it from nobody else in the world. While it lasts you shall 'ave it, though it's a dead loss to me."

When he reaches this point the crowd quickly disappears, all interest in him having vanished. Besides, as we learn quickly, the people are attracted by the two important personages called Dr. Hughes and Dr. Bell.

Dr. Hughes is a stoutly built man with a beery face. His principal articles of attire are a frock coat and a shiny silk hat of most ancient pattern. He has a sonorous voice, of which he makes the most. He explains that he is a retired army medical man, of excellent family and qualities, who has travelled the world over. While in India he discovered certain choice native herbs which had

a wonderful effect upon the health of the Indian army. He severed his connection with the army on purpose to benefit mankind by preparing and selling the pills he holds in his shaky hand. His aristocratic relations said: "You must not go on the markets, Hughes; you are too honest, you are too conscientious." Yet, my good friends, I have succeeded: until now I am known as the prince of market-lecturers on medicine. I have lectured in every theatre and music-hall in the United States. You have never before listened to a man of my erudition, of my scholacity, of my refinement. You do not know me yet, but you will. I am well known to literature, and I am a constant contributor to the leading magazines. Yes, the name of Hughes is famous in the literary circles of both hemispheres. My medicated atoms are known to all the aristocracy. I see among you some who live in large palaces, or at any rate in very big houses in your town. I supply them all; yea, as truly as every murky cloud that passes over your heads influences your body, so truly do I supply them all."

This euphonious concatenation touches the crowd. All the better dressed people buy with a conscious smirk of superiority, while the poorer dressed follow suit in order to be in the fashion. Thus each trusts to impose upon others.

Meanwhile Dr. Bell draws various anatomical designs upon a large sheet of paper which covers a board resting on a rickety easel. It is a delight and an honour to watch him. He is very elegant in a suit of shepherd's plaid, ambrosial whiskers, and an eyeglass; in fact his appearance is quite patrician. With cultured ease he draws red livers, green stomachs, blue hearts, and other delightful charts to illustrate the efficacy of Dr. Hughes's

pills. The gaily-coloured paper rivets the attention of many who have been listening with sickly interest to the enumeration of a long list of disease symptoms. For instance, there is that little old man with the rim of white hair around his withered red face, and his mouth open foolishly; there is the pale youth, who is watching in such deadly earnest, and there is the hobbledehoy with his hands plunged deeply in his pockets, to say nothing of the bristly man, whose pipe stem is so deeply stuck in his mouth and whose pipe bowl wags by way of punctuating the remarks of the lecturer. To these Dr. Hughes and Dr. Bell are remarkable men, men without superiors, without peers, without rivals; wonderful men, inspired orators, marvellous practitioners.

"This," says Dr. Hughes, "is what the doctors use to kill you. It is bichloride of mercury, the doctor's pet medicine, and it kills thousands of useful men and women every year. I'll show you how it acts on the delicate human system." He pours it into a large glass globe, and a flocculent flesh-coloured precipitate is the result. "Now I'll show you how my medicated atoms clear the system." He drops in a pill, shakes the globe, and the heavy precipitate disappears, leaving the liquid colourless. "There in front of your eyes you have proof of the action of my medicated atoms, of which I am giving you three boxes for a shilling by way of acknowledgement. Were we not moneyed men hundreds of poor sufferers, who have been given up by all your big doctors and hospitals, would now be dead, for we could not afford to give you seventy-two medicated atoms at such a ridiculously small price."

We will leave these philanthropic men now they have reached the dull

stage of vending. Close by is a quack who, with pursed lips and heavily lined brow, is looking reproachfully at his section of the crowd. His right hand is thrust deeply into the pocket of his trousers; his wrinkled swollen left hand is lifted up as he admonishes his audience.

"People, people, tryin' to do yer a good turn is like drawin' yer eye-teeth. This is 'ow yer treats me, who is no quack. I repeats agen I am 'ere for a wager. Does I look and speak like a common quack come to fool yer out of yer money, or does I look like a blue bloodeder?"

"Some knows about the great Rosebery wager? Joey Chamberlain said to Lord Rosebery how people were mostly idiots. Cicerer's owner said as how he didn't believe it. Joey said, 'I bet £500 as how if you was to offer 'em golden sovereigns at a penny a time they'd be too suspishus to buy 'em.' Rosebery says 'Done! As a sportsman I'll take yer!' And he did. Joey was to stand on London Bridge from twelve o'clock till one, a shouting out, 'Golden sovereigns a penny apiece, all the time, and if he hadn't sold twelve in the hour he won his five hundred quid. Joey hadn't been shouting five minutes, when a woman bought one off him,—for the kids, she said. The passers laughed at her, but she took it home. The landlord called for the rent, but she said as how she hadn't got it. He said 'This 'll do,' and picked the sovereign from the kids and gave her the change. She was flabbergasted and told him all about it; then he said, 'I'm off to buy up all the man's gold.' They both on 'em ran and just reached London Bridge as it went one. Joey was a preening of hisself and a talking to Rosebery as they come up. 'We want some more sovereigns,' they said. 'Yer shall have 'em at

thirty bob a-piece, my buck,' says Joey, for he's a keen 'un is Joey. 'Yer've bought yer last quid at a penny a go, missis, and hi've won my five hundred.' The woman was the only person wot bought on him and Rosebery had to fork out.

"Now I've made a wager of a whole jorum of money with a big nob, and I won't say as 'ow it isn't Sir Hirim Carneegy hisself or not. I'm here to sell a certain number of bottles of corn-cure at sixpence; wot you get when I've won my wager is another thing; I can't speak no clearer. 'Ere is the bottles worth a sovereign a time and I repeat again what can't speak can't lie. If you isn't all satisfied, yer money will be returned back again, as free as yer gives it."

The man on the next stall, who, comparatively speaking, is well dressed in clothes of an unmistakably ready-made cut, is a modern product. His class is entirely distinct from the real quack doctor class. He deals indifferently in medicine or in jewellers' wares; but it is not the article he sells upon which he relies for his profit.

He attracts attention after the usual fashion of market-speakers, that is by bandaging a boy's eyes and then solemnly waving his hands across the lad's face; this stale proceeding never fails to draw a crowd around the stall. The quack is young and voluble. He requires the boy to say the numbers from one to seven without closing his mouth. "Now, my boy, six and one makes?" "'even," comes the reply. "What? You want to go to heaven? Well you'll see friends of mine whichever place you go to." He winks at the onlookers and they smile thereat.

"Now, gentlemen, joking aside, I'm here to advertise the medicine of the company whose name is printed on every label of the French Ache-Killer. I am going to give every

person who buys a palpable gift. Who I am, what I am, or what my reputation is, matters not. Reputation is one thing, character is another. I am here to advertise my company at any cost. Life is a science and speculation is its salt. To those who desire to speculate I will give a splendid chance. Here is fifteen pence; who will give me a shilling for it?"

He soon finds a buyer of the money. Next he sells fourteen and then thirteen pennies for a shilling, he offers two sixpenny-bits for a shilling each and sells them, then he sells bits of paper for a shilling apiece. Finally he says: "Now to every purchaser of those sixpences and those scraps of paper I will give a rich reward. Every one who has had the heart and courage to speculate shall have his own money returned, together with sixpence with which to drink the Company's health. Here you are, and here's jolly good luck to you."

Next he offers the Ache-Killer at a shilling a box, promising a rich reward to purchasers. "If a man is a man let him be a man," he says. There is a wild rush for the bottles on the part of those who would be called the Stags on the Stock Exchange. When the quack has sold as many bottles as possible he presents each Stag with his rich reward, to wit, a collar-stud whose value is but a very small fraction of a penny. Then he takes a long rest.

One quack stands by himself in a quiet corner of the market. He presents rather a striking appearance, being well and quietly dressed, and having an intellectual, clean-cut, many-wrinkled face. Let us see how he proceeds.

First of all he calls up two ragged little urchins, and, after a short confabulation, all three jump upon a rickety arrangement of boards and

trestles. Without a word being spoken a bunch of people collect. The quack takes an orange, cuts it in two, and sucks one half; then he commences in earnest.

Addressing the two boys, he asks if they can lecture, offering them £5 for a five minutes' lecture. Do they know him? Were they ever in jail? By this questioning process he is successful in causing a large crowd to assemble. Then he leaves the boys to their own devices, and addresses the crowd, speaking in a clear, even-toned voice, making a tassellated speech,—with a patch of society talk here, a patch of pseudo-science there, and patches of general information to form a ground. Sometimes he emphasises his remarks by flourishing a broad-brimmed, soft, black felt hat, sometimes by sucking his orange, sometimes by turning over the leaves of a worn anatomical atlas.

"My dear friends, I wish you to first of all know that I am not a quack doctor; I am not a doctor of any kind, and I am not here to sell medicines. I tell you this because I see some of you are wavering, and I want you all to stop and listen to me. It will be a treat for all who do listen.

"No, I shall not sell you medicine, and I shall not give you advice. You will want to know who and what I am. My name is Sherman Grindrod, and I came straight here from Philadelphia in the United States of America. I am a lecturer, and I have lectured in halls containing two thousand people, each of whom paid from one to two dollars to hear me. I shall now give you people my greatest lecture free of any charge, my subject being disease.

"Despite any degree of logic I affirm there never was, there never will be, and there never could be any

cure of any disease. We know this in America. You can try allopathy, or hydropathy, or X-rays, it is all the same. Your doctors cannot cure disease. Think, people, think. You have great lords and princes, millionaires and scientists, who suffer from agonising diseases. Would they suffer thus if disease could be cured? Would your ministers remain corpulent, or gout-stricken if any man can cure disease? Think! There never was any kind of doctor who ever cured disease. Your own common-sense will teach you this if you will but think. There is no cure for disease."

After this comforting statement the lecturer gives many historical and biblical references, and points out that germs cause disease. Kill the germ and you kill the disease. He has with him a few boxes of an American germ-killing preparation which he will give away practically, at the low charge of 2s. 9d. for three tubes, but,—“Should I descend from my rostrum the price will be 2s. 9d. for a single tube. Of course this is done as an advertisement only. It is done in order to bring the tubes before the notice of the British public," etc.

No crowd is bigger than that surrounding a stall which is the centre of the operations of two remarkable looking objects which are rendered more remarkable by the contrast. One of these evidently is a long thin cadaverous man. The other object consists of an animated bundle of clothes; a much-worn braided overcoat, enveloping a much-worn suit of clothes which covers the substantial core,—a core topped with a double-chinned excrescence, over which is a thatch of matted, tow-like hair, and a soft cloth hat—as curious a bundle of clothes as one could meet with in a day's march.

This short bulky bundle dances backward and forward on the top of the rostrum, and from it comes a shrill piping voice and a mirth-exciting laugh, the shrill voice and loud laugh of the little fat, red-faced man who inhabits the bundle.

“Let the people have a treat, John, let the people have a treat.” The grotesque bundle hops about like a marionette, then it stops and faces the crowd.

“What we're agoing to do,” it says, with wild gesticulations, “is to show the American method of advertising for our employers. We want to give you a free gift of some medical preparations. We has here some of our celebrated Indian Herb Pills, the wonder of the world. These we shall give to you, and charge you nothing for 'em. You has your pills as free as the air you breathe, so far as they goes. Now here is one,—hold your hat, John—now here is one as I puts in my man John's hat making number two; here is one making number three.”

So he goes on until he reaches “One making what the cobbler throw'd at his missis. We are going to give 'em all away as free as we possibly can, for the express purpose of advertising. You shall have the lot free of charge for nothing, but we shall not throw 'em away. If we was to throw the goods away, the byes in front would scramble for 'em, and crush your corns, and may be get hurt and probably break their legs and have other causelites (casualties?) We want to break no old mothers' 'earts by causing their lads to hurt one another, and get took to the infirmary, and have mortified broken legs and noses, and arms and collar-bones and things. We shall give the goods away in a more gentlemanly, a more business-like, and a more memorable way.”

All the while he says this, he bounces about like a lump of india-rubber. He explains the American method,—all quack doctors make some reference to America. Each purchaser of a box of Nature's Barks at one shilling will receive the celebrated Indian Herb Pills gratis, and other presents besides. He sells a number.

"Now, John, give every purchaser one of these long paper bags. Now, people, do as I do; blow your bags full of wind. Put into your bags the box of Nature's Barks, and the celebrated Indian Herb Pills. Lord bless you, I haven't begun yet! Here, John, give every purchaser a packet of Silver Roots. Hang the expense! We'll give you a treat. Hold up your bags, you lucky dogs! We'll make you talk like a living newspaper. Hold 'em up, you *lucky* dogs! You're fortune's only beginning. Now, John give 'em all a case of English Herbs."

John professes to remonstrate. "Nay, master, they've got nearly ten shillings' worth already."

"Hang the expense, John! we'll give 'em a treat. Hold up your bags, you lucky people; we'll make you laugh. Hold 'em up; we'll make you dance, you *lucky* dogs! We'll make you wave your handkerchiefs over your heads! Ho! ho! ho! We'll send you away so delighted that you'll remember us the longest day of your life, and never cease talking about us and our firm. Ho! ho! ho!—" The merry little fellow explodes with laughter of so boisterous and infectious a nature that the crowd doubles up and laughs

in unison. Above all can be heard a disconnected, "Hold 'em up, you lucky, lucky, *lucky* dogs!"

When he has recovered his breath, the little fat, red-faced man continues. "This is the way my firm advertise; it is better than newspaper advertisements. We'll not make fish of one and flesh of another. Here again is the box of Nature's Barks, the celebrated Indian Herb Pills, the packet of Silver Roots, the case of English Herbs, and we hasn't begun yet. We has nine more rounds to go yet. We shall give all purchasers a bottle of Corn Cure next, you *lucky* dogs. Hurry up, before they are all sold, or you will be too late."

At this point the little man becomes almost solemn; the sleeves of his bundled form sway from side to side, for it is an affecting moment. He is seized with the divine afflatus:

"Too late, too late, will be the cry,  
The man what was giving Indian Herb  
Pills has past by,  
There will be a wailing, and weeping,  
and gnashing of teeth,  
The last will be first and the first will  
be least."

With these beautiful words ringing in our ears we leave the waning crowd, passing the unworthy rivals who are so rapidly elbowing out the genuine quack. They have but few features in common with the old-time quacks, though they all pose as philanthropists, all make tremendous sacrifices, and all are beings of unequalled talents and renown.

M. P.



## A SALMON OF THE BLACK POOL.

MACTAVISH, the gamekeeper, came home the other evening in an excited condition. He had been enjoying a night and day out on the fine stream over which his brother, also a keeper, exercised watch and ward for his master, Lord B. The sea-trout were up, and MacTavish was not the man to neglect them in the prime of their freshness and numbers. He had fished all night and the greater part of the day, and a bag of twenty-three beauties was the result. Of these he brought home only the odd three, weighing two and a half pounds apiece on the average, when relieved of their insides. A dead weight of seven or eight pounds was quite enough for his shoulders in the fourteen-mile walk home over the hills. But he brought with him something else, in his own inside; to wit, a blameable number of drams of whiskey. When he lurched into the byre, where I was contemplating my rod, the whiskey proclaimed itself. "Eh, mon," he exclaimed, "the grand time I've had! There's folks 'ud give their ears for such a night, and,—I'm just thirsting for a wee drip from your bottle."

He clapped me on the shoulder with the words and looked what he was. It was the first time he had displayed such democratic good-fellowship. As the person who rented his parlour and the bedroom with two really spacious windows to it under the thatch, I was, in his wife's opinion, a gentleman of some distinction, whether or not I was a good fisherman, and MacTavish lived in wholesome fear of his wife's preju-

dices. He had already put me to the challenge on the subject of his own absorbing passion. "Are ye a *real* fisher?" he had asked me once. "Will ye go through fire and water and all the midges in all Scotland's glens putt together to land a bonnie salmon? If ye're no that and just that, ye're nothing by-ordinar', ye ken." And I had hesitated to admit that I merited so sweeping a certificate of character. The midges in our one glen were quite enough to go on with; to say nothing about the atrociously awkward upholstery to certain of the pools. But those drams made the difference to MacTavish. "Let me creep in quiet with you," he suggested, in an earnest undertone. "The wife's that crabbit when I've been awa'. Maybe she'd not like me taking a nip with you."

Well, I gave MacTavish the bottle, not without misgivings, even though he had a physique of wire and steel. And with the glass in his hand he proceeded to tell of the three salmons, over and above the twenty-three sea-trout, which had blessed the last four and twenty hours of his life. "They werena by-ordinar' great fish, ye ken," he said; "but there was a sixteen-punder, a fourteen-punder, and one of eleven punds. I'm thinking my lord himsel' wouldn't have minded taking any one of the three; and I didna give more than ten minutes to the bonniest of them. It was the silver doctor that did for them, and, mon, this very night it shall do more still. Wud ye like to see me kill a salmon in the stream *here*?"

He looked so very tipsy that I

attempted to soothe him ; I told him he would be much better in bed, having first yielded to the wifely attentions of Mrs. MacTavish. And then I am sorry to say he was rude about Mrs. MacTavish. If he made up his mind to get a salmon, whether in the forenoon, the evening, or the night, he was not the man to ask his wife's leave,—nor his master's either. "I'm here to *mind* the fishing for my master, ye ken," he said thickly ; "but I'm a mon as well as my master, and if I say I'm going to get a salmon, Donald MacTavish is going to get it,—he is that. And it's the silver doctor that'll do it, the same as with those three other bonnie fish. Mon, ye'd have liked fine to see them. It was when day was breaking over the hills and the heaviest didna cost me eight minutes from the time I was into him. Bide a wee and we'll be off together. The light's too strong yet ; they'll see us coming. But in half an hour it'll do fine, and it'll be *your* fish, ye ken. You shall send it to England to your friends ; ay, that's how we'll dispose of it, and no word said to a' body."

He accommodated more whiskey, in spite of protests, and then, in the valour of it, went down boldly to his wife and in boisterous heroic tones told her of his rare sport in the night even as he had told me. The words "Saxteen-punder!—Silver doctor!—Eh, woman, it *was* a night!" and others drifted up through my floor. And by-and-by his heavy tread shook the pine-panelled stairs while his voice assured Mrs. MacTavish that he *was* going out and that no powers, supernal nor otherwise, should stop him, and that I was going with him. My parlour lamp was already lit. It was ten o'clock on a midsummer night, and the lamp was barely necessary ; but there were heavy clouds over the trees and birch-clad hills beyond my parlour-

window, and the stream's bed was densely shrouded with oaks as well as birches and pines and cliffs in places more than a hundred feet perpendicular. It was likely to be dark enough and more for those inky pools which terraced down from the upper glen, linked by falls which roared night and day, wet weather or dry. "Indeed ye shall not go, MacTavish," urged the wife ; and "Indeed, but I will," quoth he. And then he charged into my room, with his wife at his heels, apologising for him. "It's no the silver doctor this time, mon," he cried. "I'm detarmined ye shall have a salmon as big as any I took in the night, and we'll get him with the minnow. Are ye ready?"

Arguments were only an exasperation to him, and Mrs. MacTavish withdrew to her kitchen and the baby, in despair of a sort. "It's not for himself I'm afraid," she said to me, "but it's his insulting conduct to you, sir. He's no himself." That, I assured her, was all right. If she thought taking a salmon at eleven or twelve o'clock at night would reduce MacTavish to a suitably drowsy and exhausted condition for his bed, why we would go for the salmon as an opiate. And almost on that understanding he and I set forth when, with much fumbling and a certain amount of language, MacTavish had fixed the minnow to the stiff, yet not too stiff, fourteen-foot rod which had already done such good execution that day. "Ye'll not breathe a word about it, mon," he whispered tipsily. "There's things it wudna do to get to my master's ear ; and I'm weel hated by all the folks here as it is, just because I do what I'm paid for in keeping their cattle bodies off the hills and stopping them at the rabbits."

And then he had done with mere speech for the while. He made like a bull headlong for the woods beyond

the meadow patch, lurching in the gloom, with his rod swaying behind him. In and out he wound among the trees, the darkness growing as we came under the shadows of the cliffs. There were polished pine-roots and mossed and slippery stones to be tackled on an incline towards the water which was not comfortable in that less than half light; and the dull gleam of the dark pools beneath, smeared heavily with foam at their beginning and their end, showed through the trellis of dwarfed birch and ash which bowered the water. In full sunshine I had gone but once hitherto to this particular pool under MacTavish's careful and sober guidance, and he had then expatiated about the dangers of the path. "Ye'll please to putt your foot there, sir," he had said at intervals. "It's an awful bad spot, and ever since an Edinburgh clergyman that was drooned in it and just bobbed up and doon with the suck, ye ken, so as I thought we'd never get his corp for his wife, poor body, crying her eyes oot on the edge yonder,—ever since, there's no visitor that dares to touch it. It's what folks call a whirlpool. If ye go in ye go under; then ye go roond and roond and get dancit up when it's least expectit, and before a' body can get a snatch at ye, ye're doon again. Eh, sir, it's a gey queer spot is the Black Pool. And eighteen-feet deep straight from the edge, just!" So much for MacTavish's daylight and intelligent appreciation of our pool. But now, at a quarter to eleven at night, in a cloak of confounding gloom, shadows, and midges, with nearer a pint than half a pint of Scotch whiskey in lim, he slipped and scrambled obliquely among the pine-roots and the two-inch foot-holes, with never a word of warning for me and, so it seemed, never a care either. And

he handled his rod in that uncanny descent like the born artist in fishing that he was; nothing but the second nature which is a kind of genius kept him from enmeshing its point or breaking it among the trees and bushes.

At the bottom of the drop the rocks lay in a sublimely picturesque confusion, studded with bilberry green and birch tufts. A wedge-like peninsula of rock, sharp edge uppermost, protruded towards the cascade, from the other side of which the bank was a red and grey wall, with black firs and oaks studding it, some at a clean right angle out from the rock. The pool itself, perhaps a hundred and twenty yards in area, filled the hollow. I was still many vertical feet from its lip, hanging on to roots and things and sweating with anxiety, heat, and the irritation of the midges, when MacTavish cried up from his perch: "For God's sake mind what ye're aboot. Stay where ye are, or ye'll be in the water. It's the minnow that's got to do the trick this time," he added, as an inconsequent corollary, with a curious change of tone from the fiercely admonitory to the intimately reflective. And then I sweated with rather more vigour than before as my feet went through a narrow ledge of rotten moss, heather, and bracken roots and I realised that MacTavish's eyes had a wonderful keenness of vision. He had discerned my peril in the nick of time. The black water was underneath me, and but for the strength of the roots in my clutch, I should have gone down like a lead plummet, and made acquaintance, on the instant, with the maelstrom of the Black Pool in which the historic clergyman of Edinburgh had "bobbit up and doon" for hours ere he was gaffed by the aid of two joined broomsticks and dragged

to land for the one connubial satisfaction that remained to his widow. And even while I was taking my bearings, with half a fresh foothold secured and my handhold still good, MacTavish bellowed loud above the crash of the cascade, "I'm into him!" I looked and even in that dim light saw the point of his rod bent like a bow as the reel whirled. The man himself had his feet set on either side of his razor-edge of a perch, his face was outlined faintly against the farther background of cliff, and he bore his head erect and no longer at a tipsy angle. "It's a *fish*!" he cried up; "mon, it's a *fish*!" The emphasis he gave to the *fish* is not to be conveyed by printers' italics. In a minute or less I had swung up and sprawled down, hanging on to roots and bracken at a venture, had got support for back and feet, and from a point some fifteen feet only above the enraptured MacTavish could watch him and his work with a very fair surplussage of energy to devote to admiration of him and the surprising briskness of his success in doing that which he had been determined to do, at no matter what cost.

For a spell the Black Pool echoed with other noises than the thrashing of the water cast back by that unyielding cliff beyond. "Didna I tell ye?" cried MacTavish. "The little minnow's the laddie for the work! Eh, mon, it's a *grand* fish! I've had a sight of him and he's a twenty-punder if he's an ounce. Can ye no see how he fetches at the rod? I feel him doon to my very hands, mon. . . . He's dour, but he's a fine fish. I canna stir him." His remarks followed on each other's heels like the bullets of a repeating rifle. To my eyes the Black Pool seemed unconcerned by the adventure going on in its sombre

depths, but MacTavish could see the fish whenever he had a mind to do so, until it had got into its dour fit. It rushed about, he said, and it "jumpit" and it came up to ascertain what kind of a man had hooked him, and tried all the dodges of a fish with the spawning instinct and its own powers vigorous in it; and finally it went to the funnel-shaped bottom of the pool and lay there. "It kens it's met its master," cried MacTavish. "I'll get it if I die for it, but it's a gey bad spot and there's no gaff, and how the deevil I'm to work him in and handle him, I'll be damned if I know." My own excitement was less than his, but it was a measurable quantity. "I'll come down somehow," I called to him. "Stay where ye are, mon!" cried he. "I'm telling ye, as sure as death, if ye slip, ye're into it, and there's no soul living 'll land *you*. Dinna fash; leave him to me. I've never lost a fish since I was a laddie, and I'm not going to lose this one. Mon, but he's dour." "Well, then," I responded, "tell me where your gaff is and I'll fetch it." He had a little play with the salmon ere he replied to that. "Ay," he said then, when he had rapidly wiped his face with his coat-sleeve, "ye might do that. The gaff's in the byre, under the roof. It's short of the handle, but I'll do with it. And ye might go to Rob Macgregor and tell him I want him. Eh, but it's a fish. It's eighteen pund, if not twenty. Look at him! Did ye see that?"

Whatever it was to see, I missed it; I was already to the right about, prone on that abominable southern barrier to the Black Pool at its angle of some seventy degrees, the rough foot-holes of which were not even conjecturable in the darkness. From the top of the bank, which was as welcome as water in a wilderness, I shouted

an enquiry, but no answer came. And then I took to the woods and little bogs with the beguiling sweet-gale in them, the mossed rock and the rotten timber of years littering it among the bracken, and made first for the cottage of Rob Macgregor, a tawny-bearded heathen who did not go to the kirk on the Sabbath, but spent the day instead mooning about in his braces with a short pipe in his mouth, and on week-days did a mysterious nothing in particular in support of his lean wife and her six small children. Macgregor's cottage lay rather higher up the glen than MacTavish's. It was not a creditable homestead. The younger Macgregors were a bare-legged, ill-kempt crew, mixed up when indoors with a company of sly little snapping rough-haired terriers, hens and their broods and half-concealed gins for vermin, the vermin being without a doubt rabbits for the domestic pot. I had ere this suspected the nefarious nature of MacTavish's one acknowledged friend in the village, but he was so much a wild man of the woods and glens in appearance that one could not exactly blame him for his habits. For once, however, Rob Macgregor was not tempted to exert himself even in misdoing. I tapped twice ere the door opened to show his tawny head and the troubled faces of his offspring behind him. "No," he said, when I told him he was wanted. "I canna come. I'm no that weel. Did ye say he's at the Black Pool, sir?" "Are you coming or arn't you?" I retorted. "Deed and he is not," put in the pinched shrill voice of his wife. "At sic an hour! He has his life to think of, sir. What's MacTavish thinking of himself to be doing sic a rash thing? Ye'll get into your bed, Macgregor." "Ay, I wull," said Macgregor. "And the Lord keep

his fit from slipping and sliding, brave man though he is. Ay, there's none kens the glen better than MacTavish, but"—I left him wagging his discreet head and made for our own byre, only to have as bad luck with the gaff as with Robert Macgregor. My lighted matches aroused the ire of a retriever bitch with a recent pup, the happy survivor of a family of four, the drowned three of which she had not done mourning. Not for much would I have sought the help of poor Mrs. MacTavish herself in that possible middle period of uncertainty whether she was to begin the new day a wife as before or a widow. After all, it did not seem to matter. MacTavish had never yet landed a salmon in the Black Pool. Sober, he had declared the feat impossible; the fish would go round and round and sink to gain fresh strength to go round and round again, and when at its wits' end it would just bolt for the nether fall, and that would be all. Though MacTavish had never yet lost a hooked fish, he was destined to go through the experience. The gaff were only an aggravation of his risks, for how could he get down to the smooth sheer rocks of the basin to do the crowning work without tumbling in, which it were disagreeable to contemplate? On the whole, it were far best, providential indeed, that neither Macgregor nor the gaff were to be at his service.

And so back to him at the trot through the now inky recesses of the wood. Like the salmon, he was not easy to land. Shouts were wasted upon him in that glen of reverberating water-cries, and from my height the pools and cascades in the depths were not distinguishable from each other. I recognised the Black Pool indeed only by the thrill it gave me to stare down at it from its worst

bank of all; and then, without time for prudence to get in its protests against that second, all unguided, descent, I made for it. And, as before, there were bad steps and slips to it, and it seemed little less than a miracle that I got within twelve feet of the top of MacTavish's head with whole bones.

"Still holding him?" I cried. "Ay," said he, calmly, turning his face towards me for a second only. "Mon, he's like a log. It's a *great* fish!" "Macgregor wont come and the gaff's not to be found; and *now* what are you going to do?" I retorted. "Never mind," said he, "I'll just get him by myself; that's what I'll do. Did ye see the wife?" "I did not," I said. "And look here, MacTavish, don't be a fool. Let your tackle go and come home to her. What's a salmon compared to your life?" The reel sang for a spell, and the stem of the rod quivered to the strain. "I tell ye, sir, I'm getting this fish, or deeing for it," then said MacTavish, with impressive solemnity. "Don't be an ass!" I exclaimed. "Ay," said he, "that's just it. I'm an ass, but I'm a fisher first, ye ken. Could ye reach the rod and hold it and keep your finger feeling the line till I get round a bit at bottom?" "You'll break your neck, man," I said. "Weel then, I'll break it *and* lose the salmon, if ye're no for helping me," said he.

It was clear that I was to be a partner in his suicide at any rate, if so things were to work out; clear, too, that it were the wiser course to help where I could rather than play the poltroon part of mere spectator. "If you will, you will," I said. "Get on with it then; I'll reach down." "No, no," he cried; "are ye daft, mon? As I tellit ye before, stay just where ye are. It's hollow as a sucked egg under ye. Just keep your head, and I'll keep mine. I doubt we'll

lose him when all's done, but he's got me to reckon with yet awhile. Be ready, now; I'm moving." The rod and his head veered left together. He had to feel his way on the water-polished rim of the basin with its sheer sides to the pool. Probably his practised eyes could see twice as well as mine; but there was still the working of that whiskey in him to handicap him and reduce him to the same level of incapacity as myself in such a duel with the crude, passive forces of Nature in this midnight hour in the glen. I trembled for him, for myself, and the fish; but I gained the rod, and held it with an undevotional kind of prayer that no pressure of fight might be put upon me in my weak, unbuttressed position. It seemed to me that little more than the tug of a six-ounce trout must suffice to disturb my equilibrium and bring me flat-faced upon the rocks or the water, rod and all. His head disappeared as it passed under me. He spoke no word now, and I spoke none either. The bellowing cascade alone spoke,—shouted rather, shouted in derision of our enterprise. And then, in the sanest of murmurs, MacTavish whispered up from the left, "Pass it down quick, if ye're still holding him." It was as difficult to do that, almost, as to view without ruinous emotion the thought of a conflict of any kind with the salmon from my own poised standpoint; but it was managed. "That'll do fine," said MacTavish as his upstretched hand closed on the rod in mid-air. "My, what a fish! It'll be any weight ye like to name, I'm thinking. And *now* ye'll see."

I don't suppose I saw the half that there was to see, but I saw enough in the next ten minutes to convince me, if I had needed convincing, that a trained keeper of the glens and moors of Scotland is as different as chalk

and cheese from the limp-nerved inhabitant of a town. MacTavish drew towards the one tiny bay of the pool where a fish could anyhow be coaxed in. The sides shelved almost vertically into the water and foothold seemed lacking altogether; but with one arm laced round a wisp of a birch tree, MacTavish looked fairly secure. And thus he fought the fish with the dash and persistency of a Japanese in arms for his country's independence. There were commotions in the sombre corner of the pool farthest from the cascade, and the rod was not so steady now as hitherto; and there were muttered adjectives and objurgations from MacTavish as his feet slid from under him and the fish tried his temper with splendid and increasing stubbornness. It was no time to ask questions, and no time for the warrior to volunteer information to the more or less safeguarded observer above. But at length the clicking of the reel was the one dominant sound, above even that steady roar of the cascade. The point of the rod fell gradually to the left and MacTavish's head lowered like the point of the rod. He seemed to be a part of the pool in the final stage, and how he kept from actually merging himself in it in resistance to the phalanx of forces allied against him is one of the mercies of that night. And then a ghostly white shape gleamed in the water of that bay, gleamed and shot through the air several feet among the rocks clear of the pool; and MacTavish rose erect and triumphant. "Got him!" he cried.

It was enough to raise even whiskey in a teetotaller's estimation to realise by - and - by what this

masterful keeper of the glen had done either in the strength of it or in spite of it. He had got one hand down to the fish at the crucial moment, and like lightning for quickness had tailed his captive and jerked it from its temporary home. His boot gave it the *coup de grace*, and then all was over save our stumble home in an ecstasy of mutual rejoicing on the stroke or so of midnight. After such an achievement without any disaster worth remembering, it was impossible not to agree with MacTavish that he deserved a wee drop more whiskey just to celebrate the victory. His good wife herself didn't seem to mind this ultimate drop in her husband. "Eh, MacTavish," she said, when she had listened to the tale (told with endless circumstantiality), "but I'm glad ye're home again, I am that!" To which MacTavish replied, with a wise rather than an inebriate smile at me: "Ay, ye dinna ken what I'm good for, woman. *Me* to be beat by a salmon, that never lost a fish since I was a wee laddie? And Macgregor did weel to stay where he was in his bed."

It was a fish of nineteen pounds and some ounces, and duly went to England the next morning. Ere then, however, I had almost had enough of it. MacTavish's voice in the night, still descanting to Mrs. MacTavish about the incidents of the fight, was a trifle too untiring. It came through the pine partitions of the house as freely as the cry of the stream in the glen. And Mrs. MacTavish's now plaintive and now impatient entreaties to him to have done with the salmon and get to sleep were just as plain to hear.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

## PAGEANTS.

THE very successful pageant at Sherborne, concerning which we have all been talking or reading, reminds one of the many country towns that used every year to hold festival on something of the same lines, though certainly not on so magnificent a scale. England is supposed, especially by foreigners, to be a gloomy country, still haunted by the ghosts of those sour-faced Puritans who thought dancing on the village green, masques and the like, to be an abomination in themselves, apart from the occasional lapses from good taste or rigid morality that might accompany them; but in spite of their influence there still lingers among us a certain delight in colour and music and pageantry which all their frowning and severity have not been able to chase away. The procession of the Lady Godiva at Coventry, the long continuance of May-Day and Yuletide observances, the fairs in many a country town, all are witnesses to this.

The festivities at Sherborne have been so often and so graphically described that we will not attempt to go again over this well-trodden ground, but will only refer to them in an endeavour to trace in what essential particulars they differed from those of earlier days, and to enquire a little into the causes which have led to the gradual dying out in many old towns of their once popular historical, or other, displays. We may well surmise from what we can learn of them that they were all alike wanting in the primary factor that made for success in the case of Sherborne; other pageants may have

had as fair and beautiful a setting, notably those of Warwick or Kenilworth, but they do not seem to have had a Mr. Louis Parker to direct them. Even Mr. Robert Dover, the famous promoter of the Cotswold games in the seventeenth century, to whom we shall presently refer, does not seem to have had the same dramatic sense, the same wide knowledge of grouping and massing colours, or the close attention to detail that distinguished Mr. Parker, in a word, his masterly handling of his material. And this brings us to another point, that to which the success of the late pageant was also partly due: his material appears to have been far superior; the different units which composed the whole probably had a more intelligent appreciation of the scope and meaning of the parts they had to play; they knew something at least of the history and characters they represented, and were able to learn the best manner of displaying them.

Judging from many of the prints and pictures of the old pageants they must have been far inferior in all these points, and therefore in beauty and dignity; but on looking into some of them more carefully one can discern another fact that would not be likely to make for success, and one that may well have caused the authorities to look coldly on these festivities, and that is, the important part that the beer-can seemed always to have played in the proceedings. There is lying on the writer's table at this moment a small print taken from a very early photograph of one



of the processions of the Shrewsbury Show in 1856. It is sufficiently quaint, but scarcely taken at a happy moment. The marshal of the procession is so overcome that he has to be supported, in a very literal sense, by two men who do not appear to be themselves very steadily planted on their own legs; behind him comes Henry the Eighth on horseback, representing the bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners, evidently scarcely able to keep his seat in the saddle, and the representatives of the various other Guilds that follow are hardly in a better plight. Among them, we are told, were the barber-chirurgiens and weavers who had chosen for their joint emblem St. Catherine

working a spinning-wheel; — evidently these worthies had heard of St. Catherine and her wheel and, their historical and ecclesiastical knowledge not being very profound, had concluded that she was a famous spinstress. The cabinet-makers and hatters had chosen an Indian chief to represent them; the smiths had selected Vulcan, the flax-dressers and thread-manufacturers Queen Catherine, and there were many others. It may be amusing in this connection to read the particulars of the expenses of the tailors' Guild at the Show in 1687, taken from the records of Mr. Pidgeon, the Shrewsbury antiquarian; the *gyrle*, it should be said, represented the Queen.

	£	s.	d.
1687. Pd. 4 doz. & 9 yds. ribbon, at 8/- per doz. ... ..	14	0	
„ Drinke at Kingsland ... ..	16	0	
„ Wine att do. ... ..	6	0	
„ Bunns 8d. bread 12d. tobacco & pipes 19d. ... ..	8	8	
„ Drums and music ... ..	1	4	0
„ Carrying ye colours ... ..	1	6	
„ John Boulton and William Lewis ... ..	8	0	
„ The woman for looking after ye drinke etc. ... ..	2	0	
„ Man for do. ... ..	1	0	
„ Man att ye gate ... ..	1	6	
„ Trumpitter in ye harbor ... ..	8	0	
„ For ruffles & a shute of Knotts ... ..	6	0	
„ For making ye peake & altering ye gloves... ..	1	0	
„ For a payre of gloves for ye gyrle and given ye gyrle ... ..	8	6	
„ For mowing ye harbor & cutting ye hedge ... ..	2	6	
„ Woman for bringing & fetching ye saddle ... ..	1	0	
„ Man for fetching ye horse and dressing him ... ..	1	6	
„ For altering ye mantua ... ..	1	6	
„ For levinian to line ye sleeves ... ..	10		
„ Given to Mrs. Scott for dressing ye gyrle ... ..	5	0	

In 1861 an unsuccessful attempt was made to revive this Show, and on this occasion there was a dispute concerning the payment of the expenses of the Black Prince, who was representing the bakers and cabinet-

makers; which throws a vivid light on the composition of the Show and the quality of the various units that composed it. The beer-can again figured largely as will be seen.

1861. Expenses of one of the stewards of the com-brethern of hatters, cabinets-makers, etc., in the procession to Kingsland, at Shrewsbury Show, and to find a band of music, a herald, and a horse properly caparisoned for the pageant.

	£	s.	d.
Earnest money to the prince, who was then in want of it ... ..	1	0	
Band of music, 8 performers ... ..	8	0	0
Ale for ditto ... ..	10	0	

	£	s.	d.
Horse for the prince ... ..	10	0	
Herald ... ..	1	0	
The prince's state allowance ... ..	6	6	
Flowers, gloves, stockings and calico for repairing his unmentionables, used on a former occasion ... ..	5	8	
Repairing the turban ... ..	1	6	
Spent in ale for the prince's retinue during the royal progress to Kingsland ... ..	7	0	
Ditto after the return from ditto ... ..	6	6	
Paid for repairing the prince's robes which were shabby ... ..	5	0	
For flags, banners, etc., to adorn the procession ... ..	4	0	

Shakespeare alludes to the Cotswold Meeting in *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*. "*Page*. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. *Slender*. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say that he was outrun on Cotsall." This was a kind of medieval Agricultural Show, enlivened by sports, racing, hunting, coursing, music, and dancing. It is sung by Drayton in his *POLY-OLBION*, and though the poet only mentions sillabub as being quaffed (which sounds so different somehow from being drunk) on these occasions, it is to be feared that this was only poetic license and that the beer-can was not absent; else even the Puritans could scarcely have looked as sourly as they did upon this festive assembly.

#### The Shepherds' King

Whose flock had chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,  
In his gay baldrick sits at his low grassy board,  
With flawns, lards, clowted cream, and country dainties stored;  
And, whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund swain  
Quaffs sillabubs in cans to all upon the plain,  
And to their country girls, whose nose-gays they do wear,  
Some roundelays do sing; the rest the burden bear.

This festival was promoted and directed for nearly forty years during the reigns of James the First and Charles, by a Worcestershire lawyer, Mr. Robert Dover, and so well did

he organise the gathering and so great became his reputation as Master of the Ceremonies, that not only Drayton, but Ben Jonson, Thomas Haywood, Owen Feltham, Shackerly Marmyon, and others, issued a small and now very rare volume called *ANNUALIA DUBRENSIA*, entirely consisting of verses extolling these sports and the chief promoter of them. Their interest however is archaeological rather than poetical or literary. Drayton says:

We'll have thy statue in some rock cut out,  
With brave inscriptions garnished about;  
And under written—"Lo! this is the man  
Dover, that first these noble sports began."  
Lads of the hill and lasses of the vale,  
In many a song and many a merry tale,  
Shall mention thee; and, having leave to play,  
Unto thy name shall make a holiday.  
The Cotswold shepherds, as their flocks they keep,  
To put off lazy drowsiness and sleep,  
Shall sit to tell, and hear thy story told,  
That night shall come ere they their flocks can fold.

Ben Jonson entitles his contribution: "An epigram to my jovial good friend, Mr. Robert Dover, on his great instauration of hunting and dancing at Cotswold," and he ends his first line with the word *vies* in the now obsolete sense of emulation or contest.

I cannot bring my Muse to drop her  
vies  
'Twixt Cotswold and the Olympic  
exercise;  
But I can tell thee, Dover, how thy  
games  
Renew the glories of our blessed  
James.  
How they do keep alive his memory  
With the glad country and posterity;  
How they advance true love and  
neighbourhood,  
And do both church and common-  
wealth the good—  
In spite of hypocrites, who are the  
worst  
Of subjects; let such envy till they  
burst.

England has had her miracle plays from very early times, and many of them, intended to impress scriptural truths on the minds of the ignorant populace, were no doubt absurd and irreverent enough to our modern ideas, but none of them, one thinks, can have equalled in grossness the Festival of the Ass, which was instituted by the Patriarch Theophylact of Constantinople in commemoration of the Flight into Egypt. Every year on January 14th an ass, on which a beautiful girl with a baby in her arms was seated, after having been led in solemn procession through the city was taken in to the church and placed near the high altar while the service was performed; but instead of giving the usual responses the people all brayed as loudly as they could. A hymn in praise of the ass was also sung, the congregation joining as loudly as they could in the *hee-haw* chorus. This hymn is written in a strange mixture of French and medieval Latin and consists of nine verses and a chorus; it has been translated, and we quote three of the verses so as to give some idea of its absurdity.

From the country of the East,  
Came this strong and handsome beast:  
This able ass, beyond compare,

Heavy loads and packs to bear.  
Now seignior ass, a noble bray,  
Thy beauteous mouth at large display;  
Abundant food our hay-lofts yield,  
And oats abundant load the field.  
*Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!*

True it is his pace is slow,  
Till he feels the quickened blow,  
Till he feel the urging goad,  
On his hinder part bestowed.  
Now, seignior ass, etc.

With your belly full of grain,  
Bray, most honoured ass, *Amen!*  
Bray out loudly, bray again,  
Never mind the old *Amen*;  
Without ceasing bray again,  
*Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!*  
*Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!*

The due observance of many of the old ceremonies was often made the occasion, if not for what could, strictly speaking, be called a pageant, yet at least for a festive gathering of the whole neighbourhood. The first known mention of the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon, given to two people who would make oath that they had been married a year and a day and had never repented their choice, never had a quarrel, and, if free to be married again, would choose the same person, appears in Chaucer, where it is spoken of in *THE PROLOGUE TO THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE* as of an already well-known institution. She is describing her own treatment of her five husbands:

I set 'hem so a-werke by my fay  
Thar many a night they songen wala  
wa!  
That bacon was not set for 'hem, I  
trow,  
That som men have in Essex at  
Dunmow.

The custom is supposed to have originated in King John's reign as a joke of the monks of the Dunmow Priory. Be that as it may, the first recorded instance of a claim being

made and allowed was in 1445 by one Richard Wright, of Badbury in Norfolk, a labouring-man. Twenty-two years later Stephen Samuel, of Ayston-Parva in Essex, a husbandman, made the proper oaths before the prior, the assembled convent, and a number of neighbours, and was awarded the flitch. The name of the third was also recorded, though not the date, but as it was before a different prior we may presume that it was some years later; there seem indeed to have been lapses of a generation, or even of two or three, before claimants could again be found, or it may be that the records are lost.

At the Reformation the priory was of course suppressed, but the secular owners of the land either wished to carry on the ancient joke, or had it made incumbent on them as a kind of tithe-charge upon the land. At any rate, tradition reports that there was an occasional presentation, though the next celebration, duly reported in form, was not until 1701; then in 1751 and again in 1772. In 1851 the landlord attempted to evade payment when claimed, but he found himself becoming so unpopular in consequence that he had to succumb. In 1855 Mr. Harrison Ainsworth revived the old custom with great pomp. Two couples appeared before a mixed jury of bachelors and spinsters at Dunmow town-hall and were both adjudged to have made out their case; thereupon the court adjourned to a neighbouring field where the oath was administered in the presence of fully seven thousand people, and the flitches of bacon presented in due form to the married lovers who bore them off in triumph. There has been a revival of this custom in our own day, and it now bids fair to become an annual event.

There are many other old English observances partaking of the nature

of a kind of rude, rustic pageant which with the decay of farming seem to be quite dying out. Such are the Twelfth-Day celebrations of Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and the Eastern counties, and the festival of Plough-Monday that was formerly held the first day that ploughing was to recommence after the Christmas holidays. Those were the times described in J. Hughes's rollicking verses called *THE SUFFOLK YEOMAN'S SONG*.

Good neighbours, since you've knocked  
me down,  
I'll sing you a song of songs the crown;  
For it shall be to the fair renown  
Of a race that yields to no man :  
When order first on earth began,  
Each King was then a husbandman;  
He honour'd the plough,  
And the barley-mow,  
Maintained his court from off his farm,  
And kept all round him tight and  
warm,  
Like a right down Suffolk yeoman.

The plough was then a nation's boast,  
And the pride of them that rul'd the  
roast;  
And so felt one well worth a host,—  
A brave and noble Roman.  
Some here may call to mind his name,  
But the thing is true, and it's all the  
same :  
In war and debate  
He sav'd the State;  
He made the haughty foe to bow,  
And when all was done, went back to  
plough,  
Like a home-bred Suffolk yeoman.

Said Horace, "I'm grown sick of court,  
And Cæsar's crack champagne and  
port;  
To sing and pun for great folk's sport  
Is the life of a raree showman;  
I long, 'mid all the fun of Rome,  
To see how my farm goes on at home."  
Now his parts were renown'd  
The world around,  
But he stuck to his turnips, wheat, and  
hops,  
And yet trust me if he grew such crops  
As a thriving Suffolk yeoman,  
etc.

Plough-Monday was always the first

Monday after Twelfth-Day and is a very ancient festival; before the Reformation the ploughmen used to go from house to house collecting money to purchase candles to burn before certain of the statues in the churches with a view to obtaining a blessing on their labours. The Reformation, we are told, put out the lights but could not extinguish the festival. The ploughmen still put on their clean white shirts over their jackets and bedizened themselves and their ploughs with ribbons as they had done formerly; but now, instead of buying plough-lights, as they were called, they purchased beer and ended the day in riotous conviviality at the public-house. A Lincolnshire man, who says that he has himself blown the horn at many of these rustic celebrations, tells us how there the plough is decorated and the ploughmen, the threshers, the reapers, and the carters gathered from many a hamlet round, attired either in clean smock-frocks or in grotesque garb, go about to the various houses of the locality singing and dancing, and not forgetting to shake in a suggestive manner the money box, which is usually carried by a man called Bessy, disguised with long ringlets and petticoats over his worsted stockings and corduroys. There are many of these quaint old customs connected with the sowing, planting, and reaping of the crops, and also with the care of cattle, the due observance of which is supposed to ensure a blessing on them. Wassailing on Twelfth-Day Eve is thus described in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* for February, 1791.

In Herefordshire, at the approach of the evening, the farmers with their friends and servants meet together, and about six o'clock walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires and one large one, are lighted up. [These are to represent our Lord and His

apostles, the one called Judas Iscariot being quickly stamped out and kicked about the field.] The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cider which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shouting and hallooing takes place, which you hear answered from all the adjacent villages and fields. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may all be seen at once. This being finished the company return home where the good housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided with a hole in the middle. After supper, the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain-house, where the following particulars are observed: The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup (generally of strong ale) and stands opposite the first or finest of the oxen. He then pledges him in a curious toast: the company follow his example with all the other oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced and with much ceremony, put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above mentioned. The ox is then tickled to make him toss his head: if he throw the cake behind, then it is the mistress's perquisite; if before (in what is termed the boosy) the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked, nor will they be opened until some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, which lasts the greatest part of the night.

There can be no doubt that in the mind of many an old fashioned rustic at the present day the decay in agriculture is owing quite as much to the discontinuance of these ancient rites and ceremonies as to any other cause. Those were the days of which, in the first year of last century, the Farmer's Son regretfully sings:

Good people give attention, while I do  
sing in praise  
Of the happy situation we were in, in  
former days;  
When my father kept a farm, and my  
mother milked her cow,  
How happily we lived then to what  
we do now.

When my mother she was knitting,  
 my sister she would spin,  
 And by their good industry they kept  
 us neat and clean ;  
 And I rose up in the morning, with  
 my father went to plough—  
 How happily we lived then to what we  
 do now.

My brother gave assistance in tending  
 of the sheep ;  
 When tired with our labour, how con-  
 tented we could sleep ;  
 Then early in the morning we again  
 set out to plough—  
 How happily we lived then to what we  
 do now.

Then to market with the fleece, when  
 the little herd were shorn,  
 And our neighbours we supplied with  
 a quantity of corn,  
 For half-a-crown a bushel we would  
 sell it then I vow—  
 How happily we lived then to what we  
 do now.

I never knew at that time, go search  
 the country round,  
 That butter ever sold for more than  
 fourpence per pound,

And a quart of new milk for a penny,  
 from the cow—  
 How happily we lived then to what we  
 do now.

How merry would the farmers then  
 sing along the road,  
 When wheat was sold at market for  
 five pounds a load ;  
 They'd drop into an ale-house, and  
 drink " God speed " the plough—  
 How happily we lived then to what we  
 do now.

This sounds very idyllic, with the  
 exception of the last line but one,  
 which spoils the picture a little,  
 though we cannot doubt the truth  
 of the touch ; but other times bring  
 other manners, and it is a far cry  
 from these roisterous and, it is to be  
 feared, sometimes drunken, festivities  
 to the stately pageant at Sherborne.  
 This in its way, too, has brought no  
 small share of prosperity to the town,  
 without the disadvantages which, in  
 its predecessors so often carried  
 with them in their constitution and  
 management the seeds of disintegra-  
 tion and decay.

## THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

WHEN on the death of Henry the Fourth, in 1610, the Duke of Sully reluctantly resigned his principal offices at the request of the Queen-Regent and retired into private life, he availed himself of the fallen statesman's natural resource and turned his unwelcome leisure to account by writing his memoirs. On the threshold of the enterprise he was confronted by the difficulty which must, one imagines, often beset the autobiographer. Entering the King's service as a boy of twelve, he had followed his varying fortunes for nearly forty years and at their close had earned the right to say,—and was in the habit of saying it with some emphasis—that of that eventful reign he had been no small part. Conscious of his own merit, and anxious that posterity should be fully informed on this point, he yet hesitated to lay himself open to the accusation of vanity and egotism so lightly thrown at the writer of memoirs by inconsiderate critics. To evade this difficulty, Sully arranged that his life should be written not by himself but by his four private secretaries. They were made free of the little green cabinet in which he kept his papers, they had themselves shared many of his experiences, and when their own memory and the green cabinet both failed them, they were at liberty to question their master. But the most original part of the plan is that the narrative was addressed to Sully himself; day after day the writers toiled to portray the noblest and wisest of mankind, and night after night the story was recited

in its hero's attentive ear. The device did not prove so successful as its ingenuity deserved. While the reminiscences are among the most entertaining of the epoch, the form they assume is the most awkward that can be imagined. There are many pages which fairly stagger under the weight of eulogy; and the "virtuous and judicious reader" is never quite reconciled to the secretaries' way of respectfully informing their master of facts with which he must have been perfectly familiar. The book was privately printed in Sully's own house, probably in 1638; but it was not in general circulation till eleven years later.

Maximilian de Béthune, born in 1559, was the son of the Baron de Rosny, a Huguenot gentleman who had been nearly ruined in the first war of religion. The future hope of the family was then twelve years old and his father thought it time that he entered upon the career he had chosen for him. He took the boy with him to Vendôme and presented him to Henry, then Prince of Navarre, "to whom you swore fidelity with so much grace and self-possession, that the prince raised you from your knees, kissed you twice, and promised to love you always." It was the year of the St. Bartholomew, and Henry, who was just setting out on his fateful journey to Paris, took the boy with him. Maximilian lodged in the Latin Quarter to be near the College of Burgundy where he was to complete his education; he escaped with his life from the massacre, and changed

his creed for a time under the pressure of circumstances as Henry himself was compelled to do. He accompanied Henry in his flight from Paris four years later, turned Huguenot again and spent the next five in learning the soldier's trade. For a short period Rosny (he had succeeded to the title on the death of his father and his elder brother) exchanged Navarre's service for that of the Duke of Anjou, Catherine de' Medici's youngest son, and accompanied him on his expedition to the Netherlands.

Anjou's enterprise, however, was a shameful failure; he came back to die in disgrace and despair, and Rosny returned to the service of Navarre whom his cousin's death left next heir to the throne of France.

The tie that bound young Rosny to his Prince was not one of pure sentiment. In the first of those inimitable conversations of which so many are recorded in these volumes, while assuring Henry of his fidelity, he frankly explains the grounds on which it was based. He had once, it appeared, had a tutor who was in communication with the Evil One and could foretell the future, and from him he had learned that Henry would undoubtedly become King of France and make Rosny's fortune as well as his own. In the darkest hour of the Huguenot day he was sustained by his faith in this prophecy. Henry, for his part, had early discerned in the brusque and arrogant young man the quality which was to prove supremely valuable both to himself and to France. It was not the feats of arms recorded by the secretaries, astonishing though these are, which attracted Henry's attention; among the followers of the Béarnais courage was a commonplace. Rosny's particular talent was in the direction of finance; and Henry learned with surprise and satisfaction

that in the midst of his impoverished adherents, there was one with a genius for making money. Rosny had let his house to his brother who was on the opposite side, and was living on his pay and on "the profits of war," while saving his revenues for future use. The pay of Navarre's servants was scanty and uncertain, and it must have been chiefly the second source upon which Rosny relied for the means of maintaining his constant show of decency and comfort. He took much modest pride in being, as he said, a good manager; and his dashing exploits gave him less pleasure than the fortunate additions to his savings which were often their result. In the frank account he gives us in his later life of his sources of income, he assures us that his "legitimate profits made in war, either by prisoners' ransoms or in nocturnal surprises of towns, in sieges and combats," had brought him in altogether no less than three hundred and thirty thousand francs, a much larger sum than it would be now.

But his economical successes were by no means all due to luck; thrifty, judicious, with a quick eye for a bargain, he made the most of the chances that came in his way. He sold the timber on his estate of Rosny to the best advantage; when the truce which followed Henry's conversion gave besieged places the opportunity of re-victualling themselves, he took ten days' leave and hurried home to sell his wheat; and he made very large sums during the war by buying horses cheap in Germany and selling them dear in Gascony. At Ivry, when his horse had been shot under him, "You met La Rocheforêt who was leading a pony which he had taken and you offered him fifty crowns for it which you had in your pocket; for you had a habit of never going into battle without hav-



ing a little money on you." The civil wars, in which Duplessis-Mornay, the Colignys, and many more of Navarre's comrades were hopelessly ruined, left Rosny richer than they found him; and Henry, who always recognised a quality he could make use of, soon perceived that the man who had always a few crowns in his pocket was the very servant for an impecunious master. He congratulated the good manager on his thrift and sagacity, borrowed his money, offering the prophetic tutor as security, and employed him in various important missions. When the assassination of Henry the Third gave France a Huguenot sovereign, Rosny ranked among his confidential advisers. Tradition persists in painting him as a middle-aged man, but he was then not quite thirty.

From this time to the end of his life Rosny's relations with Henry were closely intimate. On the one side, under much asperity and self-importance, there was an immense devotion which if not quite disinterested was perfectly sincere; on the other there was that unfailing appreciation of good qualities which might have earned Henry, like Charles the Seventh, the soubriquet of the Well-Served. They quarrelled sometimes but never for long. Sometimes the King fell into a passion with Rosny and occasionally wrote him one of those short stinging letters which for point and style cannot be excelled; but he was always ready, in twenty-four hours at most, to forgive and to be forgiven. Quite as often it was the servant who scolded the master. When Rosny reproached him bitterly for interfering with a carefully planned stratagem,—“Have you acquired so little glory in battle that you must still be always playing the light cavalryman? This vanity of yours, sire, will turn all our fine hopes into

wind and smoke,—” the King “at first made no reply, knowing you were in the right, but presently began to appease you with flattering words.” When Rosny inopportunately demanded rewards for his services and blamed his master vehemently for withholding them, Henry had always the same answer ready; he saw his friend was a little out of humour and they would discuss the matter again when he was calm. “He has rather a bad temper,” the indignant Rosny would overhear him observe aside to his suite, “but there is something in what he says.”

At Henry's accession, he and the Huguenot cause parted company. He refused to be converted immediately, partly to save appearances and partly because he dared not risk estranging his old friends until he was certain of his new ones. But if for a while their paths still lay side by side, it was yet certain that they led in different, Henry himself thought in contrary, directions; and that those who had hitherto followed him must presently decide between their party and the leader who was abandoning it. Rosny did not hesitate; both interest and inclination attached him to Henry, and it was his advice which mainly encouraged the King to take what he so justly described as his perilous leap. During the campaign which followed his accession, Henry had shown himself a marvel of craft and courage; here he intimidated, there he caressed, this place was snatched from the League by assault, that one was cajoled into surrender. But three years of fighting without and dissensions within his camp left him very tired, a prey to lassitude and discouragement; and if peace was only to be bought by his conversion, he was ready to pay the price. In their long conversations on the subject it soothed him to hear that his Huguenot adviser

believed that a change of creed would be to his advantage here and no prejudice to him hereafter. Rosny was of the opinion that it did not matter what Henry called himself: the essentials of religion might be held under any name; but in spite of this breadth of view, and in spite of innumerable attempts at persuasion from the King, and even from the Pope, he never changed his own faith. Those of his own creed disliked and distrusted him; he was accused of coming to their assemblies as a government spy, and not wholly without reason. But some whim or scruple made him hold to the name long after he had dropped all that it stood for; and to his friend the Bishop of Evreux, himself a convert, he replied that he had often tried to turn Catholic but had never been able to manage it.

While on a secret mission to Paris in 1583, Rosny had fallen in love with the daughter of the President St. Mesmin. The young lady was handsome and kind, but while paying her his addresses, he heard of a Mademoiselle de Courtenay who was reported to be beautiful, well-born, and wealthy besides. Prudence suggested that he should make her the Baroness de Rosny, but he was already half committed to the other. While he was pondering the subject he arrived one day at an inn in Nogent and found to his dismay that by an unlucky chance both ladies were lodged in it, Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin in the left wing and Mademoiselle de Courtenay in the right. Both were ready to marry him, and he was ready to marry one of them, but could not decide which. It was a very awkward position for the wavering lover, and at first he thought of saving himself by instant flight. While he hesitated, Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin's younger sister saw him and expressed her surprise that he had

been half an hour in the house without visiting them. The decisive moment had evidently come. "Turn to the right," whispered the friend who was with him; he did so, and Anne de Courtenay became his wife.

He lived very happily with her for six years. Once, when the plague was raging at Rosny, he came home and found that five of his servants had died of it and that his wife had fled to a house in the neighbourhood with three or four of her women. He followed her there, forced an entrance, for at first she refused to admit him for fear of contagion, and they lived for a month in seclusion, the terror of the disease a barrier between them and the world. Rosny spent his unexpected holiday in drawing plans of houses and maps of the country, in planting and grafting, and in copying out favourite passages from his books; he shot hares and rabbits, gathered salads and mushrooms and cooked them himself, and played cards and draughts with his wife. No part of his life, we are assured, was sweeter or less tedious than this month of solitude. His second wife was Rachel de Cocheilet, Madame de Châteaupers.

The death of d'O in 1594 left the post of Superintendent of Finance vacant. Rosny had cherished hopes of succeeding him, but the King resolved that so important a department should no longer be entrusted to one man. He appointed a Council of Administration and gave Rosny a place on it, but he lost no time in quarrelling with his colleagues and resigned his seat. The Council was indeed perfectly incapable of grappling with the problem before it. For nearly thirty years France had been devastated by a succession of civil wars; the population had seriously diminished, manufactures were at a standstill for want of capital, foreign trade was almost destroyed, and the

money wrung from the country by an intolerable weight of taxation stuck to the fingers through which it passed, only a fraction of it reaching the King's treasury. Henry who was still at war with Spain, could hardly continue the siege of La Fère for want of money to pay and to feed his starving troops. He wrote a despairing letter to entreat the man who had managed his own affairs so well to extricate the nation from the morass into which misfortune, dishonesty, and bad management had plunged it. He was in urgent want of eight hundred thousand crowns and he had heard that the Council of Finance had diverted more than fifteen hundred thousand to their own purposes. "With that sum," he said bitterly, "I could have driven the Spaniard out of France."

Face to face with the enemy [he writes] I have hardly a horse to ride or a complete harness to put on. My shirts are in rags, my doublet out at elbows, and for the last two days I have had to go out to dinner and supper, my people telling me that they have had no money for six months and that there is nothing to put on my own table. Do I deserve to die of hunger while my treasurers sit at a well filled board? Ought my house to be full of necessity and theirs full of wealth?

Even this appeal did not dispose Rosny to associate himself with men who were hopelessly incompetent and selfish; but the King insisted, and he very reluctantly rejoined the Council and proposed that ten commissioners, he being one, should travel through France to examine the general financial condition and the means of improving it. His colleagues protested it was useless, but he gained his point. Rough and unsparing, terribly, insatiably curious, Rosny fell like a thunderbolt upon the provincial officials. Forecasts of

the coming storm had reached them from Paris and hasty preparations had been made to meet it. Some refused to show their accounts, some apparently had kept none; some went out of town the day he arrived, believing, as they said, that the storm would only growl and pass over. Rosny soon undeceived them. With all manner of "dexterities, industries, resolutions, and artifices," he beat down the stubborn resistance offered him, investigated the receipts not only of the current year but of the three preceding, enquired into doubtful expenditures, pensions to undeserving people, arrears of wages, interest on old debts, and came back heading a procession of seventy little carts containing five hundred thousand crowns which he had rescued for the King's service.

Rosny had never been popular, but the news of this success left him hardly a friend. Great men trembled for their pensions, small ones for their perquisites; all who were making their profits out of the miserable confusion, which he was manifestly bent on ending, uplifted their voices in complaint and accusation. Nothing was talked of but his brutality and violence; he was reported to have brought no less than fifty receivers-general back with him as prisoners, at the tail of his carts. Even the King, "who never could believe there was not some truth in an accusation if only it was made confidently enough," was dismayed by the clamour and received the man who had fought so hard a fight for him rather coldly. Rosny did not attempt to conciliate his accusers; he could be supple enough at times but this was not one of them. He was not a very sensitive man, but even he had found the work odious, and he meant to reap the fruit of it himself. When Sancy sent to him

two days after his arrival for money to pay the Swiss troops he met with a curt refusal, and hurried to the King to complain that Rosny was "sitting like a monkey on his money-barrels," and pretending he did not know who Sancy was. Henry sent for Rosny, who explained that he was not Sancy's clerk and he would part with none of his crowns except to the King's order. Henry was too thankful for the money to be long ungracious, and he rewarded Rosny for his trouble by allowing him to spend part of it on a matter very near his heart. Long ago, at the battle of Coutras, Rosny had been in charge of one of Henry's three guns and had handled it very well; since then he had held a subordinate post at the Arsenal, and he now had his eye firmly fixed on the office of Grand Master of the Artillery. He began providing for the future by buying twenty pieces of artillery, and enough bullets and powder for three thousand shots. In the meantime he continued to work night and day at his financial problems, until he was master of his subject. No one could keep pace with him, and by degrees the other members of the Council dropped off one by one, disgusted or worn out by their indefatigable colleague.

In 1599 the Council was abolished and Rosny reigned alone. During the siege of Amiens he travelled every month from Paris to the camp to pay the troops himself; he found money also for munitions of war and for the commissariat, and built besides a little hospital for the wounded soldiers which his secretaries declare was so well equipped that many persons of quality insisted on sharing the advantages it offered to the rank and file. He set his face so sternly against waste, that the King himself was afraid to tell "his tall financier

with the negative brow," as an irritated money-lender calls him, of the large sums he lost at play. When Gabrielle, Duchess of Beaufort, who had almost persuaded Henry to marry her, had their son baptised at St. Germain with royal ceremony, the account was brought to Rosny who said it was too high and refused to pay it in full. He was reminded that it was the usual amount allowed for the baptism of Children of France. "What has that to do with it?" said Rosny. "There are no Children of France."

As Minister of Finance his one weak point was that he was not at all interested in industrial schemes, and only moderately interested in commerce. When Henry proposed to introduce the manufacture of silk into the kingdom, Rosny strongly opposed him. He was equally opposed to the founding of Canadian colonies, because, he said, no great wealth was ever obtained from lands so far to the north. But he put all his heart into agriculture. Tillage and pasturage were for France, he said, the true mines of Peru, and he relieved the peasants as far as possible of their burdens, did all he could to persuade landowners to live on their estates, and was never weary of building roads, draining marshes, and bringing the abandoned fields into cultivation again. He planned a vast system of canals which was to connect the Mediterranean with the ocean, saving to France the large sums which her merchants paid yearly to Spain in customs; the Briare canal between the Loire and the Loing is one of his. He introduced the planting of trees by the wayside, but the novelty was resented and ridiculed, and after the execution of Biron for high treason, mischievous hands chopped down his elms, making, they said, a Biron of a Rosny. In 1599 he

bought the office of Grand-Master of the Artillery from Gabrielle's father. He found the Arsenal empty and when he left it he had furnished the country with four hundred pieces of artillery, two hundred thousand bullets, and four million pounds of powder.

While Rosny worked so hard to enrich his sovereign he did not grow poor himself. Besides being Minister of Finance and Master of the Artillery, he was Governor of the Bastille, High - Commissioner of roads, and Governor of Poitou ; and in addition to his salaries and to the various "gifts and gratifications" that came in his way, he drew sixty thousand francs yearly for leaving the King in peace. "The King having confided to you the whole management of his finances and revenues and perceiving that you would be able continually to demand gifts and presents, so disguising the request that he would hardly know how to refuse it, he used such dexterity to avoid what he feared" as to promise Rosny that sum at the beginning of the year on condition that he begged for nothing in the course of it. Richelieu says that Henry did not put absolute faith in his Minister's honesty, but this is not a serious reproach because Henry trusted no one ; and Rosny, if not very delicately scrupulous, was apparently content with his legitimate gains. In 1606 he was created a peer of France, and from his estate of Sully took the name by which he is known to history.

Sully's talents were by no means confined to finance. Henry employed him constantly in confidential negotiations, some of a rather dubious nature, and his diplomacy was frequently successful. Rude and overbearing as was his usual manner, he could assume when he pleased a most

convincing air of blunt cordiality. Reputed severely upright, with the austere Huguenot tradition still tinging his conversation, he could lie when occasion required it with a dignity and assurance that affected the most incredulous ; and he held all means good that were good for the King's service. His presence of mind seldom failed him, and he had a gift of rough repartee which was at times very serviceable.

Sully was twice in England, once only as far as Dover, on an informal mission to Elizabeth, and again in 1603 as ambassador-extraordinary to congratulate James on his accession and to attach him to the French alliance. He was satisfied with the results of his mission and flattered himself that he had got the better of Cecil, "the little sophist," but he did not return with a very happy impression of the English people. An awkward incident occurred at the beginning of his journey. He embarked at Calais in the middle of June in an English ship and was received, he writes to Henry, "with the greatest possible courtesy and an almost vile and abject submission, each one humbling himself to me to the last degree." Then in a moment all was changed. De Vic, the French vice-admiral, was suddenly discovered to be flying his flag mast-high.<sup>1</sup>

Without a word to me and having no remembrance of the assurances they had just given me, namely, that they were all entirely at my disposal and that in all that concerned me they were not to be reckoned English but rather as truly French, they at once pointed all their guns to the number of fifty at the vessel of the said Sieur de Vic. So great was the precipitation with which they acted that I could find no other remedy in so sudden a perplexity but to tell them that

<sup>1</sup> The English navy claimed the salute from all vessels in all the Four Seas.

it was by my orders that M. de Vic had hoisted his flag and that I had agreed with him that to do me honour, as soon as he approached the vessel I was on, he would lower it, and this was done. But from what I hear M. de Vic is greatly offended and promises to pay them back when he meets them, he being the stronger, on the high seas.

At Dover they were invited to visit the castle, but the governor was suffering from an attack of gout, and his manner towards those who seemed to be considering the walls and towers too carefully was such "that we thought it better to retire incontinently." He was received in London at the Tower gate by Lord Southampton and by de Beaumont, the French ambassador, and was magnificently saluted by the Tower guns. He was lodged in Arundel House, but there was difficulty in finding quarters for the two hundred gentlemen of his suite, "the disorders and indiscretions" of those who had accompanied Biron on his recent embassy having made the French extremely unpopular. Sully had lectured his train beforehand on the duties of modesty and quietness, but unfortunately on the evening of their arrival one of them so far forgot his admonitions as to kill an Englishman in a tavern brawl; an accident "which excited such a commotion in the city that the people assembled in the streets to the number of more than three thousand and talked of nothing less than of slaying all your gentlemen in their lodgings. Of which being greatly apprehensive, they almost all left their quarters and fled for refuge to yours." The ambassador was playing a quiet game of prime when he learned of the incident. Without losing a moment, he ordered the hundred gentlemen who had gathered by this time in the hall to range themselves all round it. Torch in hand, he walked round examining

each one closely till he came to de Combault whom he seized by the wrist and accused of being the culprit. De Combault was obliged to confess and de Beaumont, whose cousin he was, begged that the young man might be handed over to him that he might try to save him. "Heavens, sir!" said Sully, "I am not surprised that there are misunderstandings between you and the English since you are evidently wont to prefer the interest of your relations to the King's service. But this is not my way, and I swear to you that as soon as M. de Combault has confessed his sin, he shall have his head cut off; for I will not wrong my master and all these gentlemen for the sake of an empty-headed little giddy-pate." "What, sir!" replied de Beaumont; "you would cut off the head of a cousin of my own, who is his father's only son and worth two hundred thousand crowns! That would be a poor reward for the trouble and expense to which he has put himself in accompanying you here." But his representations were vain, and he retired greatly perturbed, while Sully sent to the Lord Mayor and informed him that he had just learned that a burgess of London had been killed by one of his gentlemen, and that he had already discovered the criminal and condemned him to death; he now requested the loan of an executioner and a guard of archers, that satisfaction might be given to those who were offended and that all might know he could keep order in his own household. The Mayor, who was coming to present a formal complaint, was as much disconcerted as Sully intended him to be by this rapid severity, and instead of demanding justice, found himself entreating the diplomatist not to go so fast or so far. Sully replied loftily that though the prayers of his own people could affect his resolution, he was ready to con-

cede something to the Englishman's intercession, and handed the prisoner over forthwith to the Mayor, to be dealt with as English justice required. English justice proved more accessible to de Beaumont's petitions than his countryman had done, and the offender was released unharmed.

All these unpleasantnesses, perhaps, influenced Sully in the opinion he formed of the English nation. He pronounces them, "enclosed by nature in the midst of the variable and inconstant ocean," to be almost as uncertain as the waves themselves :

Their actions being so different from their words that only experience can make one believe that they proceed from the same source. Their natural pride and audacity are so great that they readily take their fancies for facts, and consider the thing they aim at as already achieved, without having weighed the actual condition of things or the circumstances of those with whom they are dealing, and without having considered the path by which their goal is to be reached. It follows that the least objection or difficulty induces them incontinently and for no pertinent reason, to abandon the resolution they thought so wise and useful, but which being tested by maxims of state, is seen to have proceeded from pure arrogance or simple nonchalance [absentmindedness ?] rather than from deliberate reflection, and was formed without considering the means of executing it or its inevitable sequence ; and this being plainly demonstrated to them, they are at once disposed to start on a contrary course, or to fall back stupid and bewildered into that state of irresolution from which they thought they had so bravely escaped.

Let it be added that almost the only expression of warm admiration to be found in these volumes for merits not the King's or Sully's own, was evoked by the indomitable courage of an English company at the siege of Rouen.

The death of Henry brought Sully's career to an end. He all but outlived Richelieu, dying at eighty-two,

less than two years before the accession of Louis the Fourteenth. But in the new court of Marie de' Medici and Concini, her Italian favourite, there was no room for the man of the old order. He attempted to regain an influence in the Huguenot councils, but they were doubtful of the zeal for religion that did not kindle till the world grew cold ; and after dabbling a while in the futile intrigues which distracted the first part of Louis the Thirteenth's reign, he retired to his estate of Villebon in Beauce, only emerging from time to time to pay a visit of ceremony to his sovereign, when his old-fashioned dress, and the medallion of the late king which he always wore on his breast, provoked the younger generation to mirth. He was fortunate in having chosen for his favourite recreations those which stay by a man till the last. He had never hunted and thought it great waste of time,—Henry declared that the sight of him on a hunting-morning always spoiled his luck—and he did not love society nor society him, though the festivities he arranged in the hall which he built at the Arsenal were famous in their time. He gave himself to a land-owner's duties, occupying himself in gardening, planting trees, and managing his estate, in extracting passages from the best books, and in reviewing somewhat sadly his own past. One little weakness he once had,—he loved dancing ; and wedged in between the story of his desperate struggle with the finances and the siege of Amiens, we come unexpectedly upon an anecdote about the Marshal Biron,

Who being madly in love with one of the most beautiful ladies of the court, resolved to dance a ballet in her honour, and having invited twelve of the most accomplished court gallants, they came all thirteen of them, to beg you to make

the fourteenth and were so urgent that it was impossible for you to refuse; and the ballet was a very beautiful invention and extremely well danced.

His enemies went so far as to declare, whether truly or not will never now be known, that every evening until the King's death his valet, "little La Roche," played the lute while the Minister of Finance danced, high and composedly like Queen Elizabeth, all alone, up and down his great hall.

In his retirement, he lived in some state but very frugally. He rose early and attended to his affairs with great diligence; once a day the big bell rang to warn the household that the head of it was going for a walk. The servants lined the staircase, his gentlemen marched before him, and his Swiss guards brought up the rear. At dinner no one was allowed a chair except the duchess and himself; the other guests, whatever their age, sat meekly on stools. From another source we hear that he was in the habit of behaving very badly at divine service which was held in his house, wearing his hat and remaining seated even during the prayers and generally playing with the little dog on his knee. But in later years a young minister who was not to be trifled with came to Villebon, and "brought him to mend his ways, accustomed him to censures," and made him finally an elder of the Church. In his family relations he was not very happy. His eldest son who died before him caused him much shame and sorrow; and he lost a long lawsuit with his grandson a few days before his death; his elder daughter married the Duke de Rohan and shared his perils and misfortunes.

The style of the memoirs is awk-

ward and involved as was perhaps inevitable under the conditions in which they were written. The most vivacious pages are those which Sully himself seems to have dictated, passages animated by a vivid recollection, and above all by the entrance of that irresistible personality in whose presence it is possible to be scandalised or saddened but never dull. "No one," said Henry on his accession, "shall walk so close to me as to tread on my heels," and no one ever did. He is the centre of every group in which he appears, the life and soul of whatever company he is in; and here in these volumes we see him as his contemporaries saw him, gay, friendly, familiar, paying his debts with a caressing gesture or a flattering word, inflexibly determined under his easy good humour, subtle and secret under his delightful air of frankness, the man of the warm hand and the cold heart, so faithfully served, so ardently loved, and so profoundly mistrusted.

Sully cannot be reckoned among the great statesmen of France. He was neither a Richelieu nor a Colbert. He was wanting in breadth, in a firm grasp of principles, apt to lose himself in details and miss the general trend of events. But the talent he had was ungrudgingly spent in his country's service; he performed a laborious and very ungrateful task as no other man of his day could or would have performed it; and it was one that vitally concerned the nation's interests. France in return has always remembered her "good manager" justly and kindly; and has repaid his devotion by linking his name inseparably with that of her best beloved king.

H. C. MACDOWALL.



## A RACE TO THE DEATH.

It is now some two years ago that a half-starved hunter of musk-ox and his guide, drifting forlornly down towards the North Saskatchewan, unexpectedly stumbled across surface gold on the upper shores of Lac La Biche. The hunter, being crafty, secreted his little nuggets and said nothing; but when the snows melted he returned to that mysterious lake, searched feverishly, and in the end, found his deposit to lie in a well defined area, not fifty paces in width yet a good half mile in length. It was far from either running water or auriferous quartz, ending at the very brink of the lake itself; and he marvelled at the strangeness of it all.

When many ounces of these nuggets had been weighed out in the little wooden town of Edmonton, the new gold-field could no longer be kept a secret, and there was a sudden wild stampede of prospectors from that urban outpost of civilisation, a stampede feverish in movement, bewildering in its might, like unto the migrations of the early Klondike days. But that army, eager as it was, returned empty-handed, while mining-experts lost much sleep in quest of a key to the mystery of how free-milling ore came to such territory, and talked vaguely and wisely of the effect of glacial action and long-lost water-ways.

Yet, had they only known, no river of ice scattered those yellow grains for the eye and hand of our musk-ox hunter. To solve the mystery of that gold we must go back yet another long year, and in an abandoned trader's shack, standing almost

in the shadow of Fort Resolution far to the North, we must mark the beginning of all end to the adventures of Andrew MacLanaghan and Antoine Broulette, fellow travellers, fellow miners and traders, and rascals in common.

"Ye're a fool," MacLanaghan was crying, his lean body quivering, his pale eyes flaming; "ye're a damned fool. Where'd ye a-been to-day, y' white-livered half-breed, if I hadn't stuck by ye? Where'd ye be rottin' this night, if I hadn't sweat the fever out o' your blackguard carcass? An' what good would all your dust be doin' ye, if I hadn't pulled y' out o' Porpoise Crick? Tell me that, ye fool!" The long winter had worn the soul of the gaunt Scot to the wire edge, and he raved and stormed at his one-time friend and comrade like a madman.

But Antoine Broulette, the runner, merely laughed softly. Pursing his lips, he leisurely struck a match, and as leisurely proceeded to fill the walls of the square-timbered little shack with the fumes of that heavy and ill-smelling tobacco which is to be found only north of the fifty-third parallel. He could afford to be patient.

"And I say to ye again," went on MacLanaghan, pausing in his strides up and down the shack, "no woman comes into this camp while I'm here, —no woman, white or red!"

The lean, hairy fist of the Scotch-Canadian smote the hemlock table as he spoke. His pale eyes glared at the unperturbed runner, who looked with gently raised eyebrows at the

bowl of his pipe, and then up at the blackened roof-beams of the little shack. "Den you,—you t'ink you *do* go?" he hinted, suavely.

"Go?" roared the other. "Go? Not till I go in a coffin!"

Once more the Frenchman whistled softly, and raised a ponderous, indolent shoulder. "*Baptême!* Den I t'ink, Scottie, I will mebbe do w'at I lak wit' dose t'ings w'at you have no mout'in!"

In earlier and more lucid days MacLanaghan might have seen that the runner was egging him on; he might have foretold that his enemy's purpose was only to madden him beyond all endurance; but the long, desolate miles of the Yukon Overland Trail, and the months of hardship in the open snows, and the weeks of starvation in camp had tried the Scot's nerves to their utmost. He was no longer the man of grit and might that he had been; he was being slowly frayed and worn away; Broulette could see that, and he waited softly for the beginning of the end. All the way from Circle City to Fort McPherson MacLanaghan had tried to fight back that impending end. Alone in that land, he knew, he was helpless. Up the dreary, endless reaches of the MacKenzie he had elbowed aside insult and taunt, knowing too well how far his destiny still lay in the palm of Broulette's capricious hand. For the five dull weeks that they had been held up at Fort Resolution, awaiting Grey Wolf and his dogs, the Scot had still kept silence. When once Grey Wolf came, and when once they had dogs and sleds,—when once they had struck down through that white, oppressive, overwhelming waste of the Barren Lands—he felt that then he could assert himself. But Grey Wolf, the fastest of the Dog-Rib runners, was slow in coming, though old Bending

Back, the young buck's father-in-law-to-be, swore day by day that the morrow would bring him, and told them still again of Grey Wolf's many dogs, and looked askance at the two white men's little buckskin bags, and shook his head many times.

Kindred spirits though these two white men were, bunkies more diverse seldom swung over the same trail. The one, a pale-eyed and hard-fisted Scotch-Canadian, lean, wolfish, unrelenting to the uttermost, was possessed of a nature as cold and dour and dogged as it was cannily unscrupulous. In times past, perhaps, he had been honest enough, for some thirteen years threading the trails and clerking in the posts of the Great Company. But certain silver-fox pelts had gone astray,—how and where MacLanaghan never confessed—and the over-ambitious clerk began life once more, with a new name and for his own hand. Then the Klondike fever took hold of him. It was when pushing doggedly up towards Dawson City that he first stumbled across Broulette on the Overland Route, a wiry and swarthy-faced French-Canadian from the pine-lands of Northern Ontario. Broulette was then a driver for one of the dog-brigades on the Mackenzie River Mail Packet,—hasty, wordy, blasphemous, a braggart and a dare-devil, a singer of *chansons*, a teller of tales, and a lover of women; when he had money, it went for drink and carousing; when his beaded purse was empty he turned once more to his dog-brigade and his travel, light of heart, merry of eye, singing his snatches of strange Provençal song, brought all the way from the lumber-camps of the upper Ottawa.

Broulette needed no second bidding to join MacLanaghan. Together they went through the mail-packets, with despatch and infinite care, ex -

tracting what was of value, flinging into their camp-fire what seemed useless. The government sled and dogs were as incontinently taken over, and while the official reports of the North-West Mounted Police duly recorded Broulette as another old and trusted servant of the Crown gone to his heroic death on the trail, that much misunderstood worthy and his new friend were heading for the Land of Gold, working their way grimly over the mountains at the head-waters of Half-Way River, and pushing on through ice and muskeg and starvation to the Kelly Banks. From there they drifted painfully on to Selkirk, and would surely have died miserably, had not MacLanaghan, on their darkest day, spied an empty Peterborough-canoe drifting past their shred of a camp. He waded out into the icy water, flung a shrunken and unsightly body that lay in the bottom of the craft unceremoniously overboard, and three days later sold the canoe to a stranded corporal of the Mounted Police for the audacious sum of six hundred dollars. It was that transaction which marked the turn in the tide of their affairs. If it was this strange couple who robbed the *cache* at Quill Landing, and if after different dealings with fellow prospectors certain murmurs were heard, their flood of luck bore them beyond the pale of such trivialities. They stood, in the end, among the biggest of the Bolder Creek stake-owners, and in eighteen months had washed out enough dust to all but turn their heads.

Yet neither MacLanaghan nor Broulette had cared to return with their wealth by steamer. They deemed it wiser to choose the less observed route; and, with their gold-dust sewn up in many stout little bags of moose-hide, they had fought

their way, in the face of untold hardships, down to Fort Resolution.

There time had hung heavily on the restless heart of Antoine Broulette. In his hour of enforced leisure that gallant had cast not unkindly eyes on Skipping Rabbit, the daughter of Bending Back, and had even placed a Winchester, two blankets, and an ounce of gold-dust before her old Dog-Rib parent, as purchase-money for the lady in question. But all these riches Bending Back had disdained. His child was to wed with Grey Wolf the runner; yet he let it be understood that an extra blanket or two and twice the gold-dust might cause him to waver. The Frenchman eloquently lamented the sordid spirit of the red man, and wooed the nimble Skipping Rabbit after his own fashion. And it was over the impending results of that unjust and incongruous courtship that MacLanaghan and Broulette had reached the beginning of the end.

"Mebbe you t'ink, Scottie, Skipping Rabbit don't mak' de ver' good squaw for me, eh?"

MacLanaghan turned on the Frenchman again, and again he smote the table. "Squaws! this is no time for dawdlin' round with squaws, ye damned fool! And ye've got a wife, ye cur, a wife and children, in Edmonton."

"To 'ail wit' 'er!" observed Broulette, quietly.

"Yes; and we'll find it easy, won't we, gettin' south of that line? Antoine Broulette, with a squaw and forty-eight thousand in gold-dust,—a fine catch for the Mounted P'lice somewheres about Athabasca Landin'."

"To 'ail wit' de P'lice!" said Broulette, cheerily, knocking out his pipe. "For t'ree year almos', I have leeve lak a packhoss; an' now, *sacre-*

dam, I tail you I will 'ave my day, a good tain, by gare, I don't care w'at 'e cost!"

"And then what?" sneered the other.

"I'm in loave, Scottie," mocked the other; "I don' care w'at 'appen."

MacLanaghan confronted him, white with impotent rage. He knew it was the end, the long-dreaded end. "Then, by God, we split, and split right here!"

It had come at last. He had hoped that they might cling together until, at least, the lights of Edmonton shone out to them above the Saskatchewan, for Broulette, of all men, knew the trails of the North; but now he would have to face it out alone, as best he could, cost what it might.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders airily. "*Voilà!*" he said, resignedly, crossing his legs; "ver' wail."

MacLanaghan, white but determined, turned to weigh out the gold-dust. Broulette stopped him with one graceful sweep of the hand. "To 'ail wit' countin' heem out dat way! W'at you say, Scottie, if we toss for heem?"

The canny Scot looked at him, lynx-like, and his pallor suddenly heightened. To the other man it meant a mere week's carousal; to him it meant so much! With it he could live clean and decent once more; with it he could make a home for himself, and marry, and yet see a child or two about his knee. The heart of the hardened man cried out for something better from life—but then, if he should lose, if, after all, it should slip through his hands? The thought of it left him weak and sick.

Broulette fumbled in the depths of his purse, and found a Dominion five-dollar gold-piece. "Well, w'at you y, Scottie?"

MacLanaghan looked at the stout little bags of moose-hide, then at the mocking Frenchman, and decided. He would make it neck or nothing. "How many throws?" he demanded, cautiously.

"'Ow many? Wan, by gare, jus' wan!"

"Then I do the tossing," cried the Scot, his eyes shining. The other looked at him, and laughed. Then he calmly passed over the coin. "Ver' wail," he said.

As he poised the little gold-piece on his fore-finger MacLanaghan's hand trembled and shook. With the fall of that coin, he knew, fell fortune or ruin. He breathed deep and fast. A sudden flick of his thumb sent the piece spinning up in the air.

"'Ead," said Broulette, carelessly, through his pipe-smoke.

If any deeper feeling stirred him he concealed it completely. Side by side, with a simultaneous movement, the two men leaned over the fallen coin. MacLanaghan's hand shook even more than it had done before, and his fingers closed and opened and closed again. The coin lay head down on the rough floor. The gold was his; all of it,—his own!

Broulette languidly picked up the coin and slipped it away. "You're de locky man," he laughed, with his hand on the slip-string of his snow-shoe. "Now dere's only de leetle Skippin' Rabbit lef' for ol' Antoine; so I t'ink, by gare, dat I turn Injin *immediament*." And laughing in the face of the bewildered Scot, he rolled out into the gathering dusk of the sub-arctic afternoon. MacLanaghan looked after him in dazed silence; then he put his hands up to his head and laughed long and loud,—laughed as an hysterical woman might.

That night, once having securely locked and barred himself in, he

made away with a pint of Hudson Bay rum, and until after midnight from his shack echoed muffled ballads that had seldom been heard in the shadow of that northern out-post. Yet canny to the last, he slept with his moose-hide bags under his head and a Colt revolver in the folds of his blanket. He slumbered heavily; that, perhaps, was well for him, for when a girlish figure crawled cautiously in on hands and knees, and one by one slipped the moose-hide bags softly from under his head, a heavier figure stood at the opened window, with a rifle trained on the sleeping man's heart, waiting for the first move. But twice that night luck was with MacLanaghan, and he still slept.

He woke early next morning, stiff and cold, with a vague sense of uneasiness weighing on him. Sleep had scarcely fallen from his eyes before his hand went out to feel for the dust,—it was the habit of many months. His benumbed fingers felt nothing. He looked uncomprehendingly about the room. The place was empty; the window stood half-open; the moose-hide bags were gone.

The meaning of it all smote him like a blow. He leapt to his feet with a beast-like howl, a cry of mingled rage and defeat and hatred. As in a dream he floundered out through the snow-drifts, without shoes or furs, to the doors of the fort itself; as in a dream he joined in the excited group that told again, and in three different tongues, of the theft of the Company's last sled and dogs, of the flight of Broulette and Skipping Rabbit, of the tell-tale tracks that pointed to the South.

MacLanaghan, still dazed and bewildered, saw old Bending Back turn again and again to the lonely stretches of Great Slave Lake, and watch for

Grey Wolf. Through a haze of unreality he found himself fighting and arguing with the Factor for dogs and supplies which were not to be had, pleading with the Breeds for runners, offering guns and blankets for the man who would join him in the chase. But no one came forward, and he raved about in the snow like a madman once more.

Then thinly and far away, hours after this madness had worn itself out, he heard the sound of much shouting, the sharp yelping of bewildered huskies, the tinkling of many little bells, and Grey Wolf, the pride of the Dog-Rib tribe, came flashing up under the shadow of Resolution.

It was then that hope first burned in MacLanaghan's heart. It was then, too, that the red man put the white to shame, as he listened and said no word. Turning from old Bending Back, he stooped over the trail-marks; then he gazed southward and said he was ready to go with MacLanaghan. He looked the white man up and down. "It is many miles," he said.

"Then the sooner the better," cried the Scot, in a sudden fever for action.

"To-morrow," said the runner; and with that he turned to his dogs and shut his ears to both threat and entreaty. He had come many miles; his dogs must rest. MacLanaghan still cursed, and counted the hours, and waited. He knew that his arch-foe would never rest until Fort Macleod had been left in his wake. He saw that it was to be a stern chase, a bitter, relentless race, the like of which was never before run, a race from the uppermost fringe of the frozen Barren Lands to the sweet-grass *coulées* of Southern Alberta. It was to be a race on an ice-bound course of one thousand miles and more, a course sternly laid out by river, portage, and trail,

hemmed in by an inhospitable wilderness into which there could be no turning aside. It would be a race of spirit against spirit, a duel of sinew and heart, to be fought through the most desolate and forbidding country known to civilised man, a supreme and crucial test of endurance against endurance. If his great limbs had not the mettle of Grey Wolf's, the glinting small eye and the square-jawed jaw showed a compensating tenacity of purpose that might shame the spirit of even a Hoochi bull-dog. And before he would lose those little bags of moose-hide, for which he had already passed through so much, he would fight to the last strength of his lean and wolfish body.

The night was still dark, but for the gold and ruby and green of the Northern Lights wavering low on the horizon far beyond the levels of Great Slave Lake, when MacLanaghan and the Indian runner made ready. Even then the fugitive had a good twenty-four hours' start of them.

Grey Wolf had chosen the frailest of his little freight-sleds, for they must travel light. MacLanaghan, waiting in the cold twilight, turned to wonder at the incongruous strength and fragility of that Great Lone Land carrier. It was only two slender, flimsy birch-slabs, laced together with deer-skin, yet that diminutive ship of the Snow Seas could carry half a ton of freight over a thousand miles of trail defying the surest-footed horse; it was not more than a foot and a third wide, though nine good feet long, tapering gracefully off to its prow that bent imposingly up and back, where it was laced together and held in place by stout deer-skin thongs and emblazoned with gaily painted caribou-skin smart with tassel and fringe. Four stout cross-bars were lashed to the sled's bottom, the under surface of which shone like

polished steel. It seemed a primitive and inadequate vehicle, at first sight, and yet the wit of man had fashioned none better for the especial work to which it was called.

Benumbed by the cold, MacLanaghan watched the Indian struggling with the raw-hide thong, cinching and lacing tightly down the deer-skin that covered the duffel. He marvelled, as he was aroused by the sharp cracking of the runner's whip and the yelping of the dogs, that such cringing, howling, snarling, ill-kept, and mangy curs could do the work they did, and in doing it all but challenge the iron-horse of the white man.

"Michel, Tête-Noir, Brandie, Gaspé," cried Grey Wolf, in turn, to the four huskies huddled together in the lee of the sled, for it was fifty degrees below zero and a cruel wind swept in from the lake.

One by one at the crack of the whip they slunk out to the Indian, and over their unwilling heads he deftly slipped the light, padded collar, crowned with its *pompon* and bunch of bright ribbons, on their cringing backs flung the bell-strung *tapis*, with its little surcingle to hold the slender traces in position, and sent the keen whip-lash (into which pieces of lead were plaited, to give it weight and sting) whistling and singing through the frosty air. The gaunt-bodied team threw their weight on the slender traces, the harness-bells jingled, the sled swung about in a long circle and faced the river, and they were off. The pursuit had begun.

MacLanaghan, shod with the great tracking-shoes of the North, forged ahead to break the trail, already here and there overdrifted with light snow. Grey Wolf, wearing the smaller tripping-shoe, so fashioned that it fell to an inch within the track of the sled, swung on behind, crying now

and then to his dogs, now and then stinging them with the loaded whip-lash.

They were a strange and motley team, but in each the Indian took his secret pride. Michel, the foregoer, was mongrel and blotched and light of weight, but tireless and trusted, unequalled as a pace-maker and trail-holder. The steer-dog, Gaspé, was the heaviest and purest husky in the brigade, a Labrador-born, a ponderous athlete on whose lithe shoulders was to fall both the bulk of the hauling and the actual guiding of the sled; Brandic, with but one eye, was a cur of uneven temper and small stature, voracious beyond belief; and Tête-Noir, slim-bellied and dun-coloured, had long been branded as a thief and a maker of mischief, but never had he been known to drop out of line.

MacLanaghan, however, was not thinking of these things. In the first exhilaration of that old familiar motion it seemed to him that he was winging his way through space. The rigid, taut-strung shoe was buoyant and resilient. It carried him over the billowed and drifted snow like a ship over water, or a bird through the air. But above all things, the thought that he was on the heels of his enemy filled him with madness once more, and sent him with ponderous strides over the blue-white wilderness of snow.

The twilight grew into morning, and the morning into day, muffled and wan, but still they swung on, without a stop, while the frost-mist gathered and rolled away, and the sun showed blood-red over the low hills. It shone on the tall figure of the Scot, with his bright-fringed blanket *capou* and wooden snow-glasses and Four-Point coat, on the steaming dogs, on the Indian with his long-haired caribou *capou*, beaded

and fringed with beaver-skin, flung loosely back as he ran, showing the red kerchief that bound and held back the lank, black streamers of hair. About his waist swung the bright sash, from a plaited cord about his neck hung his huge mittens of moose-skin, on his hurrying feet twinkled the gayest of beaded leggings. At a hill-slope now and then he caught up the trailing guiding-lines, as the team still raced and tugged on, and eased off the sled. Sometimes he floundered into the drifts, head-first, and for a moment all his flashing finery was quenched in scattered white.

Yet it was not until they were on the level unbroken reaches of Slave River that the impatient MacLanaghan felt they were striking their pace. There the drifts were wind-packed, crunching under the moccasined foot like fresh charcoal, and down that winding and twining stretch of monotonous whiteness the trail of Broulette lay before him, as clear-cut and rigidly defined as a roadway hemmed in by curb and masonry.

It was then that MacLanaghan, shutting his great jaw, with his frosted breath coating and whitening all his lank body, lunged on with quickened strides. It was then that Grey Wolf droned a chant in the tongue of the Dog-Ribs, a chant imploring Tête-Noir to shame the wapiti with his fleetness, a prayer for Brandic to speed with the hooves of the Phantom Buffalo, a command to Michel to leap on like the Rapids of the Waziska where the canoes can never turn back.

On and on they went, the arching sled-prow flinging aside the loose flakes and licking up the miles like a fevered tongue,—on and on, through an unchanging world of endless white, through a country low and

flat and desolate. On and on they went, with the river winding and twisting and doubling on itself maddeningly. As the day wore away, they began to see stunted poplar and spruce, and the bluffs stood higher above the river-bed, and the river itself became less tortuous. Only twice all that first morning they stopped for the space of one smoke, to ease the panting dogs. At each spot MacLanaghan and the Indian exchanged shoes. Already the white man, with all his grim will, was beginning to find the Indian's pace a trying one, and for all the fifty degrees of frost in the air the sweat poured from his skin and soaked even his heavy blanket coat. Yet he said nothing. At a clear stretch he flung himself down on the end of the sled; but he could rest there only a minute. In that time his clothing stiffened and froze, and chilled to the bone, he would scramble to his feet once more, and take up the endless, unceasing stride behind the hurrying team, swinging and loping doggedly on while the rhythmical crunch of his feet beat out the painful hours.

They stopped but once for a fire, under a point of land where the kettle was hurriedly heaped with snow and a handful of Hudson Bay tea flung in as it boiled up. Then hurriedly they poured the acrid, scalding draught down their throats, and untangled the traces, and swung the leaded whip, and were off once more.

The tea seemed to relieve the pain under MacLanaghan's breast-bone, where his heart raced and drummed and pounded. The weighted lash now whistled incessantly through the air, the mottled curs yelped and tugged and scurried over the white, winding river-floor, silent, desolate, never-ending. A grey wolf skulked across the dazzle of the snow-glare;

later on a few caribou flitted ghost-like across the travellers' trail, and they saw the arched back of a wolverine loping cautiously along the underbrush. The river-banks rose abruptly and heavily wooded, and the wind no longer followed them. To the white man it seemed as though they were travelling through a silent gallery of the purest marble, so laden with snow, so marmoreal, was every shrub and hill and knoll. Now and then a forlorn stretch of black stumpage showed spectrally above the river-bed, where some forest fire had eaten down to the very water's edge. Around them the air hung muffled and quiet and deceptively keen, like a naked razor-blade wrapped in flannel.

As they swept on from headland to headland, losing not an inch in their course, they could still read the history of Broulette's journey as from an open book. Here the fugitive had rested his tired dogs; there the Indian girl had been sent ahead to break the trail; here he had adjusted the slip-strings of his shoe, and for ten miles the girl had ridden on the sled, before they made their tea; and there again (Grey Wolf pointed to it grimly) Broulette had stopped a moment to look back. But still the snow-shoes of the two pursuers crunched out the endless hours. At times the ice was rough and broken; at other times there were open rapids to circumvent. Then they seized the guide-lines and eased off the sled as it bounded and rocked over its rough course. Then on and on they went again, until the sky above them paled, and the red sun fell, and the Lights showed green and pink in the North, and a greyness settled over all their world. The cold, hard, crystalline Northern stars came out, and the mutinous dogs had to be shouted at and lashed and harried; and the Scot's aching limbs followed as mutinously in their wake.



His mind was back in the Hudson Bay post at Prince Albert, dreaming of open fires, and steaming kettles, and many soft blankets; still later he imagined he heard the call of curlews and the sound of North Sea surf in his ears. He grew faint, and tottered at times, and the surf-beat changed to an endless ringing in his head. The strange crackling of the tense air seemed to him like the very lash of Hell itself on his heels. But still he pushed on. It was not until he stumbled and fell headlong in the open snow that Grey Wolf pulled up, and made ready to camp for the night. The runner was not a man of many words: he read his course by moss and tree-trunk, and his time by length of shadow and light-tones on drifts, and kept his own counsel; but as he cleared the camp-space with his snow-shoe he looked about on certain familiar land-marks, and quietly said they had made seventy-three miles that day.

MacLanaghan heard it dully. All he cared for was the scalding, bitter, bracing tea, and he looked on with half unseeing eyes while the Indian unharnessed his dogs, and hung up the leather strappings, and unlaced the deer-skin covering their duffel. Inertly he watched while the Indian gathered wood with his great buffalo-knife, and kneaded together the flour and pemmican, and heaped the tea-kettle with snow, till the pungent, foul smell of the Inconnu fish being thawed for the dogs smote disturbingly on his nostrils, and filled him with a sudden over-powering passion of hunger. He crept nearer and watched while the pemmican bannock browned before the coals, watched with wolfish eyes while the tea was thrown into the pail and the bannock was turned out. And under the open stars, to the howling of distant wolves, the strange couple crouched down in

the wilderness of snow, and ate. A fish was thrown to each of the snarling and fighting dogs, and was snapped up ravenously. Then the Indian stripped some neighbouring jack-pine of its branches and flung them to the lee of the fire, which was itself heaped with wood. Standing erect, the men rolled themselves carefully in their blankets, and flung themselves down on the pine boughs, with their feet to the fire. MacLanaghan's heart was still pounding too fiercely to allow him to sleep, and as he lay under the high, open heavens he asked himself again and again if it was not all a dream; and many times his hand went out to feel for the little moose-hide bags. About the outer gloom he could catch the glare of eight fierce eyes; above the sharp crackling of the fire from the low hills to the West he could hear the dismal howl of timber-wolves. The night deepened, and the cold and silence increased. The fire sank low; the dogs, growing bolder, crept to the inner circle of the coals, only to be kicked away by the awakened Grey Wolf; the silence was torn by a sharp bark or two; the men turned over, and the camp slept.

It was still dark when MacLanaghan was wakened by the sharp "*Leve, leve, leve!*" of the runner. The ashes were hurriedly stirred, the tea-kettle was heaped, and the pemmican bannock kneaded once more. The sulky dogs were caught and harnessed, while the Scot forged painfully ahead, to break the first hour's trail. His limbs were heavy and stiff, but he decided to sweat it out. The frost-mist gathered and rolled away, the twilight thinned, and once more the world of spectral white lay about them.

The white man's eyes had grown sullen and fixed and dog-like; he scarcely noticed the new country into which they were passing, the more

sharply defined river-banks, the larger timber, the thick poplar and birch and pine that stood on all sides of them. Late in the afternoon they passed Salt River, and pushed on for Fort Smith. Then the Indian went ahead and broke the trail; then MacLanaghan went ahead; then the Indian went ahead, and again MacLanaghan. But over their fire that midnight MacLanaghan fell to chanting old Scottish songs, in a tongue the like of which the Dog-Rib runner had never before heard; and from that night on the white man lost all count of time. He only knew that it was necessary to face the cruel frost long before the first greyness of dawn, that he must push on and on until the darkness of night again shut him in, and sleep brought relief to his aching legs, that tea must be drunk, and dogs must be rested, and that somewhere in the end some forgotten ghost-like figure was to be overtaken. A snowstorm fell around them, but still they pushed on. Sometimes the Indian led, and sometimes the white man. At Fort Chippewan they could get neither fresh dogs nor fish for their team, and thereafter men and dogs ate bannock together. But still they pushed on, stripping their sled to the last pound, *caching* their rifle, striking southward through a country of muskeg and lake and swamp towards Lac La Biche, but ever floundering and battling and pushing on. They could read where one of Broulette's dogs had given out; they could read his rage as he had stamped about in the snow when his harness had broken; they could see how he had forced the girl to follow the sled, commanding no more riding in that rough country; and the girl herself, they could see by her erratic footsteps, was weak and all but falling. It was Grey Wolf, then, who led for the next hour.

The pain in MacLanaghan's swimming head grew sharper; the racing heart, crying out its last protests, sounded to him like the hurried, heavy booming of a drum. Only one dull fixed thought kept him up,—the thought that he must still keep on, and on, and ever on, until he and the other stood face to face. When, or how long after, it was that they pulled up on a ridge of poplar MacLanaghan never knew. Yet a sudden cry escaped both men's lips as they gazed out over the white floor of the frozen lake beneath them, for in the remote, dazzling distance, slowly creeping toward the further shore, they made out a small moving speck.

"Broulette!" cried the Grey Wolf.

"Broulette!" echoed the white man, turning drunkenly to the still fresh trail. The Dog-Rib runner caught up his whip, the traces were untangled, and once more, and as never before, his dogs were lashed and beaten on. They plunged down the long slope and won the open level of the lake, the white man, in some new-born madness, floundering on ahead until the ice-floor undulated and heaved and swam, till the thousand piercing needles of the dreaded *mal de raquette* forced him down on his hands and knees. In that way he still crawled grotesquely forward on all fours, his teeth showing like a timber-wolf's. Then he fought to his feet once more, and saw the little creeping speck steal in through the underbrush, still miles away, saw the wooded shores float nearer and nearer, heard the cries of the Indian runner behind him grow feebler, but still pushed on, knowing at last it was the beginning of the end.

Beyond the lake lay a broken and wooded country, but even there no trail could escape them in the virgin

snow. It was still to be a race to the death. MacLanaghan's hour of madness wore itself away, and now he dragged and stumbled and limped up the slopes and heavier drifts. His blistered feet burned like fire, but still he kept on. The cries of the runner behind him grew more distinct again, but still he did not despair. He could see, exultingly, where one of Broulette's dogs was travelling with a bleeding paw; he could see where his enemy had first caught sight of him and flung away much of his duffel. Then the pain in the muscles of his legs grew unbearable again, and once more he fell on his hands and knees, and crawled, dragging his torn and sodden snow-shoes after him. But again he struggled to his feet and limped and stumbled on. One of the dogs fell, and Grey Wolf cut the harness and left him behind.

Suddenly from a wooded headland the runner called out to him, "*Lac La Biche!*" And remote and white and wide, through the gloom of the intervening wooded hills, MacLanaghan could see the great level expanse; but through that clear northern air, as he looked, he saw something more. Lunging on, his eyes dimly, doggedly following the racing team of Broulette, he suddenly beheld the runner drop to the rear of the hurrying sled, where the Dog-Rib girl lay exhausted. He saw the uplifted hand strike and fling her off into the snow, and Broulette himself drop into her place on the sled. And MacLanaghan, seeing this drunkenly, drew his sash tighter, and half forgot the thousand needles of pain that tortured him. His lank jaws remained no longer set, but hung loosely, for now the distended nostril could no longer feed the panting lungs. A pallor was on his face, and his eyes were hollow.

Then, as he looked again, as at the shifting figures in a nightmare, he saw a still stranger thing. He saw Broulette, seated on his sled, slit open, one by one with his buffalo-knife, the little bags of moose-hide, and as his weakening team raced on, fling far and wide on each side of him, with laughter and demoniac shouts that drifted back through the still air to his pursuers, handful by handful and nugget by nugget, every ounce of that precious gold-dust for which they had passed through so much. He sowed it broadcast as he went, to the last grain, as a sower flings wheat across an open field, and shouted back his maddened defiance.

But MacLanaghan seemed not to understand, as foot by foot he clung to him, and gained on him, and hauled him down. Foot by foot, like the animal he had become, he panted after him, with frothing mouth, and drew down on him, and hungered for him.

Then, of a sudden, the flying dog-train's fore-goer fell, and was unable to rise. The others tumbled and sprawled and rolled over him; the sled swerved and capsized. And seeing it, MacLanaghan howled sharply, yet joyously.

Broulette struggled to his feet, with his buffalo-knife in his hand, waiting, knowing it was the end.

In the midst of a world of snow and silence and desolation the hunter and the hunted came together. MacLanaghan drew back for a moment, panting, struggling for breath before that last effort. The other saw his purpose, and advanced to meet him. The gasping Scot still drew back, fumbling for his knife; every moment, he knew, meant much to him. He gave one hurried look back at the dog-train, one look at the drawn and withered face of his foe, and then the two men closed.

Grey Wolf, floundering up a minute

later with the girl on his sled, beheld the two swaying figures weakly trample down the snow. He saw the languid flash of steel in the sunlight, and heard the blades clash and strike above the heavy breathing of the two men. But he stood sternly by, and watched, and said nothing; and the Indian girl, too, sat on the sled impassively, and made no sign.

Yet there, now that the time had come, neither of the two fighting men had strength for a final blow, standing impotent, face to face, after all those miles of flight and pursuit.

Then a sudden little cry of rage burst from MacLanaghan, for Broulette had seized his naked knife-blade in his mittened hand, and held it there, with his arm uplifted. The Scot fell back before that descending blow, unarmed, with a terror-stricken face, knowing all was over.

Without a word the knife of the Indian whicked and flashed through the air, and fell suddenly at his feet. MacLanaghan caught it up, with a child-like little cry, and once more stood ready. Broulette laughed wickedly, and again the men closed. Both had begun to bleed about the hands and shoulders. But Grey Wolf still impassively waited for the blow that was to count.

It came unexpectedly, yet not from the hand of MacLanaghan. As the tall Scot lunged at the other's throat and missed his stroke, Broulette suddenly saw his chance, and braced himself to fling the full weight of his arm behind the blow,—but that blow never fell.

Skiping Rabbit, unnoticed and unseen, had picked up the abandoned knife from the snow. Then silently

as a shadow she crept to the side of her panting and struggling betrayer, and there, at the last, with one deliberate blow, she sank the knife into his open side. As she slowly withdrew the blade, which had pierced through the moose-hide coat and the shirt of plaited rabbit-skin and half the man's body, a little bright jet of blood followed it, and stained the snow at her feet.

For a moment Broulette looked at it dully; then his fingers relaxed on his up-poised knife-handle, and he sank slowly down, doubling and twisting limply up on his wide snow-shoes. It was then that the forsaken huskie, creeping up after the train, ventured slinking into the trodden circle and smelt at the red blotches on the drifts. As he did so he lifted his lean snout to the blue sky and howled forlornly, till the great moccasined foot of Grey Wolf kicked him away.

The Indian then flung his little copper tea-kettle at the feet of the squaw, who had still said no word. She heaped it with snow, and made ready the fire, in silence. Yet this speechless drama MacLanaghan neither saw nor understood, for his shaking fingers were carefully counting out many little pieces of broken snow-crust, one by one, again and again, mumblingly, contentedly, as happily as a child might count its toys. Grey Wolf and the young squaw of the Dog-Ribs gazed at him in silent wonder; for to the Indian mind a madman becomes a being mysteriously sacred, to be looked on with awe, and to be sought out with reverence.

ARTHUR STRINGER.

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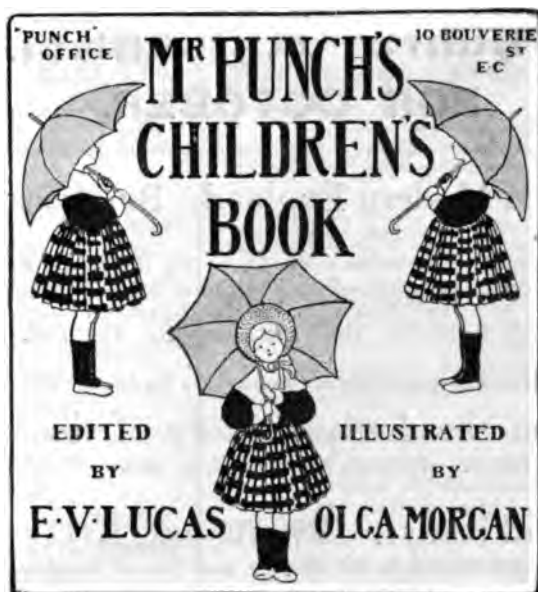
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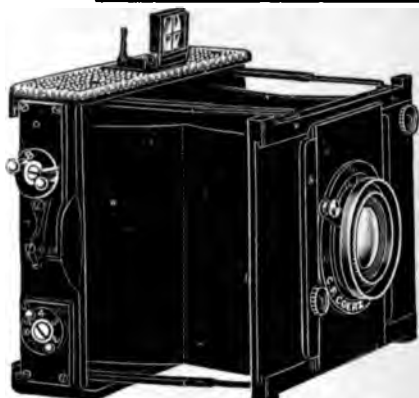
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*Extract from the Preface :*

The lectures were delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Lent term of this year, under the title of "The Sacred Character and Magical Functions of Kings in Early Society." The general theory here sketched of the evolution of the Kingship formed the subject of two lectures given in London at the Royal Institution last May. In preparing the manuscript for the press I have made a few unimportant changes, mostly verbal, and added references to my authorities. Otherwise the lectures are printed as they were spoken. Substantially they consist of a series of extracts from the forthcoming third edition of my book, *The Golden Bough*, which will contain fuller information on many topics here treated of.

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## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND Co. mark the opening of the Autumn publishing season by announcements of great interest concerning Mr. John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* and the Autobiography of Lord Roberts. They refer in each case to the publication of cheap editions that should have the effect of bringing within reach of a still larger public the two most widely read works of biography that have appeared in this country for many years.

### MR. MORLEY'S *GLADSTONE*

The popular edition will appear in the somewhat novel form of sixpenny monthly parts, the first of which, containing as frontispiece a portrait of the great statesman, was published on 26th September. The work will be completed in fifteen parts, and covers for binding the book in two volumes will be issued in due course. The new edition will be unabridged, so that the subscriber to this serial issue will secure his copy of the complete work at about one-fourth of the cost of the original library edition.

### LORD ROBERTS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

At the moderate price of six shillings, this fascinating record of an adventurous career in India from the outbreak of the great Mutiny, through the period that covered the famous campaigns in Afghanistan, is likely to find a greatly increased circle of readers. In this case, also, the complete book is given in the popular edition, with all the portraits, illustrations, maps, and plans. It would be difficult to find any book of modern times that has received a more favourable reception, alike from the reviewers and from the reading public, than this story of the life of the great British soldier.

"It is truly wonderful how Lord Roberts has managed to tell so much about the stirring events in which he took an active part, and often a first place, without for a moment intruding his manifest wisdom in council and patent bravery in the field upon the reader."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The volume forms an authentic and authoritative contribution to the history of India during its great transformation, and contains the opinions of a statesman peculiarly qualified to judge concerning the present condition and future prospects of the Indian Empire. They happily combine the fascination of romance with the enduring interest of truth."—*Morning Post*.

"A book which is at once intensely interesting and exciting, and at the same time supplies a vast quantity of first-hand knowledge, invaluable alike to the statesman and to the political student. And, last of all, it is a remarkable revelation of the type of character rare in all ages—that of a man at once great and fortunate who has remained simple, modest, and unspoiled by success."—*World*.

"To those who love records of daring and adventure, or who have not yet learned or tired of learning anew what the British soldier is, this thrilling story may be commended as second to none."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### CONCERNING CRICKET

In *Great Batsmen: Their Methods at a Glance*, Messrs. George W. Beldam and Charles B. Fry have produced a unique book on Cricket, and one that is likely to take a high place in the historical records of the national game. It contains no less than six hundred action-photographs, taken by Mr. Beldam, and in this remarkable collection of pictures all the great English and Colonial players of the day are represented. The descriptive letterpress is throughout written by Mr. Fry. The volume is divided into two parts. The first treats of "Individualities," and deals in an exhaustive manner with the distinctive styles and methods of eighteen Batsmen, their characteristic action at the wicket being represented in each

case by many different full-page pictures; for instance, the play of "W. G." is shown in twenty-seven photographs, that of Ranjitsinhji in twenty-one, Trumper in thirty-three, and so on. The second part consists of a series of chapters which treat of the various strokes of the game, and these are illustrated by 330 half-page action-photographs. All the principal batsmen in first-class cricket who are not included in the first portion are represented in this section, and the play of the chief exponents of each stroke is fully described and illustrated. With the aid of Mr. Beldam's very remarkable photographs (many of which are excellent portraits) it is now possible for the enthusiast to study at his winter fireside the play of his favourite Batsmen, and it will be found that Mr. Fry's comments and explanations are full of instruction and interest to the lover of cricket.

Messrs. Beldam and Fry are engaged on a companion work which will treat in the same complete manner of "Great Bowlers and Fielders." This will be ready in the early part of 1906, and it is safe to say that when the two volumes are available they will, from the exceptional character of treatment adopted by the authors, form an exposition of the whole art of cricket that is without a rival in the literature of the game.

"Of its kind the book is a masterpiece; it is the most precious gem that cricket literature has ever possessed."—*Sporting Life*.

"The best book about England's game yet published."—*Standard*.

"The best illustrated work on cricket ever published. Should be bought by all who take even a passing interest in the game. . . . If any proof of the cheapness of the work was necessary, it need only be pointed out that to purchase 600 photos of first-class cricketers at a penny each, the buyer would have to lay out £2:10s. Here, for less than half that sum, he gets 600 of the best photos of leading cricketers ever taken together, with admirable paragraphs and foot-notes to each of them."—*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.

"A most fascinating book. Its success is certain, and (which is more to the point) is entirely deserved."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A book which will interest and delight every lover of the game."—*Truth*.

#### PROFESSOR J. B. BURY

Some Press Opinions of *The Life of St. Patrick and His Place in History*, by Professor J. B. Bury of Cambridge University.

"A life of St. Patrick in which careful and minute research has not quenched a bold and vivid imagination. . . . In no book have we found more ingenuity in probing for historic truth amid a cloud of absurdities, and such weighing of evidences as the appendix offers seems to us a model of acuteness in conjectural criticism."—*Athenaeum*.

"A book which any layman may read with interest and which every student of the period will read with attention and admiration."—*The Times*.

"We need not say more than it is worthy of the successor of Lord Acton."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Not Irishmen only, but scholars of whatever nationality, will be grateful to Professor Bury for having written 'St. Patrick's' life so carefully, so exhaustively, with such acute critical acumen, and such a startling abundance of learning."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Professor Bury has achieved success in an exceedingly difficult task. He has given form and distinctness to one of the most intangible figures in history."—*Daily Telegraph*.

#### PROFESSOR DICEY

Some Press Opinions of Professor A. V. Dicey's recently published volume of *Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century*.

"Professor Dicey is one of the few writers on constitutional law who can claim the whole world as an audience. In his hands it becomes the most thrilling and fascinating of subjects. We look out on life with new eyes."—*Academy*.

"In the field which Professor Dicey has chosen for himself he has no rival."—*Athenaeum*.

"Granted the difficulty of the subject, it may fairly be said that there is no other living scholar who could have handled it in a style so masterly and yet so attractive."—*Spectator*.

"Prof. Dicey has written a book of permanent value, and one fit to rank side by side with his former work on the Constitution, than which we can find no higher praise."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A work of rare and permanent value."—*Times*.

"A book that turns chaos into daylight."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A possession of permanent value to students."—*Morning Post*.

PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK

The volume of *Lectures on the Philosophy of Kant, and other Lectures and Essays*, by the late Professor Sidgwick contains — 1. The Philosophy of Kant (12 Lectures)—2. The Philosophy of Green (3 Lectures)—3. A Dialogue on Time and Common Sense — 4. The Philosophy of Common Sense — 5. Criteria of Truth and Error — 6. The Sophists.

"Such a close and impartial criticism by a thinker who stands outside the Kantian movement, whether in its Idealistic or in its Agnostic developments, possesses, from that circumstance, a special value of its own."—*Times*.

"A high value must be set on the examination of Kant's arguments as it is undertaken by Sidgwick in these lectures. It is an analysis masterly and well-informed to an unusual degree, and it should be followed closely by all interested in the modern position in thought."—*Outlook*.

PROFESSOR DAVID G. RITCHIE

As Professor Ritchie's published works are concerned mainly with ethics and politics, Professor Latta has, in this posthumous volume of *Philosophic Studies*, selected six papers which represent, as adequately as is now possible, the philosophical position that underlies his practical doctrine. The greater part of the Memoir, contributed by Dr. Latta, is devoted to a connected exposition of Professor Ritchie's views in philosophy.

"They will be read with interest by all who concern themselves with the important idealistic movement in English philosophy during the last forty years."—*Times*.

"This volume is certainly one of the most interesting philosophical publications issued during the present season."—*Daily News*.

"Publisher and editor are alike to be congratulated upon the sagacity and courage which they have displayed in perpetuating the memory and influence of David Ritchie in this original and stimulating volume."—*Daily Chronicle*.

MRS. EDITH WHARTON ON ITALY

Mrs. Wharton's attractive volume on *Italian Backgrounds* will not appeal to the flying tourist, for, as its title indicates, the various chapters deal with impres-

sions in the background of the familiar Italy, and embrace phases of art and architecture that are overlooked by the conventional sight-seer. But to the lover of Italy who has leisure, these impressions, which are written with the distinction and charm that are never absent from this author's work, will prove delightful reading.

"The book is written with genuine knowledge, with large and generous sympathy, and in excellent English."—*Academy*.

"Mrs. Wharton's technical equipment as a writer may really be called faultless. . . . These delicate pictures from all parts of Italy, from the Bergamasque Alps, from the Campagna, from Syracuse, have the undoubted note of sincerity. It is pure enjoyment to see through such discriminating and observant eyes. . . . A very charming and cultivated book."—*Times*.

"Must be read by all who love Italy, 'woman country, wooed not won,' and who esteem lambent prose running melodious as a brook on a summer day."—*Daily Chronicle*.

MR. BIRRELL ON ANDREW MARVELL

"The name of Andrew Marvell ever sounds sweet, and always has, to use words of Charles Lamb's, a fine relish to the ear. As the author of poetry of exquisite quality, where for the last time may be heard the priceless note of the Elizabethan lyricist, whilst at the same moment utterance is being given to thoughts and feelings which reach far forward to Wordsworth and Shelley, Marvell can never be forgotten in his native England." With these words Mr. Augustine Birrell opens his monograph, just published in the *English Men of Letters* series, on *Andrew Marvell*, friend and assistant of Milton, patriotic Member of Parliament, lover of "liberty's glorious feast," political satirist, and poet. Mr. Birrell points out that as a poet Marvell occupies a niche by himself. In the whole compass of our poetry there is nothing quite like his love of gardens and woods, of meads and rivers and birds. It is a love not learnt from books, not borrowed from brother poets. It is not indulged in to prove anything. It is all sheer enjoyment.

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,  
 Curb me about, ye gadding vines,  
 And oh, so close your circles lace  
 That I may never leave this place !  
 But, lest your fetters prove too weak,  
 Ere I your silken bondage break,  
 Do you, O brambles, chain me too,  
 And, courteous briars, nail me through.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside  
 My soul into the boughs does glide ;  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings.

It is a dictum of Mr. Birrell's that the first business of an author is to arrest and then to retain the attention of the reader. It soon becomes clear to the reader of this sympathetic study of Andrew Marvell that Mr. Birrell runs no risk when the test is applied to his own work.

#### EDWARD FITZGERALD

Some press opinions of Mr. A. C. Benson's volume on *Edward FitzGerald* recently added to the *English Men of Letters* series.

"Mr. Benson's sketch is the most satisfactory picture of FitzGerald that we possess. It is informed by a fine critical judgment, and by the tolerant sympathy, which is above all things necessary in dealing with this dry, eccentric personality."—*Standard*.

"It is not too much to say that this volume will rank as one of the very best of the remarkable series to which it belongs."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Mr. A. C. Benson has done something more than present a study of the literary work of the adapter of Omar Khayyām. He enables the reader to see and know in the flesh the 'lonely, shy, kind-hearted man' whom even Carlyle, with such capacity in that direction as he possessed, loved."—*Punch*.

"The book makes a welcome addition to the series in which it appears. It is good enough to be regarded as the last word—for a time—on a fascinating subject."—*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.

#### RHODA BROUGHTON

Miss Rhoda Broughton in her new novel, *A Waif's Progress*, loses none of her well-known individuality and charm as a writer. There is no ulterior aim in her story. It is written solely for the amusement of her readers, and for this

they will be grateful. The waif, one Bonnybell Ransome, is of such doubtful birth on her father's side that, on Lord Ransome's death, her mother is repudiated by his family, and she retires to Paris, taking her daughter with her. Here she finally drinks herself to death, and leaves Bonnybell without a relation in the world to turn to or a roof to cover her. Mrs. Glanville, an old acquaintance of Lady Ransome, gives the girl a home, but Bonnybell proves too attractive to her husband, and she is sent off to the Tancreds. Nearly the whole story is occupied with a description of Bonnybell's diverting behaviour during the months that she is an inmate of their house. Mrs. Tancred is fifteen years her husband's senior, and there is nothing finer in the book than the striking contrast between the middle-aged Camilla in her plainness of person, and adhesion to a blunt truthfulness and rigid conventionality, and the girl in her radiant youthfulness, her wonderful dexterity in the art of lying, and the ease and naturalness with which she alludes to subjects that Camilla would not sully her lips by mentioning. Over Mr. Tancred, as over every man that crosses her path, Bonnybell weaves a net of fascination, and we ourselves are half in love with the little, brilliant butterfly creature who, with all her faults of blood and upbringing, was always able to laugh at her own expense, and in the most adverse circumstances was always good-humoured and obliging. The end of the story is unexpected, but Bonnybell's struggle to achieve a footing in respectable society could hardly have met with greater success, and between Camilla and her husband there seems a prospect of better understanding and happiness than before the day when Bonnybell's presence brought an interruption to the monotony of their lives.

#### A NEW ZEALAND STORY

*The Toll of the Bush*, by William Satchell, is a tale of life on a settlement in New Zealand, written by one who



knows and loves the scene of his story. The chief interest centres round Geoffrey Hernshaw and Eve Milward, and both characters are cleverly and clearly drawn. Each loves the other, but Geoffrey's wider views of God, man, and religion come between him and the girl's unquestioning trust in a faith which she imagines satisfies all her spiritual needs. Added to this a rumour is started that brands Geoffrey as despicable and base. He has the opportunity of clearing himself, but, with characteristic pride and hesitation, he misses the chance. Only after Eve's marriage to Geoffrey's rival—on her way home from the church—does she learn that Geoffrey is wholly innocent, and that it is her husband who, in order to make his own suit successful, has lied away the good name and the honour of the man she loves. The excitement grows as she decides upon instant escape from the man she has just married, to a place from which she can dictate the terms of her surrender. But she never reaches this haven of refuge. A fire, which is magnificently described, is raging in the bush, and she finds that her road is cut off. Geoffrey meets her, and in the terrible dangers they encounter together he has his compensations for the past. Then, with death staring them, as they believe, in the face, Eve acknowledges her love for Geoffrey. But they are rescued, and ultimately all ends happily. There is another love-story running through the book, which in its simplicity and directness offers a pleasing contrast. But the tale is one of many phases of human nature, and in no single instance is it uninteresting or dull, while the setting of the story is admirably pictured.

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

The scene of Miss Carey's new book—*The Household of Peter*—is placed at St. Albans, which is veiled under the name of Abbey-Thorpe. Peter Holt is a young doctor of the town, and he and his three sisters, Vera, Ranée, and Sallie, all considerably younger than himself,

form the "household" of the title. The fortunes of the two elder girls make the main interest of the story. Near Abbey-Thorpe is Godstone Park, where live Sir Heber Maxwell and his widowed sister. This lady, Mrs. Lugard, is the bad character of the book, if so harsh a description can apply to any of Miss Carey's *dramatis personæ*. It is Mrs. Lugard who has brought about a secret marriage between her stepson Nicholas and Alix Ashton, the only child of Roger Ashton. Alix is a lovable, though weak and vacillating, character. Her mother had died when she was quite young, and she is afraid of her father—"a grey, monumental man," as Ranée Holt describes him. But he has a tender heart, and it is Ranée herself who breaks through his outward reserve and causes him to reveal himself in his truer light. When, through Ranée's influence over her friend Alix, the latter confesses to her father that she has married Nicholas, he finds it at first hard to forgive. But Ranée is his good angel, and, before Alix dies of the insidious disease which makes her an invalid all through the story, he has not only pardoned her, but taken her very closely to his heart. He also learns to love Ranée, and, though he is so much older than herself, she returns his affection, and the book ends with her pretty girlish confession of her feeling for him. Running along with this charming love-story is that of Sir Heber Maxwell and Vera, and last, but not least, there is that of Peter and Hannah Burke. Hannah has been left a beautiful old house, and an ample income to maintain the same, by an old lady whom she had served in the double capacity of nurse and housekeeper; but she is of humble birth and limited education, and it is a shock to the Holt girls when they are told by their brother that he loves her, and that, in spite of all obstacles, he means to marry her. However, they are brought to see the matter in its true light, and so all ends well with the ringing of marriage bells.

and the breaking up of what had hitherto been the Household of Peter.

#### THE NORWEGIAN CRISIS

Dr. Nansen has taken a prominent part in the contest that has long raged between the sister kingdoms in the North, and he sums up the Norwegian position in his little volume entitled *Norway and the Union with Sweden*.

"The book that we must regard as the pronouncement of the moment by a man who stands first of all Norsemen in the estimation of Englishmen. . . . A little book full of history, statesmanship, and justice."—*Full Mall Gazette*.

"Dr. Nansen's little volume, as weighty in argument as it is light in the hand, sets out succinctly and clearly the case for his country."—*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.

"Written quite dispassionately and without a trace of partisan heat, Dr. Nansen's little work presents an excellent summary of the Norwegian case, and should be studied by all desirous of obtaining a clear understanding of the matters which have led to the separation of the two northern kingdoms."—*World*.

"A sound little book on the Norwegian side of the dispute, by the Norwegian who is most competent to write upon it."—*Athenaeum*.

#### HYGIENE FOR THE YOUNG

Sir Michael Foster has written a little volume on *Simple Lessons on Health* which, in language that can be comprehended by children, explains the first rules of a healthy physical life. The author deals with the subjects of Fresh Air, Food and Drink, Light and Cleanliness. In a brief preface, Sir Michael Foster gives an account of the genesis of the little manual. He says, "Some little time back I was led to criticise rather severely a certain syllabus of that which, under the title of 'Lessons on Hygiene,' seemed to be an attempt to make use of elementary schools for the propaganda of the doctrines of extreme total abstinensers. The somewhat violent abuse which my criticism, made more or less public, provoked in certain quarters did not disturb me. But a distinguished friend, an earnest but yet a wide-minded total abstainer, reproached me very pointedly with

having offered, as he said, mere destructive criticism. By way of answer to him, I venture to offer this rough sketch of how the reasons for some of the rules which ought to guide us in the physical conduct of life may, with almost ostentatious simplicity, be explained even to the very young. Not unnaturally I have dwelt, at perhaps disproportionate length, on the use, and the dangers of the use, of alcohol."

"The book is written with a simplicity, directness, and temperance which are altogether admirable."—*Daily Mail*.

"Should be very useful. There is a lack of books of this kind by leading authorities."—*Westminster Gazette*.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN GEOLOGY

An important work on *The Geology of South Africa*, by Dr. F. H. Hatch, President of the Geological Society of South Africa, and Dr. G. S. Corstorphine, who is Consulting Geologist to the Consolidated Gold-Fields Company, was published just before the arrival of the British Association at Cape Town this year. The visit to the Colonies of so many leaders of science lends an additional interest to this authoritative treatise on a subject which must have an important bearing on the future development of South Africa.

"The book contains much matter of remarkable interest to geologists other than those specially concerned with our South African possessions."—*Times*.

"Supplies a long-felt want. . . . The geology of South Africa is here described in a thoroughly scientific manner, clearly and concisely worded. . . . The volume is profusely and admirably illustrated."—*Nature*.

"The authors are to be congratulated on their success. . . . The work deserves, and will no doubt have, a wide circulation."—*Mining World*.

"The student is under no small debt to Dr. Hatch and Dr. Corstorphine for having condensed the available matter, and presented the correlated results in the form of a volume which offers, within moderate compass, a fairly complete picture of the geological structure of South Africa. There is no question that the writers are admirably qualified for the work to which they have addressed themselves."—*Athenaeum*.

## A TREATISE ON CHEMISTRY

The first volume was recently published of the New Edition of *A Treatise on Chemistry*, by Sir H. E. Roscoe and Professor C. Schorlemmer, upon the revision of which Dr. H. G. Colman and Dr. A. Harden have been engaged some time. It deals with the non-metallic elements.

"The revision has been well done, and this volume is now fully up to date. If the next volume is dealt with equally successfully, this portion of the work will still maintain its prominent position among treatises on inorganic chemistry."—*Guardian*.

"It is almost superfluous to say that the work maintains its original high standard, and is pre-eminent among works of its class in all languages."—*Athenæum*.

"To our mind the book has been much improved; we trust a like treatment will be meted out to the other volumes as soon as possible."—*Mining Journal*.

## DR. F. J. A. HORT

The volume of Dr. Hort's *Village Sermons*, published in 1897, has found so many grateful readers that it is hoped that a second series of similar discourses may be welcomed. The twenty-four sermons contained in the new volume are, with one exception, printed as originally delivered, and are arranged for convenience in the order of the Church seasons for which they were composed.

"Will be very welcome to all admirers of this great man, who united simplicity and even plainness of diction with a power of thought ever active, and a freshness which was always stimulating."—*Athenæum*.

"The characteristic of all the sermons is patient instruction. The teaching is given with great distinctness and applied with earnest faithfulness. Young preachers could hardly do better than to study these sermons in order to know 'how to do it.'"—*Churchman*.

"The specimens of Dr. Hort's teaching here before us have at once a substance and a simplicity which can only be reached out of the most unselfish scholarship."—*Outlook*.

## CLASSIFIED LIST OF BOOKS

Published between May 20 and September 15, 1905

*The date given is that of publication*

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY,  
AND TRAVEL

BURY. *The Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History*. By J. B. Bury, M.A., Hon. D.Litt., Oxon.; Hon. Litt.D., Durham; Hon. LL.D. Edin., Glasgow, and Aberdeen; Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. pp. xvi (inc. 2 blank), 404 (inc. 1 blank), 2 page maps, 2 adv. 8vo. 12s. net. [June 20.]

## ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS

FITZGERALD. *Edward FitzGerald*. By A. C. Benson, Fellow of Magdalene

College, Cambridge. pp. viii (inc. 1 blank), 207 (inc. 1 blank). Crown 8vo. 2s. net. [June 16.]

MARVELL. *Andrew Marvell*. By Augustine Birrell. pp. viii (inc. 2 blank), 242, 2 blank. Crown 8vo. 2s. net. [September 15.]

HOZIER. *The Seven Weeks' War: its Antecedents and its Incidents*. By Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier, K.C.B. New Impression. pp. xlv (inc. 2 blank), folded map as frontispiece, 523 (inc. 1 blank, 1 folded map). Crown 8vo. 6s. [June 9.]

SCHAFER. *A History of the Pacific North-West.* By Joseph Schafer, M.L., Head of the Department of History, University of Oregon. With Maps and Illustrations. pp. xviii (inc. 4 blank), and 2 page map, 321 (inc. 8 page plates, 7 blank), 1 blank, 4 adv. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [July 18.]

WHARTON. *Italian Backgrounds.* By Edith Wharton. Illustrated by E. C. Peixotto. pp. viii (inc. vignette title-page and 3 blank), frontispiece, 216 (inc. 2 blank), 12 page plates. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [June 6.]

### FICTION

*At the Sign of the Fox: A Romance.* By Barbara, Author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife." pp. x (inc. 3 blank), and coloured frontispiece, 372, 2 adv. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 6s. [August 4.]

BANKS. *The Little Hills.* By Nancy Huston Banks, Author of "Oldfield" and "Round Anvil Rock." pp. viii (inc. 1 blank), 325, 1 blank, 4 adv. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 6s. [July 18.]

CAREY. *The Household of Peter.* By Rosa N. Carey. pp. 1 blank, 1 adv., vi, 451, 1 blank, 2 adv., 2 blank. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 6s. [September 15.]

CRADDOCK. *The Storm Centre: A Novel.* By Charles Egbert Craddock, Author of "The Story of Old Fort Loudon." pp. vi (inc. 1 blank), 351, 1 blank, 4 adv., 2 blank. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 6s. [July 21.]

DAVIS. *Mrs. Darrell.* By Foxcroft Davis, Author of "Despotism and Democracy." With Illustrations by William Sherman Potts. pp. viii (inc. 3 blank), frontispiece, 391, 5 page plates, 1 blank, 4 adv. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 6s. [June 9.]

HEIGH. *The House of Cards: A Record.* By John Heigh, sometime Major U.S.V. pp. viii (inc. 2 blank), 370 (inc. 8 blank), 4 adv., 2 blank. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. 6s. [July 4.]

KIPLING. *Traffics and Discoveries* By Rudyard Kipling. Edition de Luxe. Medium 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Sept. 12.]

*Sturnsee. Man and Man.* By the Author of "Calmire." pp. x (inc. 3 blank), 682, 2 blank, 3 adv., 1 blank. Crown 8vo. 6s. [June 27.]

### ILLUSTRATED POCKET SCOTT

Edited with Introductory Essays and Notes by Andrew Lang, supplementing those of the Author, and with 250 Original Illustrations by Eminent Artists. Printed on India Paper. Fcap. 8vo, limp cloth, gilt tops, 2s. net each; limp leather, gilt tops, 3s. net each.

1. *Waverley.* With 12 Illustrations. pp. cxiv (inc. 8 blank), frontispiece, 732 (inc. 2 blank), 11 page plates, 2 adv. [May 12.]

2. *Guy Mannering.* With 10 Illustrations. pp. xlv (inc. 5 blank), frontispiece, 632 (inc. 3 blank), 9 page plates, 4 adv. [May 19.]

3. *The Antiquary.* With 10 Illustrations. pp. xxxviii (inc. 5 blank), frontispiece, 620 (inc. 1 blank), 9 page plates, 4 adv. [May 26.]

4. *Rob Roy.* With 10 Illustrations. pp. cxiv (inc. 7 blank), frontispiece, 594, 9 page plates, 4 adv. [June 2.]

5. *Old Mortality.* With 10 Illustrations. pp. liv (inc. 7 blank), frontispiece, 628 (inc. 2 blank), 9 page plates, 2 adv. [June 9.]

6. *The Heart of Midlothian.* With 10 Illustrations. pp. xl (inc. 6 blank), frontispiece, 820 (inc. 1 blank), 9 page plates, 4 adv. [June 16.]

7. *A Legend of Montrose and the Black Dwarf.* With 7 Illustrations. pp. xlv (inc. 6 blank), frontispiece, 526 (inc. 5 blank), 6 page plates, 4 adv. [June 23.]

8. *The Bride of Lammermoor.* With 8 Illustrations. pp. xl (inc. 4 blank), frontispiece, 466, 7 page plates, 2 adv. [June 28.]

9. *Ivanhoe.* With 12 Illustrations. pp.

- lviii (inc. 7 blank), frontispiece, 674 (inc. 2 blank), 11 page plates, 4 adv. [July 7.]
10. *The Monastery*. With 10 Illustrations. pp. lxxxviii (inc. 7 blank), frontispiece, 568 (inc. 1 blank), 9 page plates, 4 adv. [July 14.]
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